



HICKMAN · RIBIĆ · SVORCINA



ALIENS VS. AVENGERS



IN ASSOCIATION WITH

MARVEL



✕

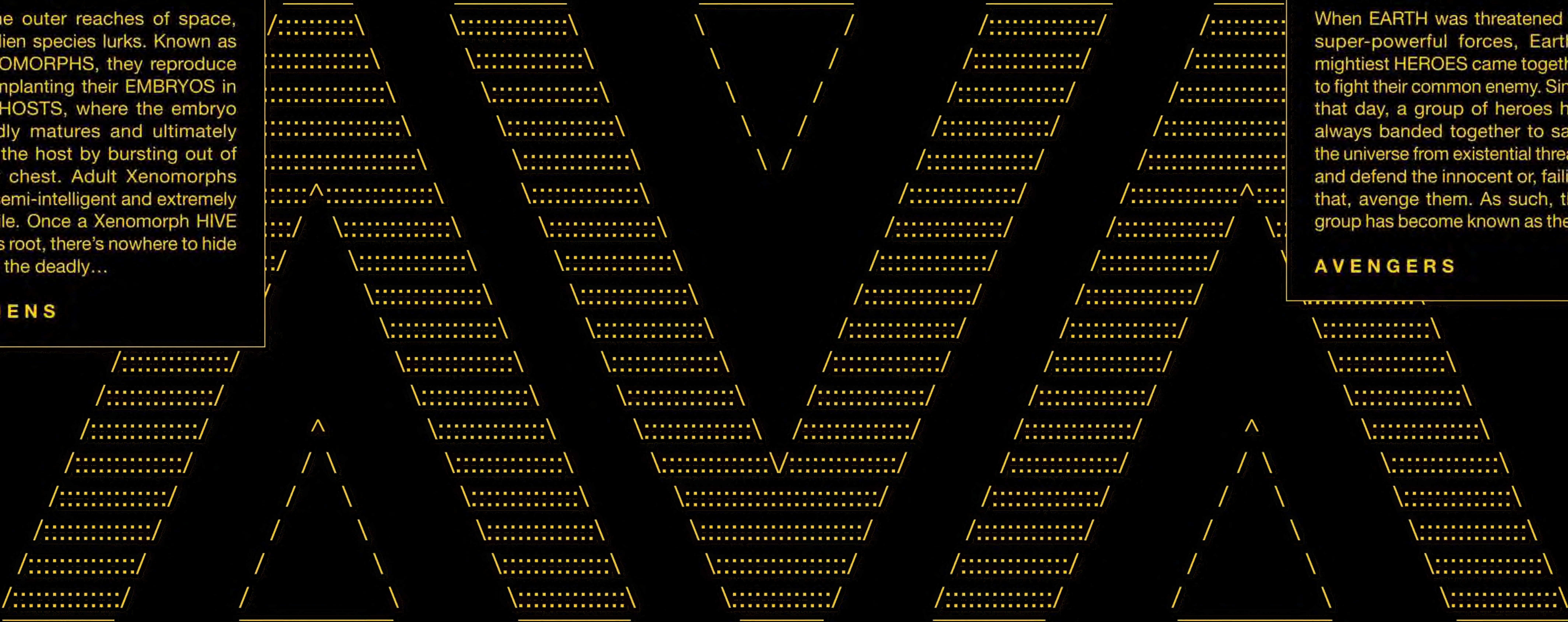
In the outer reaches of space, an alien species lurks. Known as XENOMORPHS, they reproduce by implanting their EMBRYOS in live HOSTS, where the embryo rapidly matures and ultimately kills the host by bursting out of their chest. Adult Xenomorphs are semi-intelligent and extremely hostile. Once a Xenomorph HIVE takes root, there's nowhere to hide from the deadly...

ALIENS

✕

When EARTH was threatened by super-powerful forces, Earth's mightiest HEROES came together to fight their common enemy. Since that day, a group of heroes has always banded together to save the universe from existential threats and defend the innocent or, failing that, avenge them. As such, this group has become known as the...

AVENGERS



Special thanks to Steve Asbell, Scott Aversano, LeAnne Hackmann, Sarah Huck, Kendrick Pejoro, Jeremy Huling, Nicole Spiegel, Robert Simpson, Jeffrey Thomas & Michael Siglain at Disney.

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LETTERER

COVER

EDITORS

Jonathan Hickman

Esad Ribić

Ive Svorcina

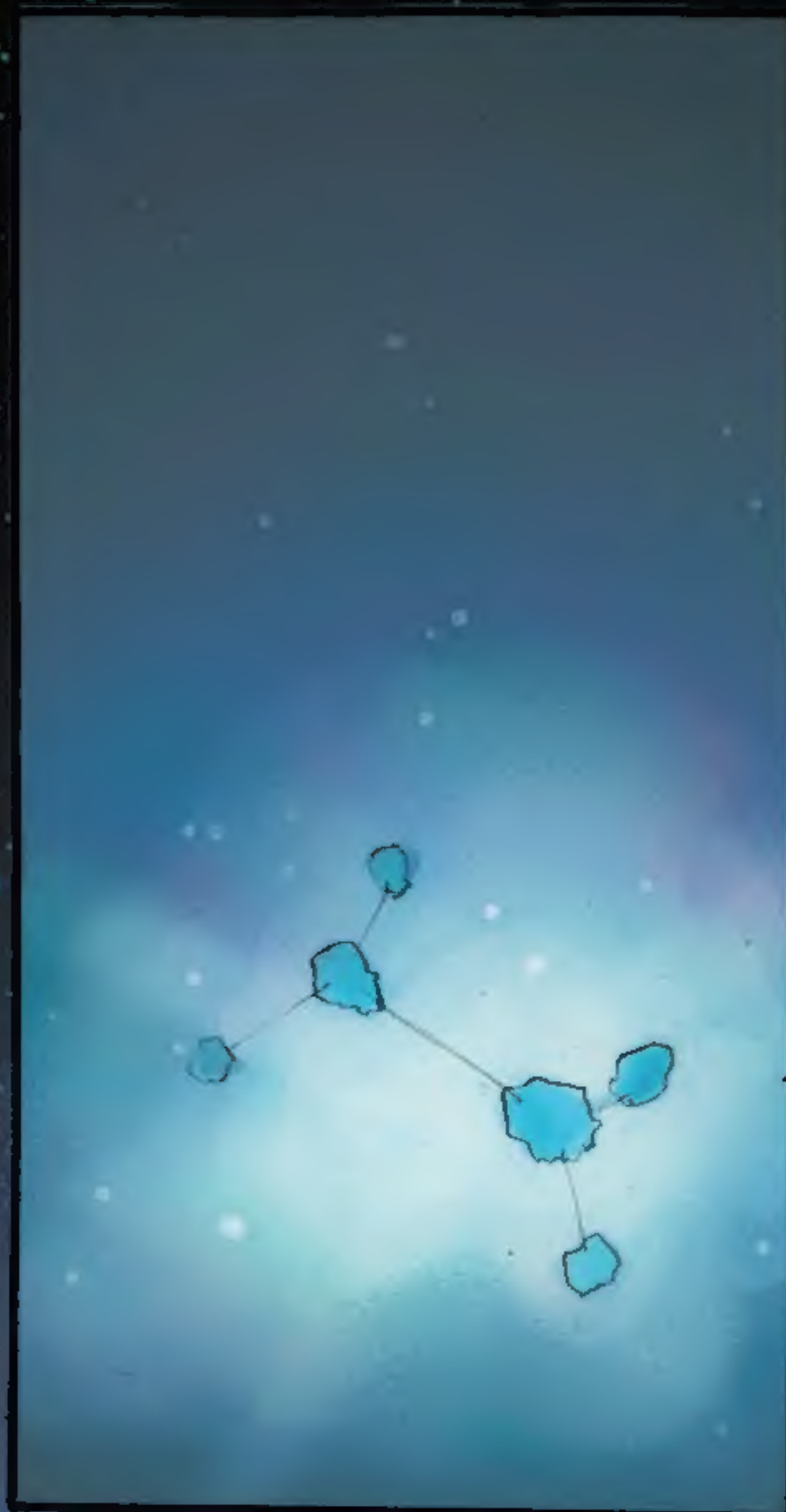
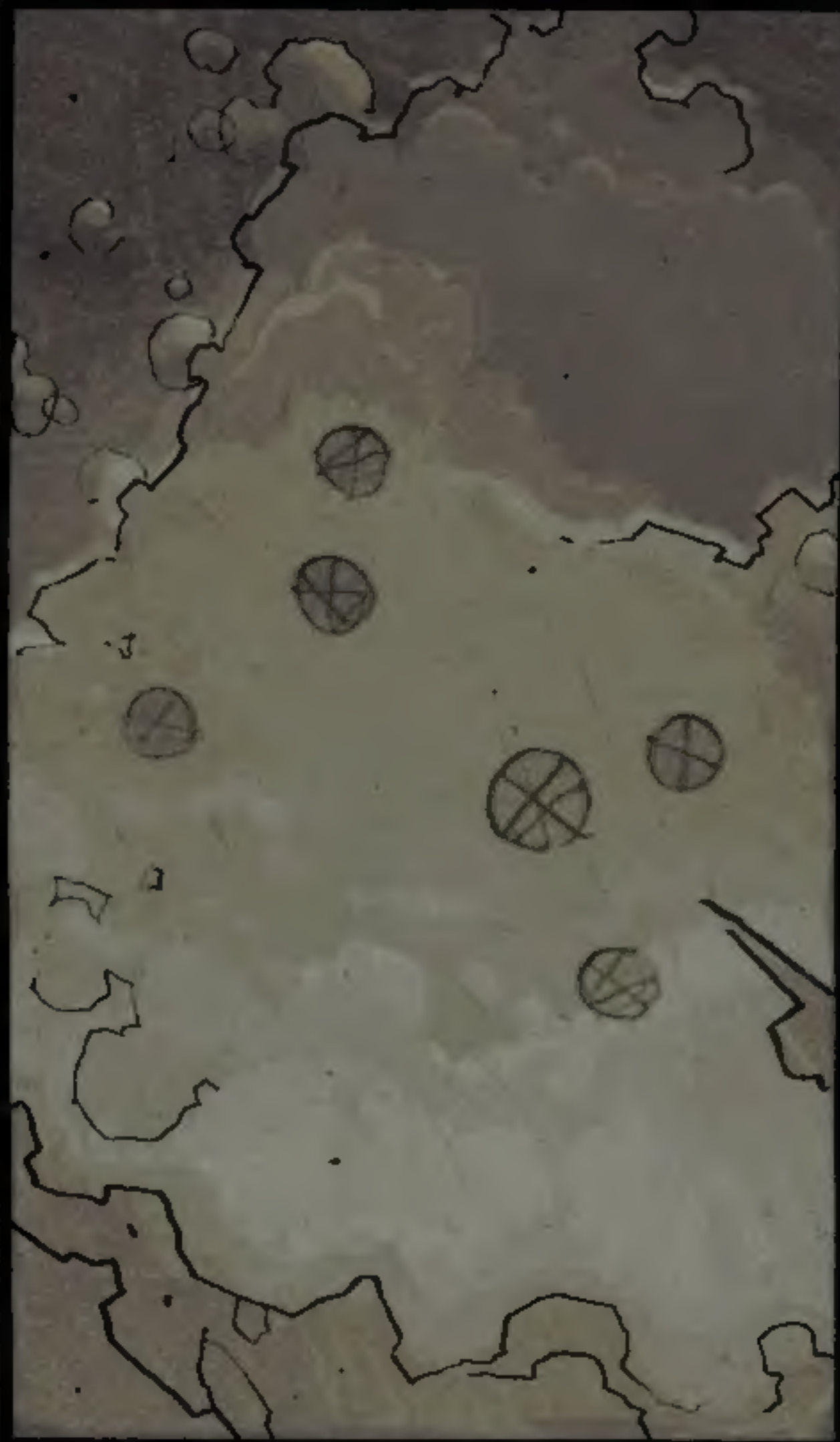
VC's Cory Petit

Esad Ribić

Sarah Brunstad, Lindsey Cohick & Martin Biro

Avengers created by Stan Lee & Jack Kirby

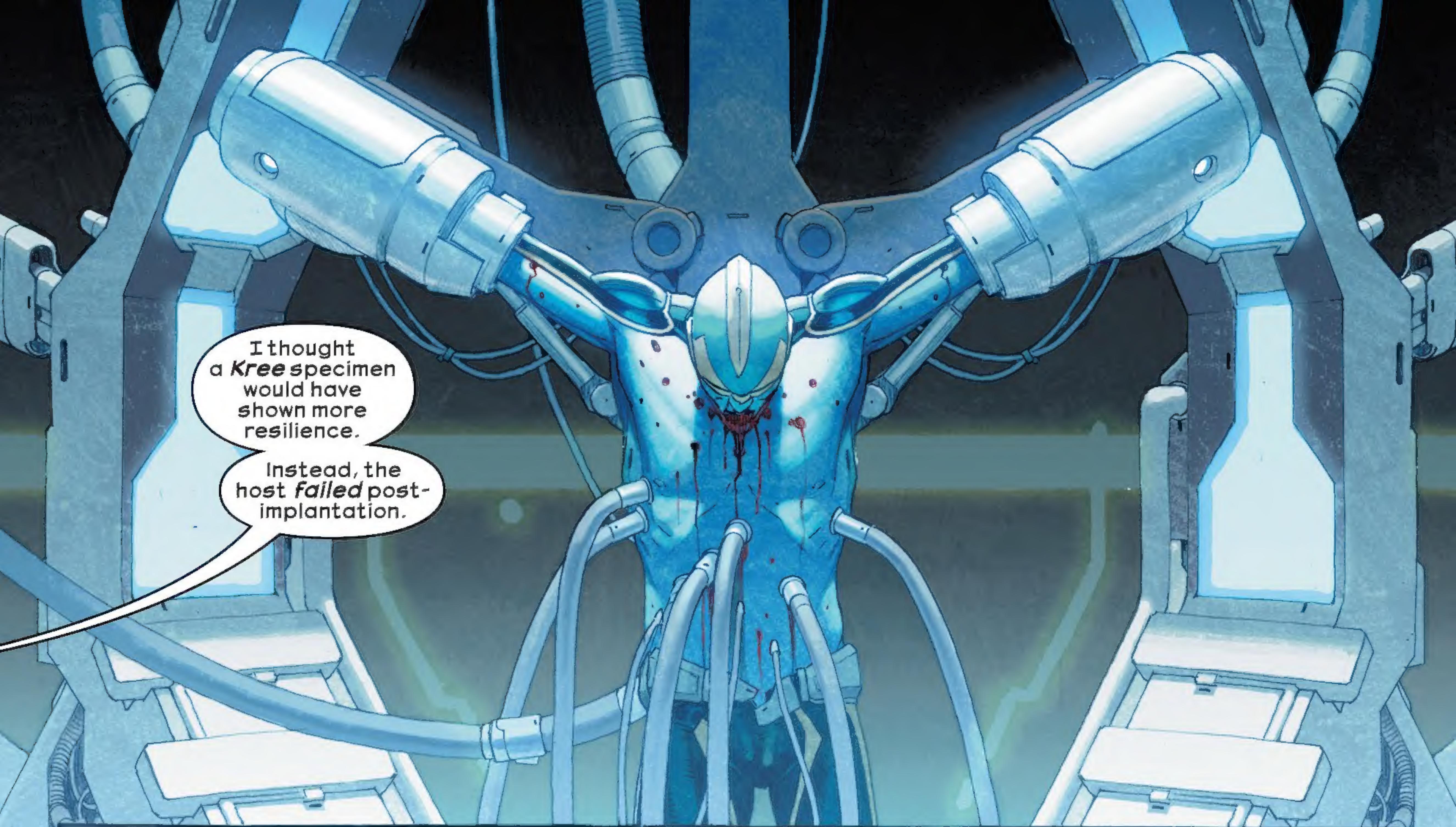




"It's disappointing,
isn't it?"

"To expect one
thing and instead
get another entirely."





I thought a *Kree* specimen would have shown more resilience.

Instead, the host *failed* post-implantation.



A shame, really. To die poorly...



...and in such passing, beget nothing.



Let's not cry over spilt milk, Brother, not when it's two steps forward for each step back.

Some call that progress... but we know it by a better name: destiny.

I wasn't discounting our progress. Four out of five of our attempts were a success. The Strontian, D'bari, and Cotati all produced a successful strain, but the real prize pig of this batch was the Skrull specimen.

What a delightful surprise that was.



Just one small problem. The Skrulls have no *homeworld* to seed. Such is the curse of a diaspora race: having only a few sparsely populated outpost planets to speak of.

Their species numbers fall outside of mission parameters.

And yet, my faith endures.



They're
on an attack
vector.





"...Wakandan design."



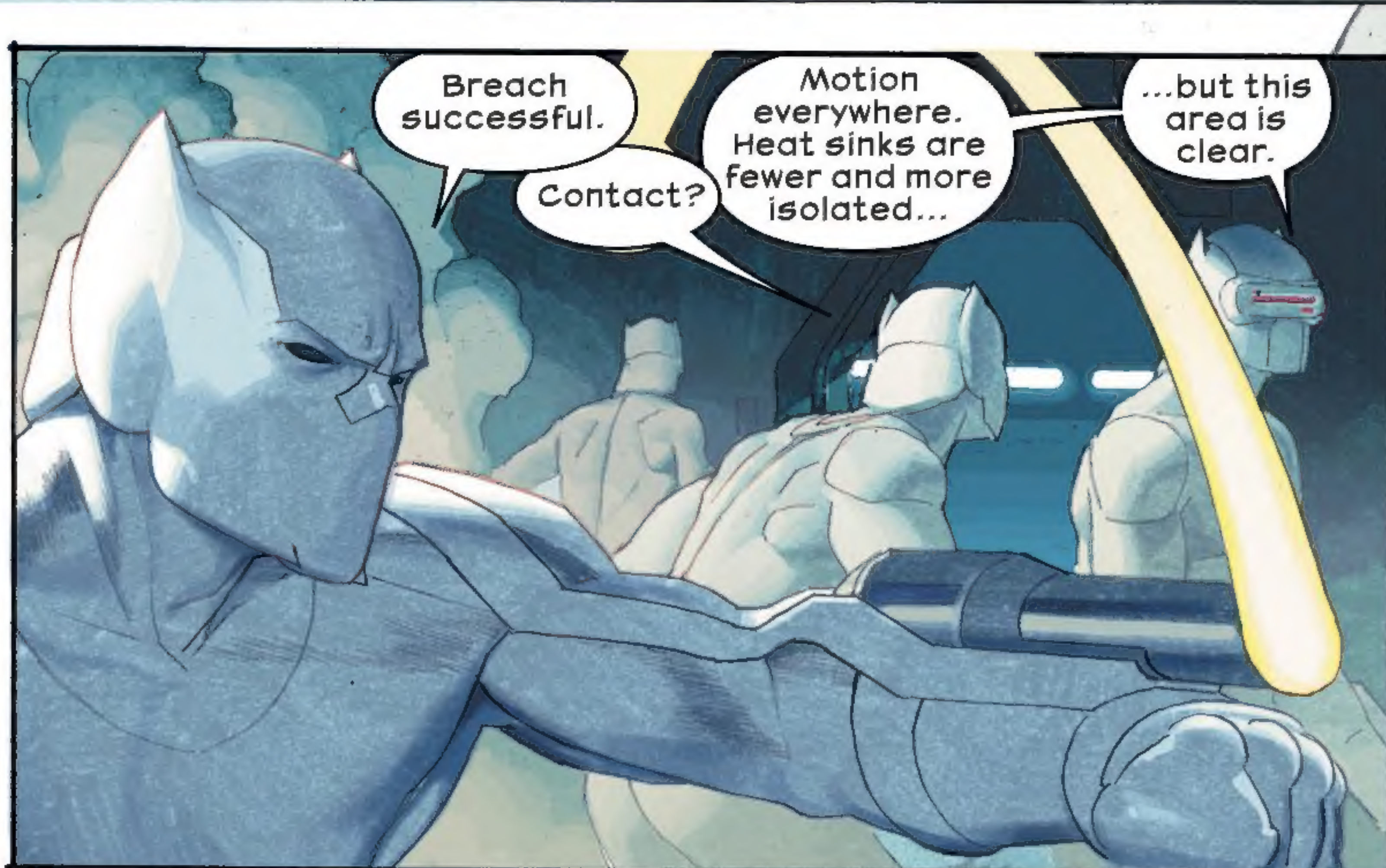
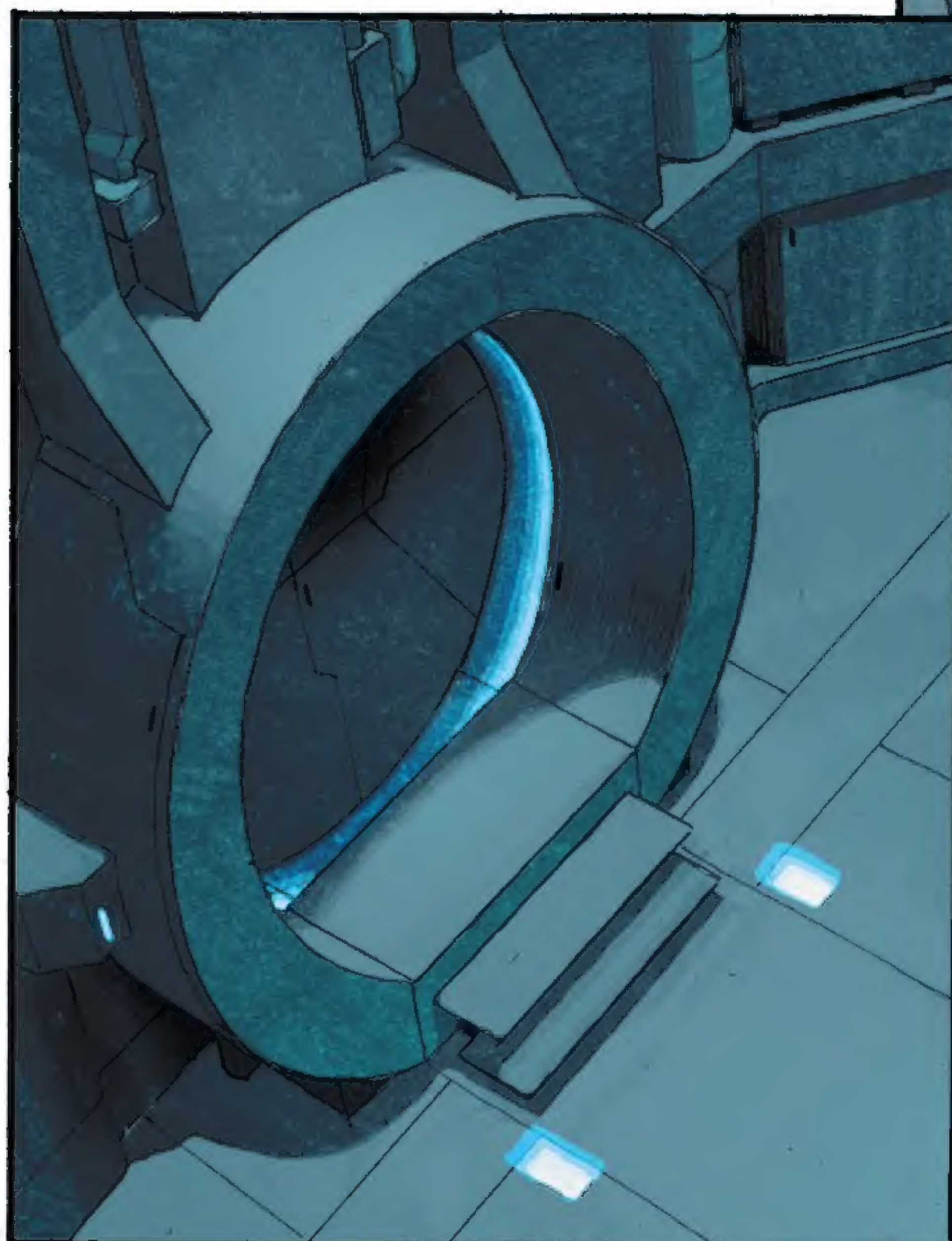
Our defense battery has been destroyed.

Course of action?



We dare not be rude, Brother.

Let's give our guests a most proper--and appropriate--welcome.



Breach successful.

Contact?

Motion everywhere. Heat sinks are fewer and more isolated...

...but this area is clear.

Okay. Radio him in.

No need.



I'm already here.



Your majesties, we cannot protect you if you--

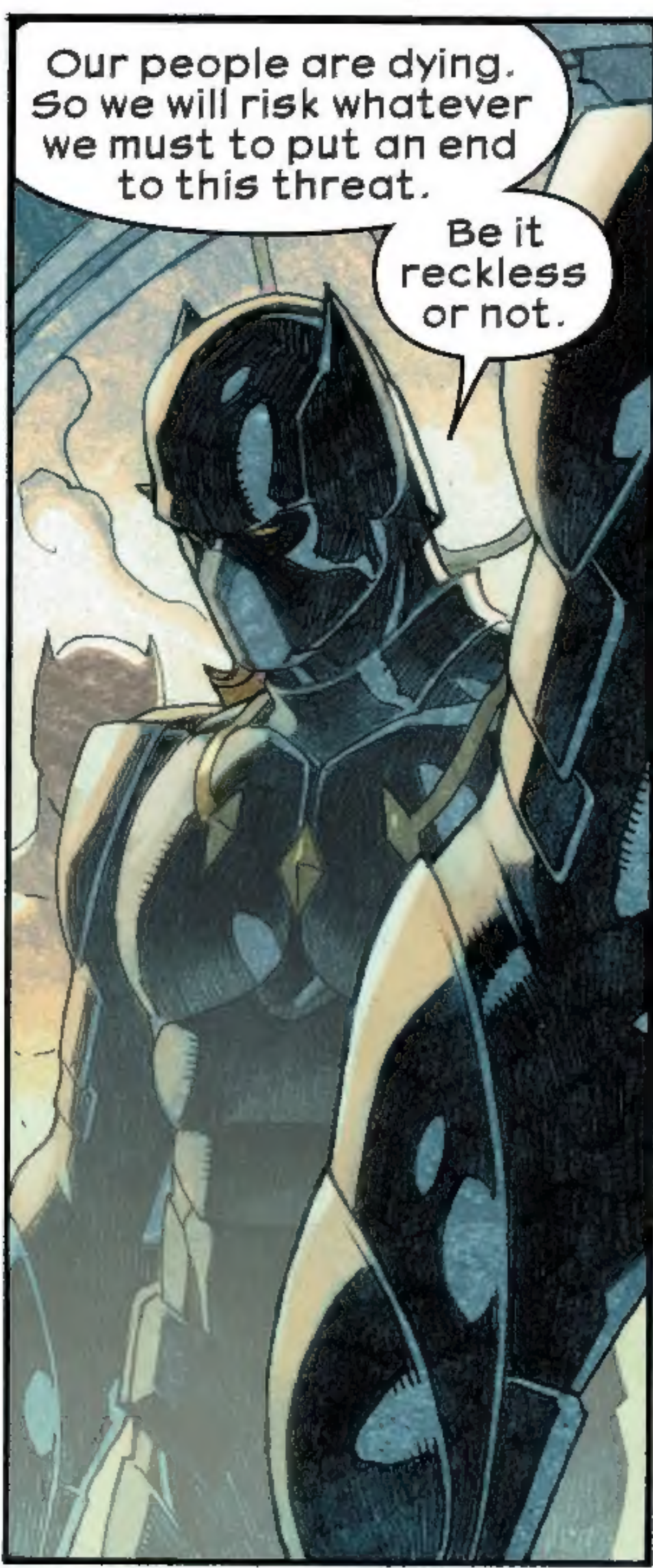
You think *my father* is being reckless?



That black hole below us is massive enough to cause severe time dilation. Hours here costs years out there.

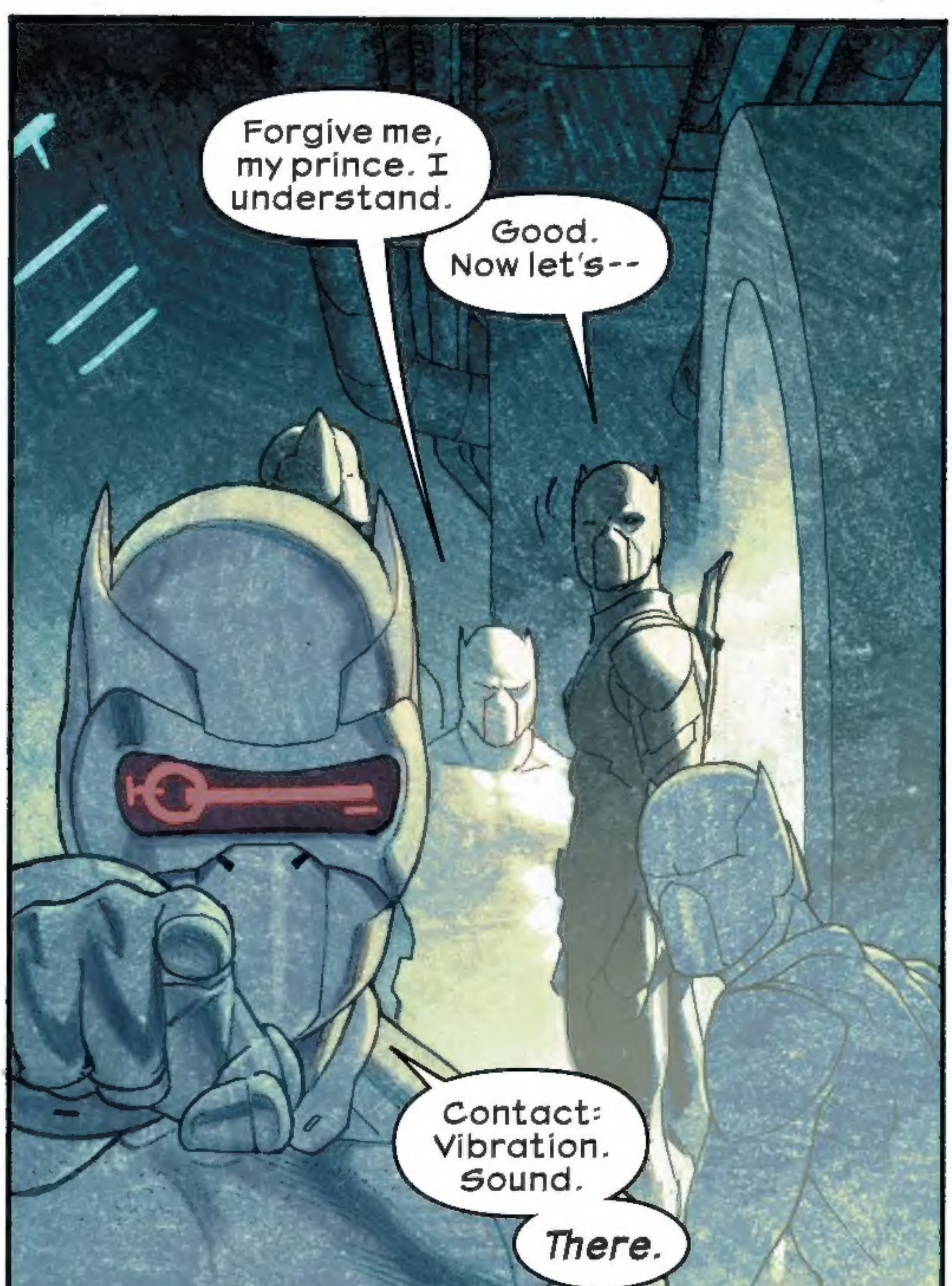
A high cost, but nothing compared to the one being paid on T'Chaka's Reach.

We quarantined an entire sovereign Wakandan world because of the weapon we traced back to this place...



Our people are dying. So we will risk whatever we must to put an end to this threat.

Be it reckless or not.

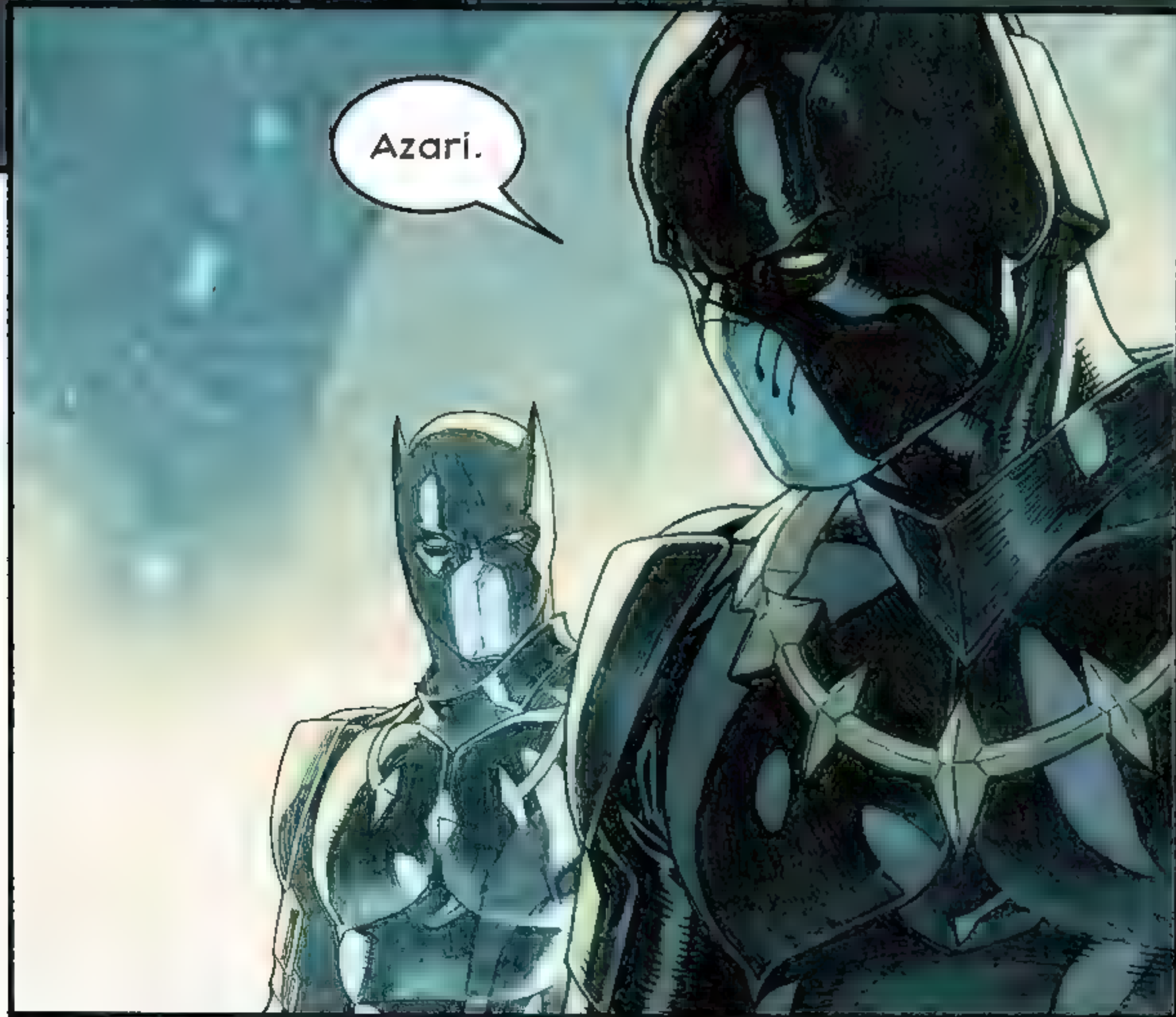


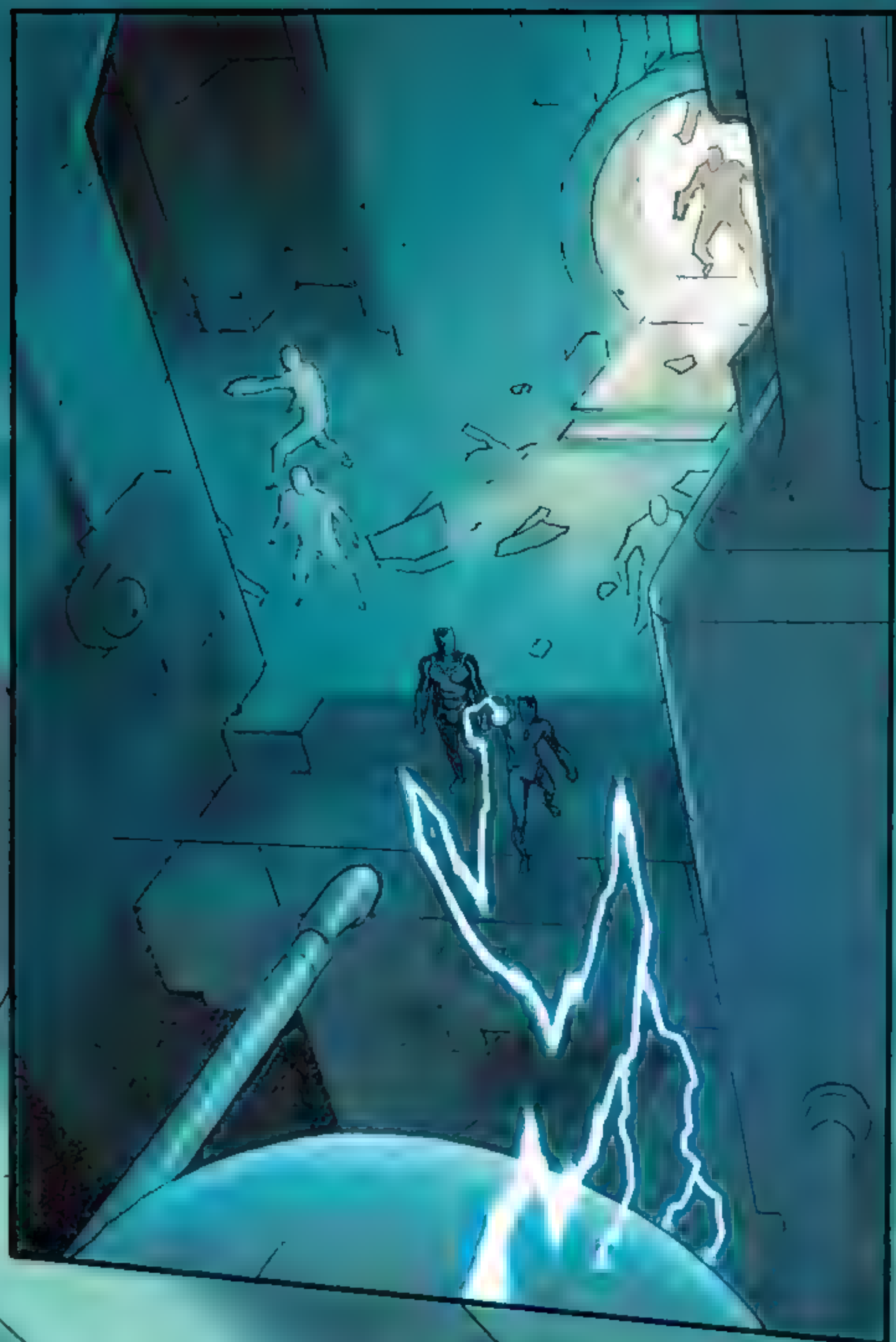
Forgive me, my prince. I understand.

Good. Now let's--

Contact: Vibration. Sound.

There.

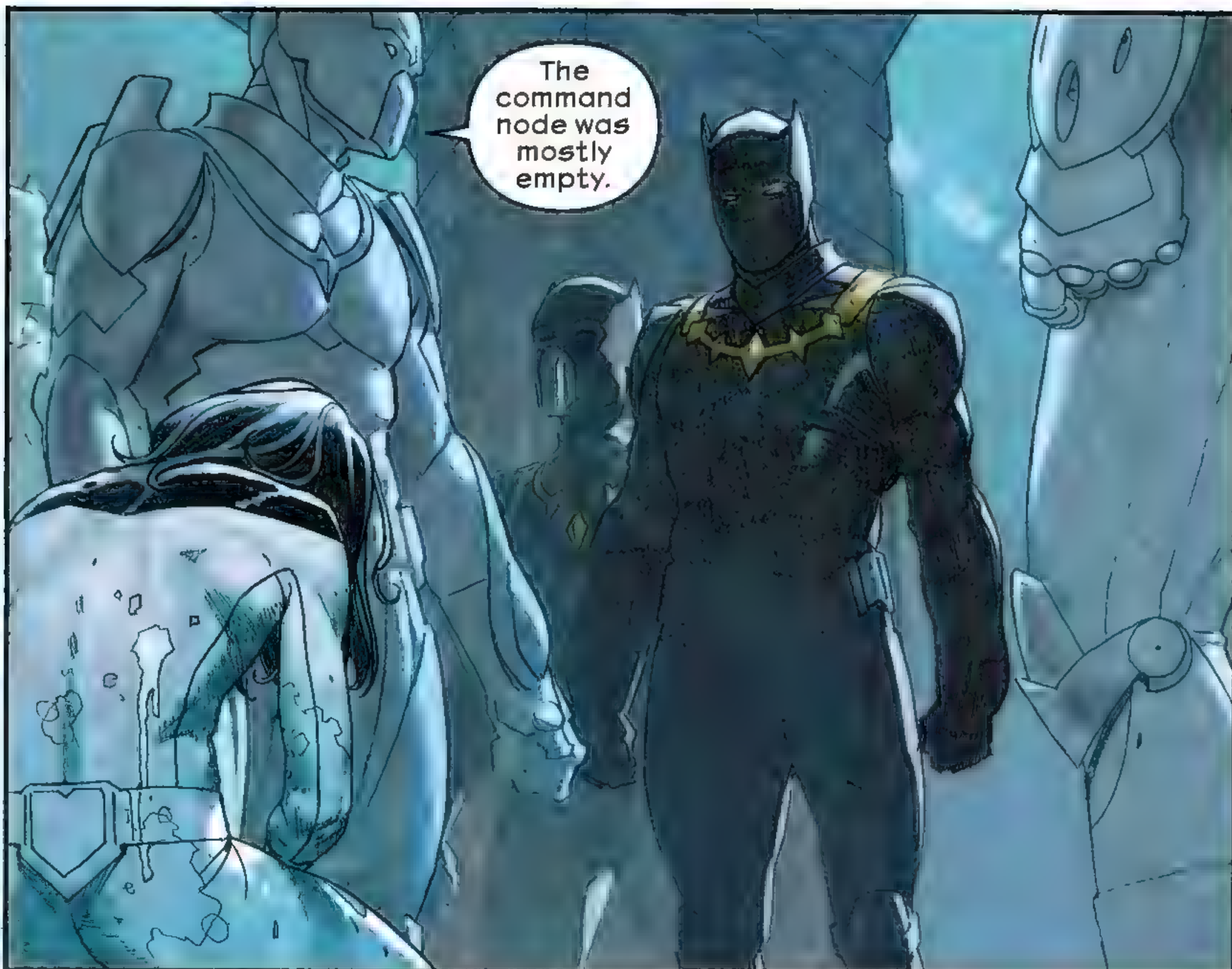
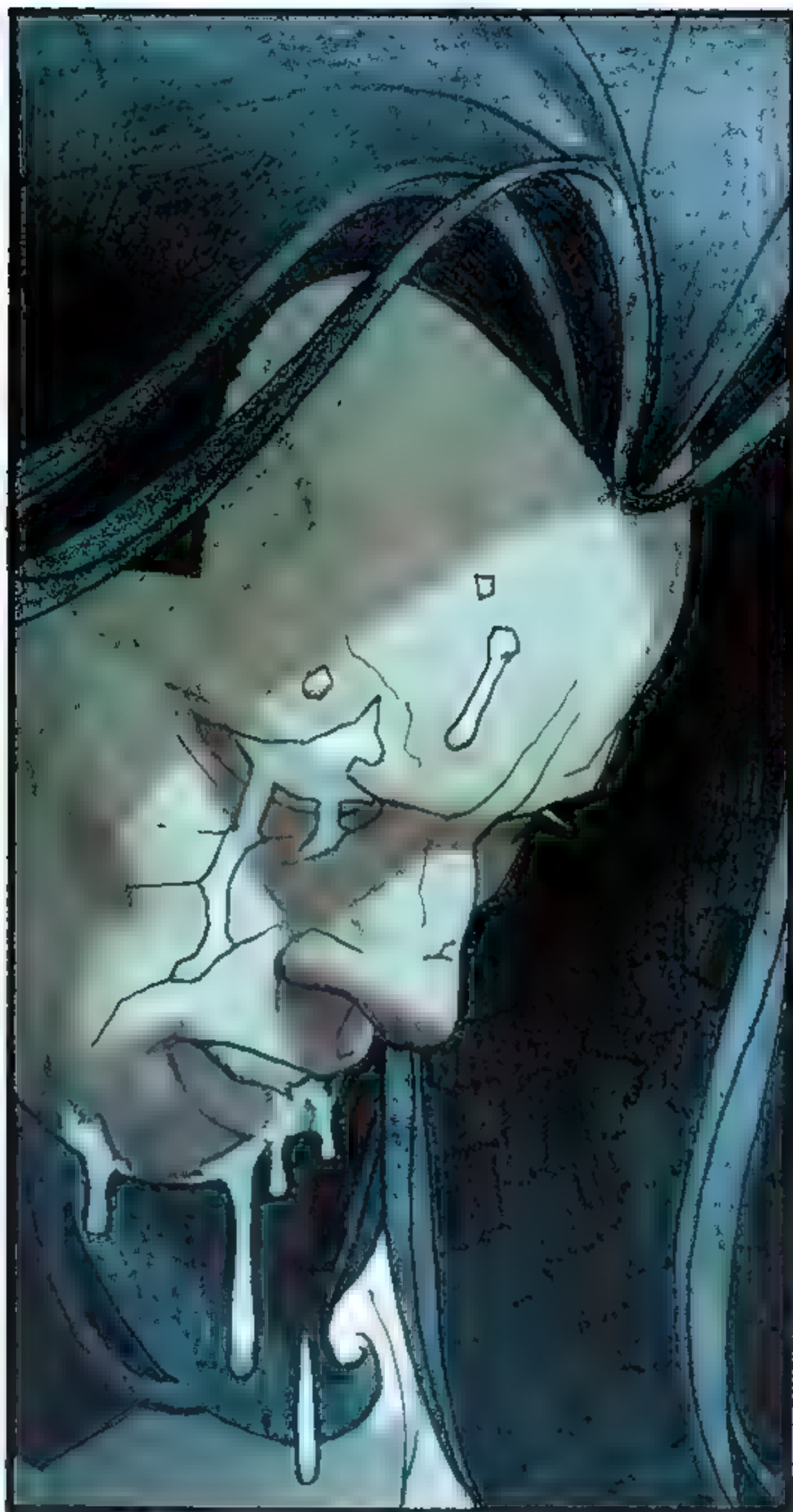








"...and I want them on their knees."



The command node was mostly empty.



This one was purging their systems when we reached the command deck. He was mostly successful, but we were able to capture some of the data.

King T'Challa, what they were doing... What they...they...

Spit it out.



The same weapon that they used on the Intergalactic Empire... they've already launched *at least* a dozen more.

Those worlds will need to be secured. No one can be allowed to leave, and everyone who has left must be traced and those worlds quarantined as well.

We cannot let this spread.



Under normal circumstances, yes, of course...but the time debt we've incurred probably limits that being a success.

I think we're facing the bug hunt to end all bug hunts.

Your Majesty, there's something else. One of the worlds...



...it was Earth.

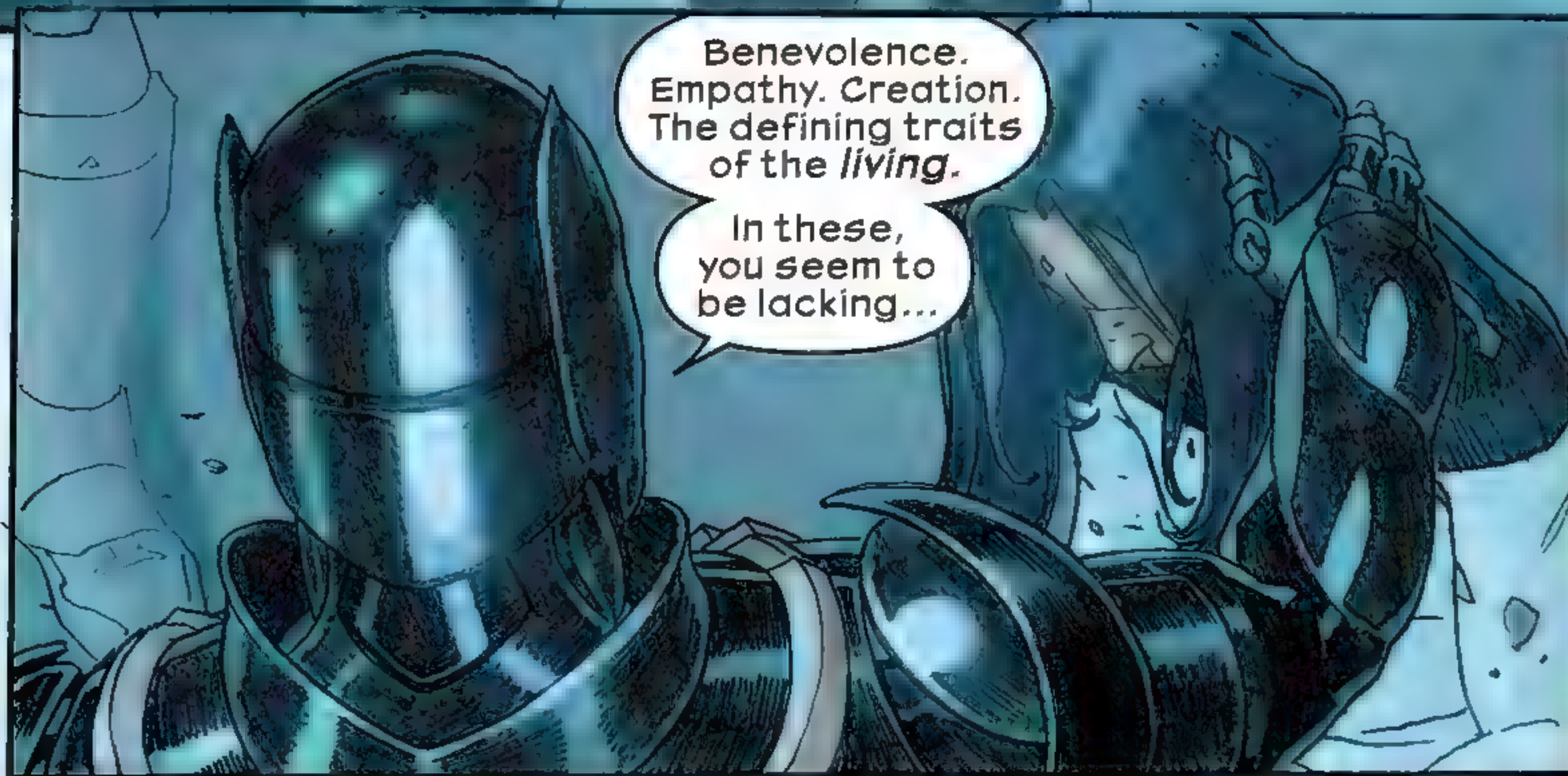


What kind
of *monster*
are you?



Oh, I
am much
more
that.

For I
have such
plans.



Benevolence.
Empathy. Creation.
The defining traits
of the *living*.

In these,
you seem to
be lacking...



But that's
because you're
not *Shi'ar*,
are you?

You're
not *living*
at all.



You're
just a
machine.



Just a machine?
Tsk.



If you prick me?
Do I not bleed?



Let's see.



THACK



Bring the head.

We're leaving.



They're still pulling data from the android's memory core, but we already know they used their weapon on Earth, Chandilar, Spartax, and basically every other galactic hub in our corner of the universe.

It's unfathomable... The scale of it is...

...My god...

What are we going to do? What happens now?

I spent my entire life building a golden empire that I would pass on to you...

Now, instead of a twilight reign marked by peace and enlightenment, there is ash and fire and the bones of what I dared to dream...

What now, Azari? The monsters are over the walls--the gates are flung open. Our great city has fallen, and now our singular goal is humankind's oldest:

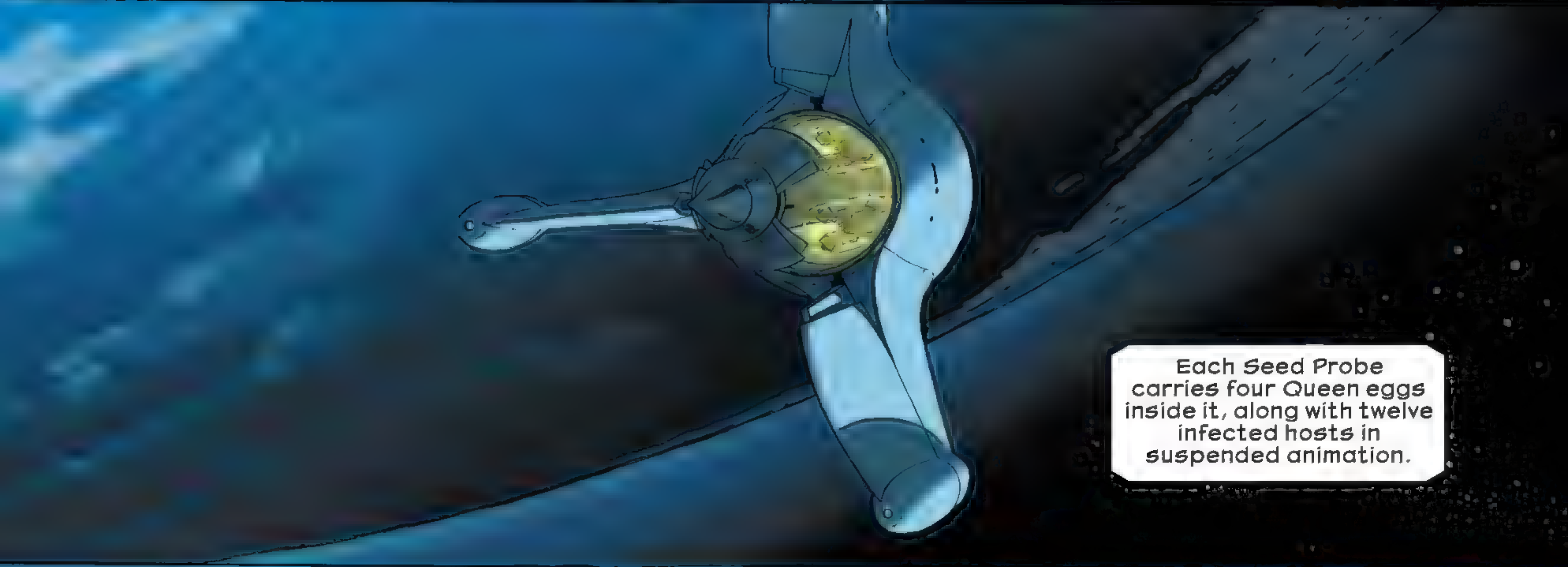
Survival.



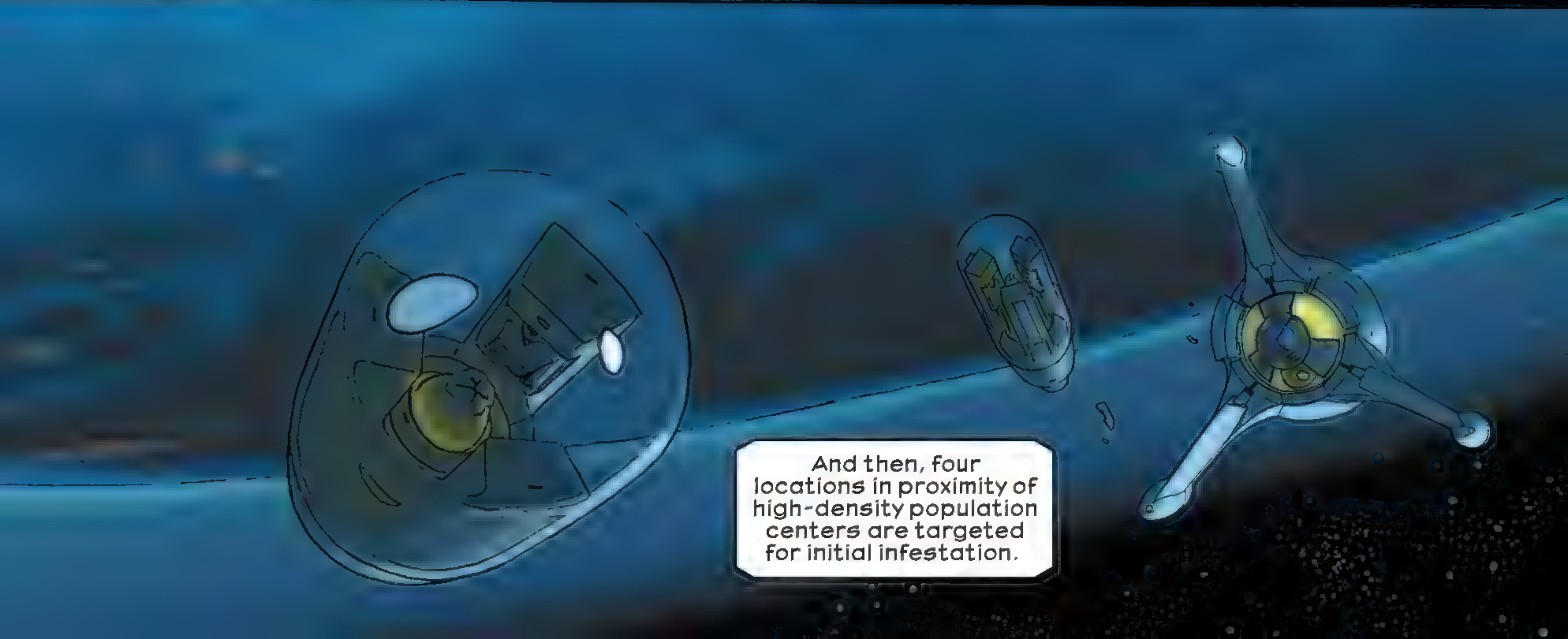
Seed worlds
were *not* chosen
at random.



But once a world is
chosen for the host, the
process--*regardless*
of which world it is--
remains the same.



Each Seed Probe
carries four Queen eggs
inside it, along with twelve
infected hosts in
suspended animation.



And then, four
locations in proximity of
high-density population
centers are targeted
for initial infestation.

Placed into suspended animation on the precipice of a life-cycle transition, it takes almost no time for a host to yield their hidden bounty:



A Xenomorph.

The greatest killing machine in the history of the universe.



Within an hour, these alien Drones born from the chestbursters are fully grown, and within a day, a hive has been constructed so that the life cycle of an alien Queen can begin.



Days later, that Queen is born and begins producing eggs.

From there, the process accelerates...



Within one week, each individual Queen hive will produce a brigade of Warrior Drones.



Within one month, an endless army.



Within one year, a planet-razing horde.

And remember, each Seed Probe contains four such Queens.

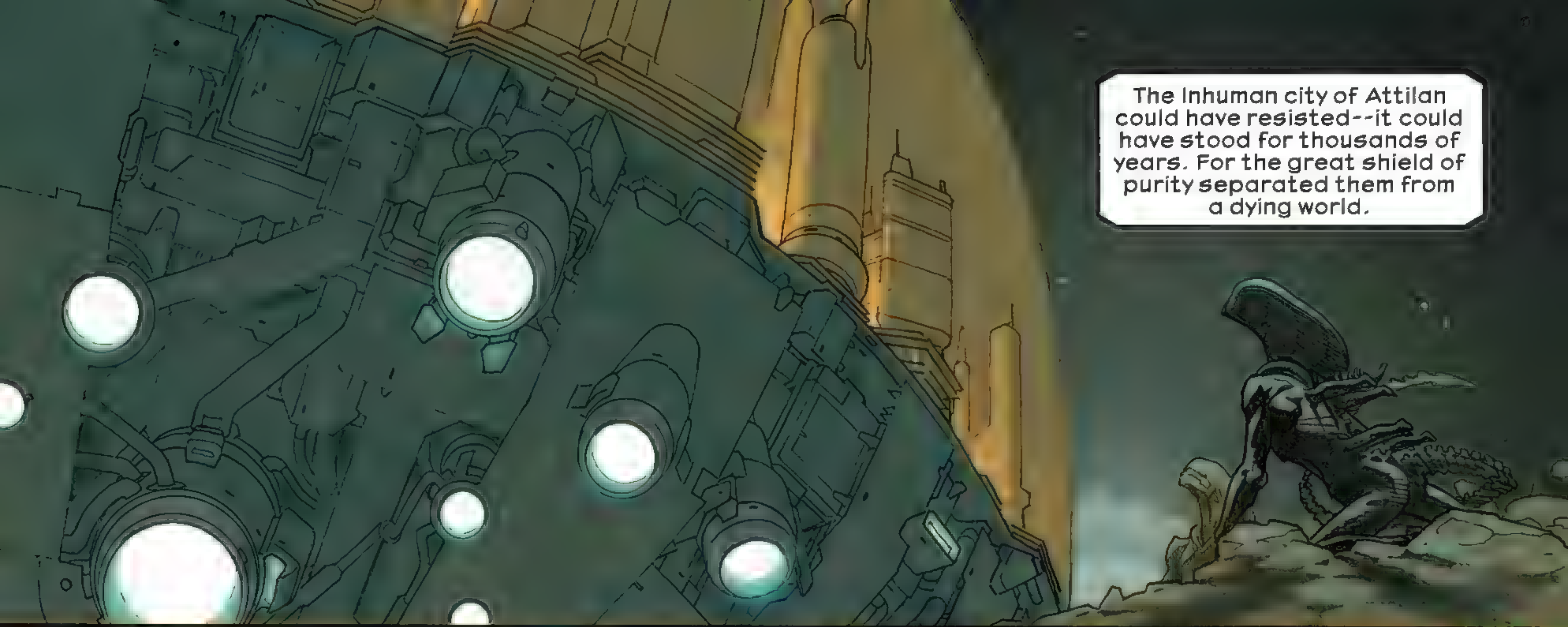


It is the perfect delivery mechanism for the extinction of a species.

Of every living thing on Earth-- regardless of if they are baseline humans...

...or something greater.





The Inhuman city of Attilan could have resisted--it could have stood for thousands of years. For the great shield of purity separated them from a dying world.



But like the fall of all great societies...an internal rift between the haves and have-nots created a crack in those walls...

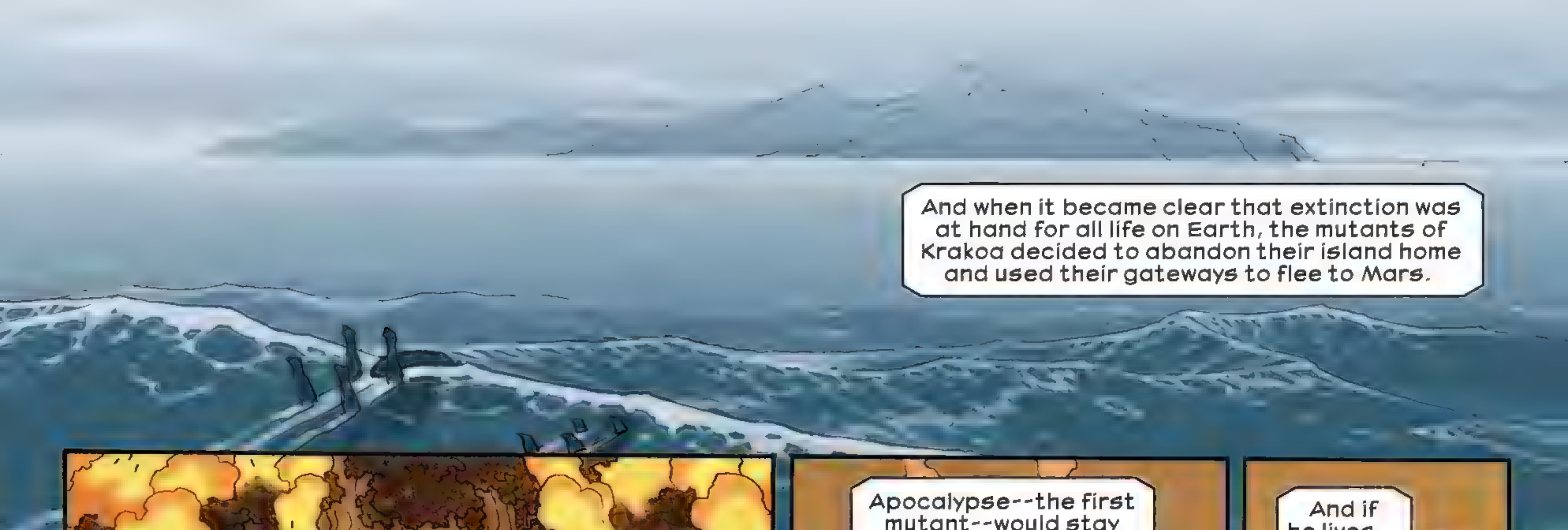
And through that maw, the alien invaders poured in.



There was no record of the fall of Atlantis. There were no screams to be heard...no king to save them, and calls for help--if there were any--went unanswered.



The secret science kingdom of Wakanda held out longer than most but eventually--like every other nation--succumbed to the Xenomorph horde.



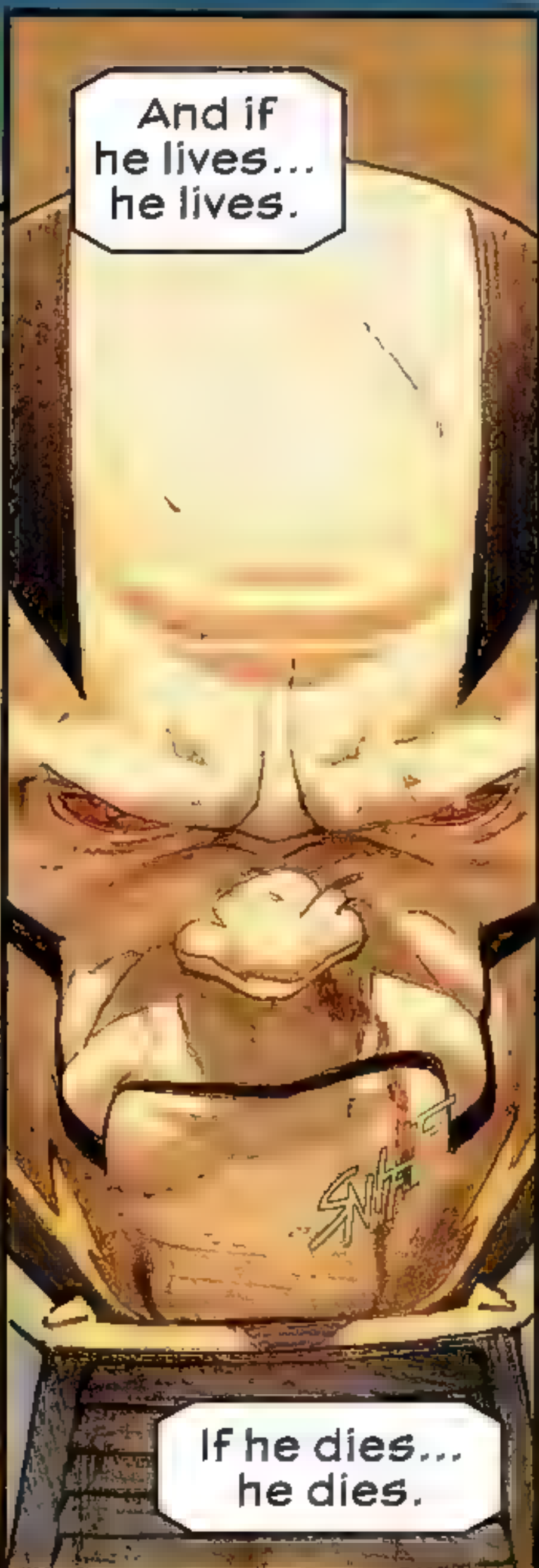
And when it became clear that extinction was at hand for all life on Earth, the mutants of Krakoa decided to abandon their island home and used their gateways to flee to Mars.



The mutants ran for the safety of the red father--all of them, except one.



Apocalypse--the first mutant--would stay and surrender nothing. For the world had now become the arena he always wanted.



And if he lives... he lives.

Apocalypse will fight.

If he dies... he dies.



So be it.

Only the fittest survive.

And so it
was for all
the Earth.

All except
the last
human city.

BOOM

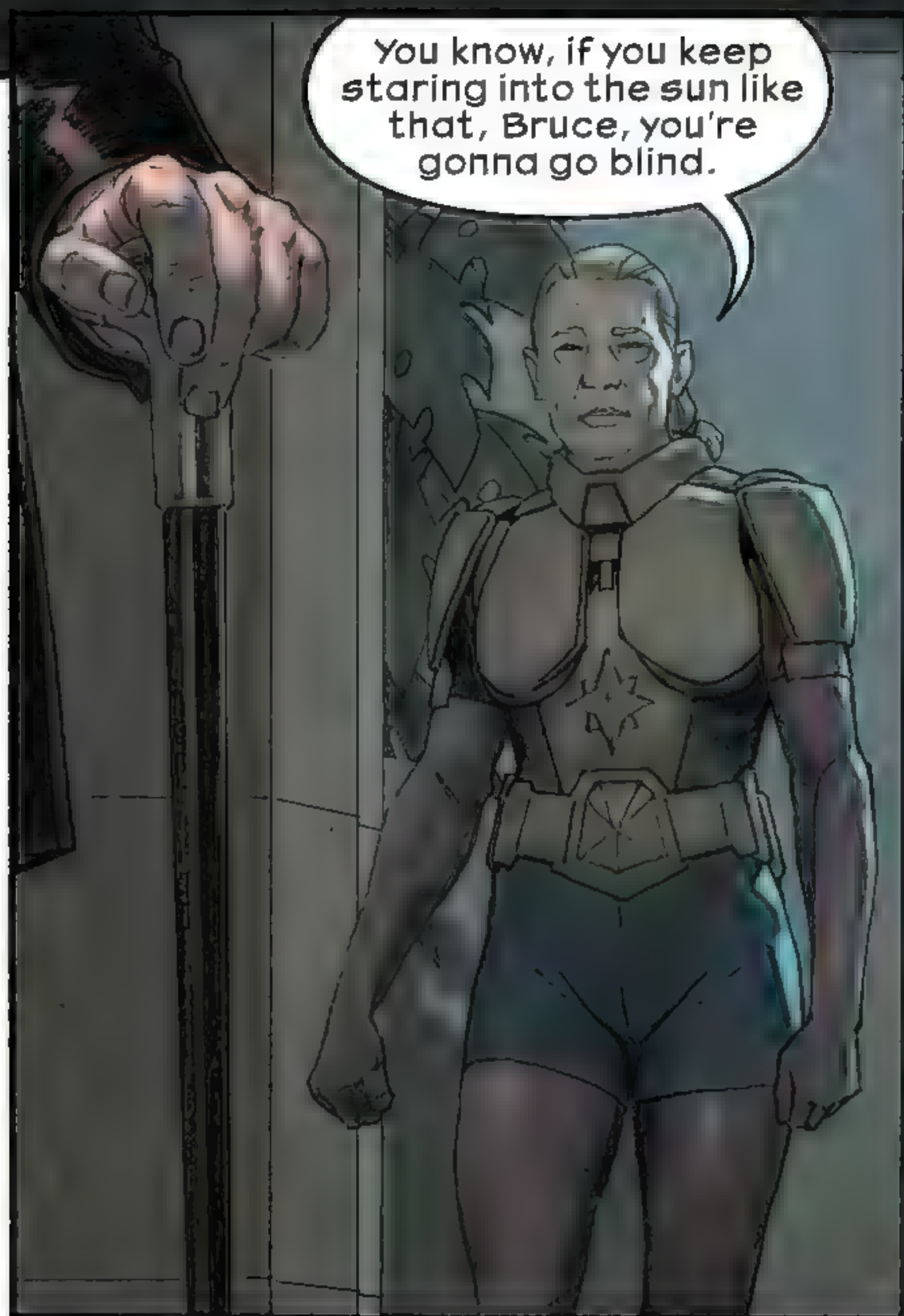
A stronghold
in the ruins of
America.

No one
knows how...

...but they were
ready for what
was coming.

Like a prophet
of doom, the
old man of
Weyland *knew*...

...and he built a
city that would
withstand the
end of the world.



You know, if you keep staring into the sun like that, Bruce, you're gonna go blind.



I have gamma-powered cataracts half a millimeter thick, Carol. I'm already pretty much blind...

...but that doesn't mean I'm going to stop looking.

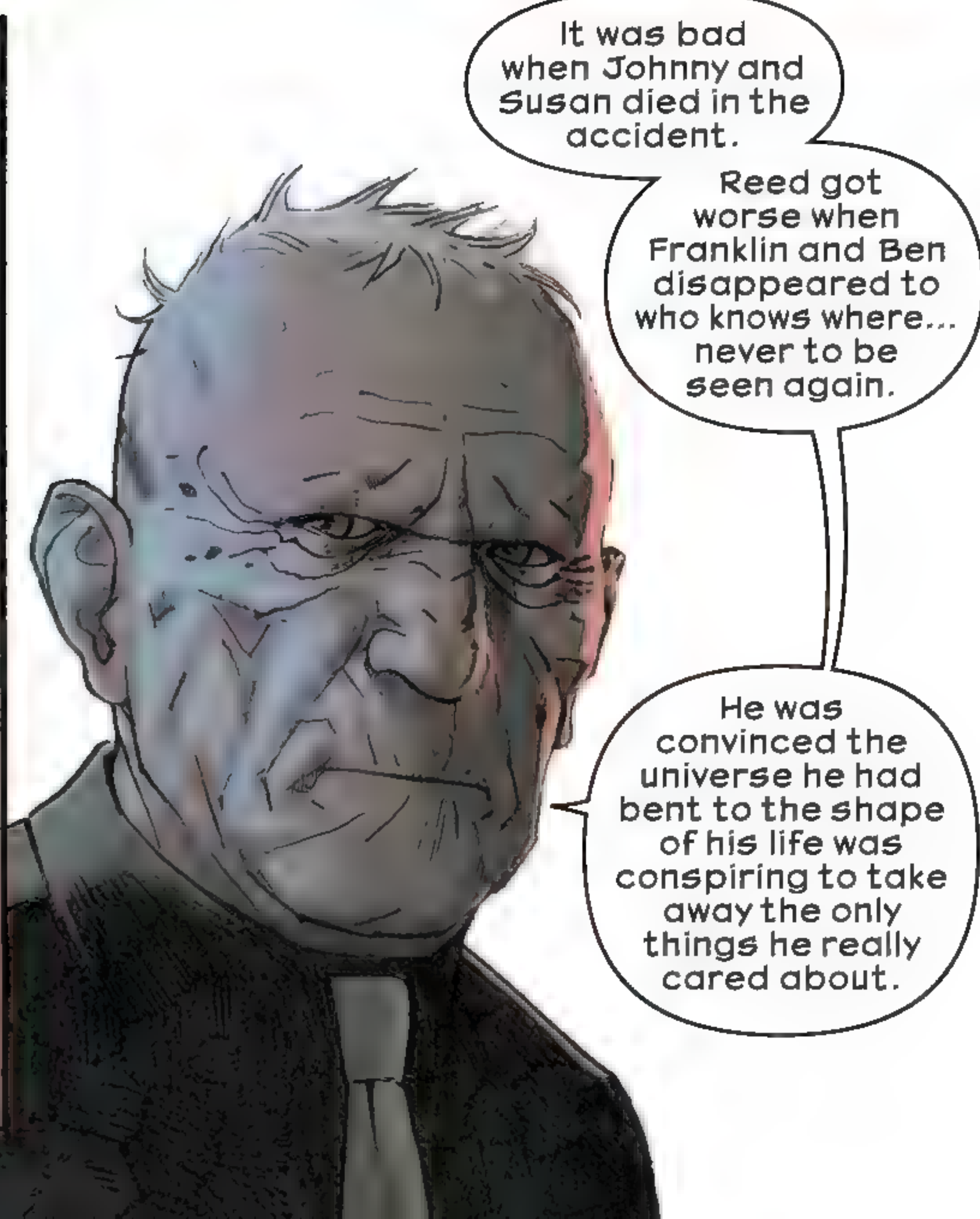


How late is she?

Not too late, but she's always so precise. Plans things down to the second.

She should be back by now.

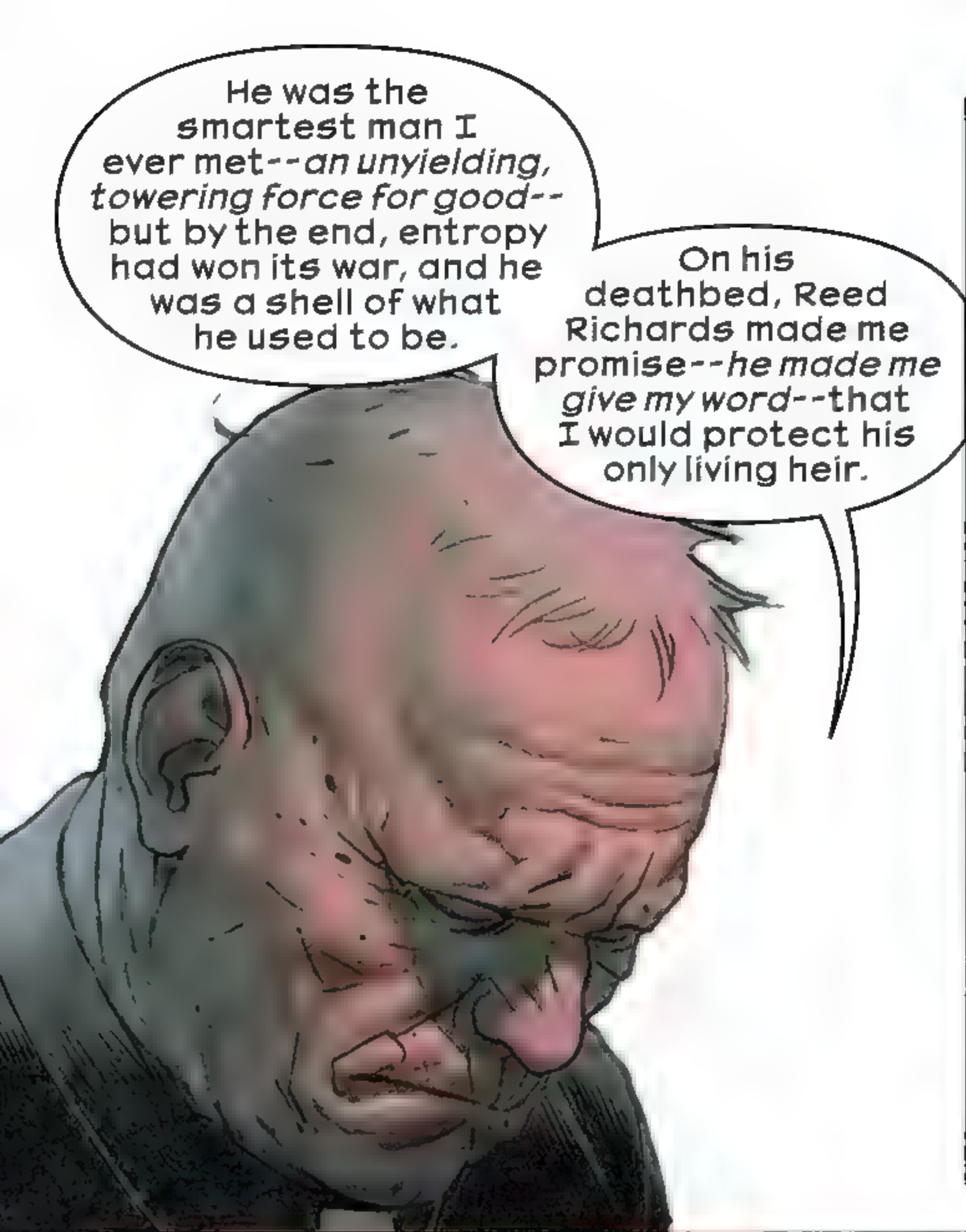
I'm sure she's fine.



It was bad when Johnny and Susan died in the accident.

Reed got worse when Franklin and Ben disappeared to who knows where... never to be seen again.

He was convinced the universe he had bent to the shape of his life was conspiring to take away the only things he really cared about.



He was the smartest man I ever met--an unyielding, towering force for good--but by the end, entropy had won its war, and he was a shell of what he used to be.

On his deathbed, Reed Richards made me promise--he made me give my word--that I would protect his only living heir.



And now Valeria's out there. About to make me a liar because she had a plan to save us all...

...and I believed her.

You can't go after her.

We need you here.



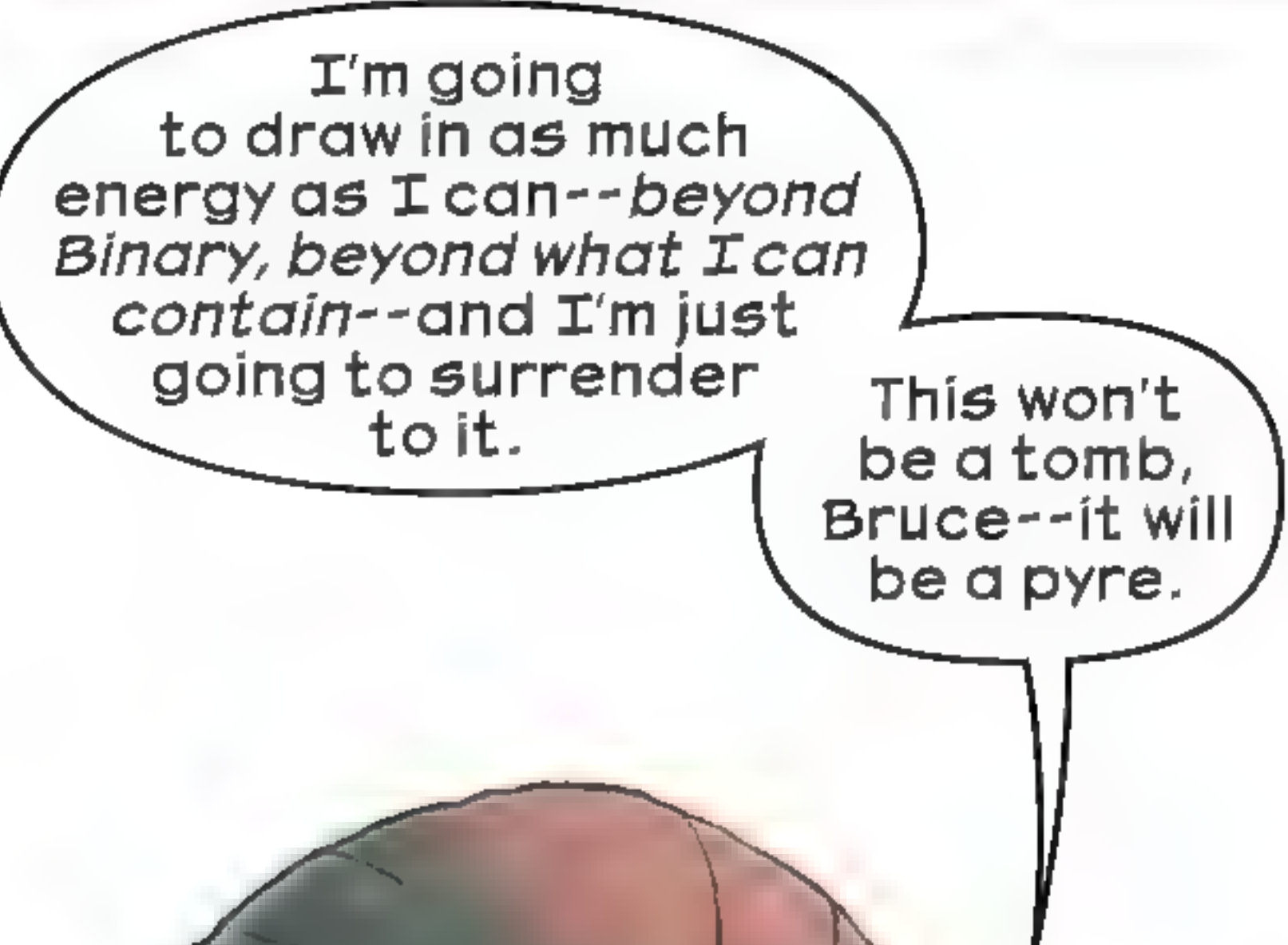
They say this is the last human city on planet Earth. But we're weeks, maybe less from falling.

This isn't a city, Carol--it's a tomb.



You think I don't see what's in front of me? In all my years of doing what we do, I have...maintained my discipline. I was trained to never lose control.

But when the monsters finally break through--when the city falls--I'm going to let all that go.



I'm going to draw in as much energy as I can--beyond Binary, beyond what I can contain--and I'm just going to surrender to it.

This won't be a tomb, Bruce--it will be a pyre.



Well, I hope I'm there to see it.



"Let him know he's
about to have some
serious company."

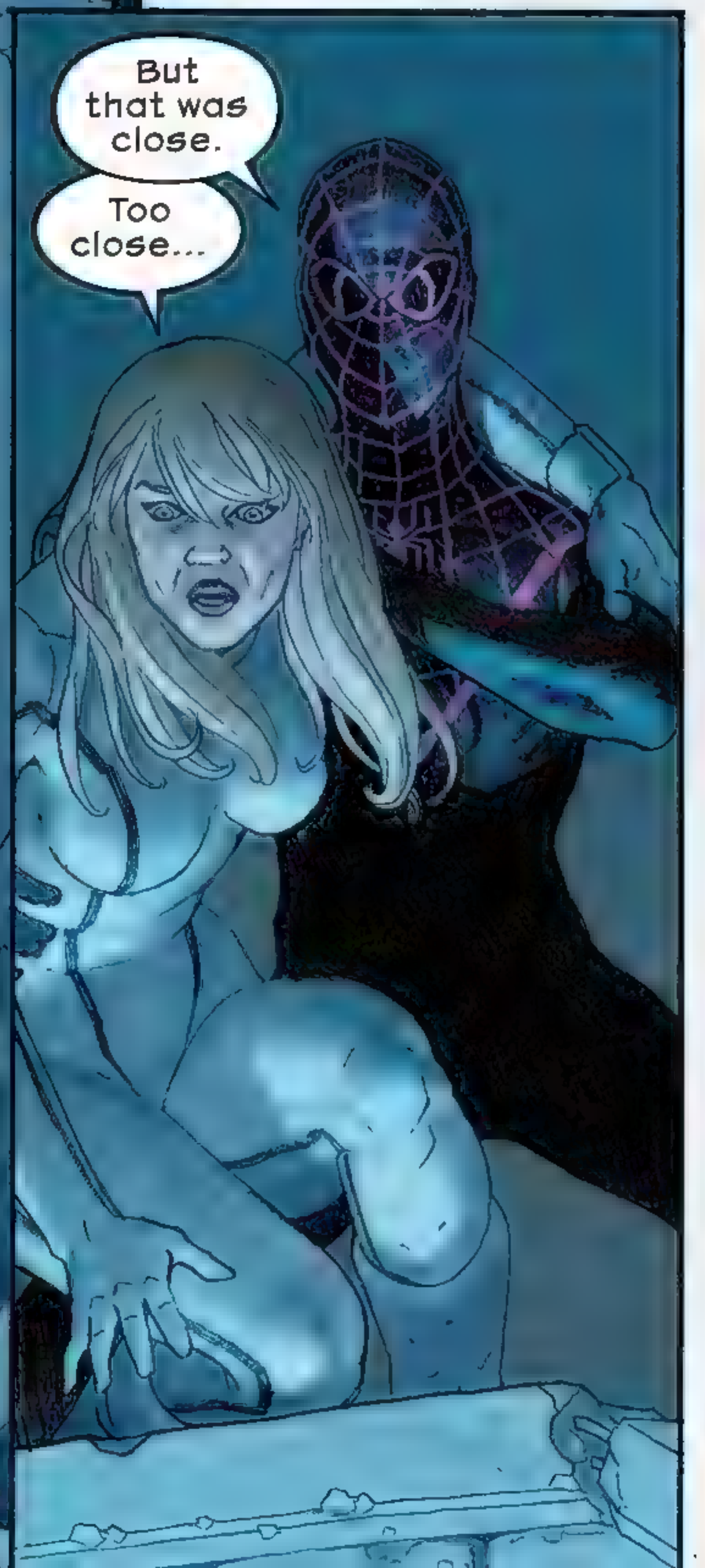




Oh god.
I'm not going
to make it...



Sure
you are.
Gotcha.



But
that was
close.

Too
close...



Hey, Hulk!
you gonna get
busy?

Or do
I have to do
everything?

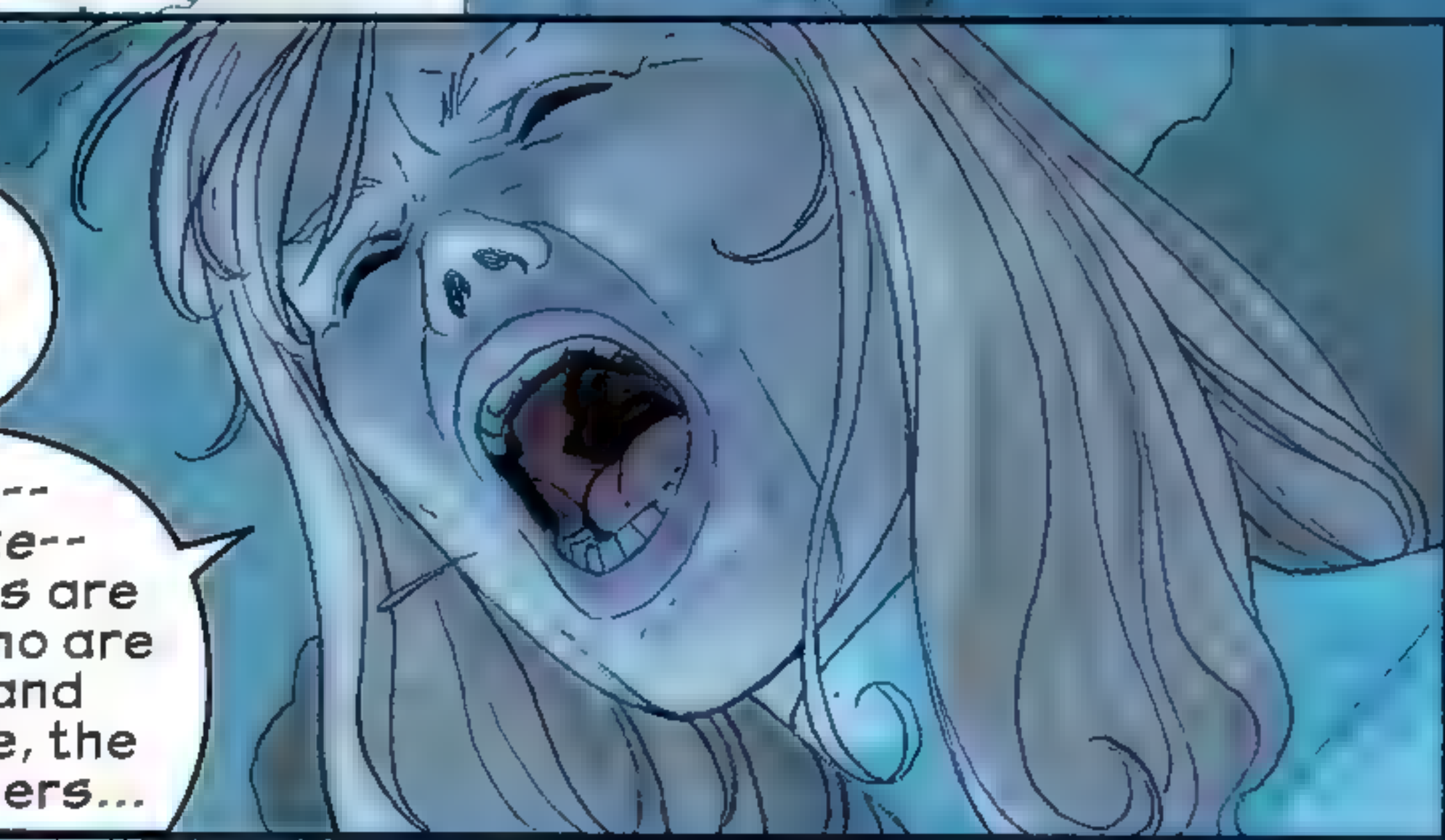
HHRRNNNNN!



Young
lady, you are
late.

Bruce,
I'm a 45-year-
old woman who's
been divorced
twice.

Because--
and I quote--
relationships are
for people who are
aware of, and
acknowledge, the
needs of others...

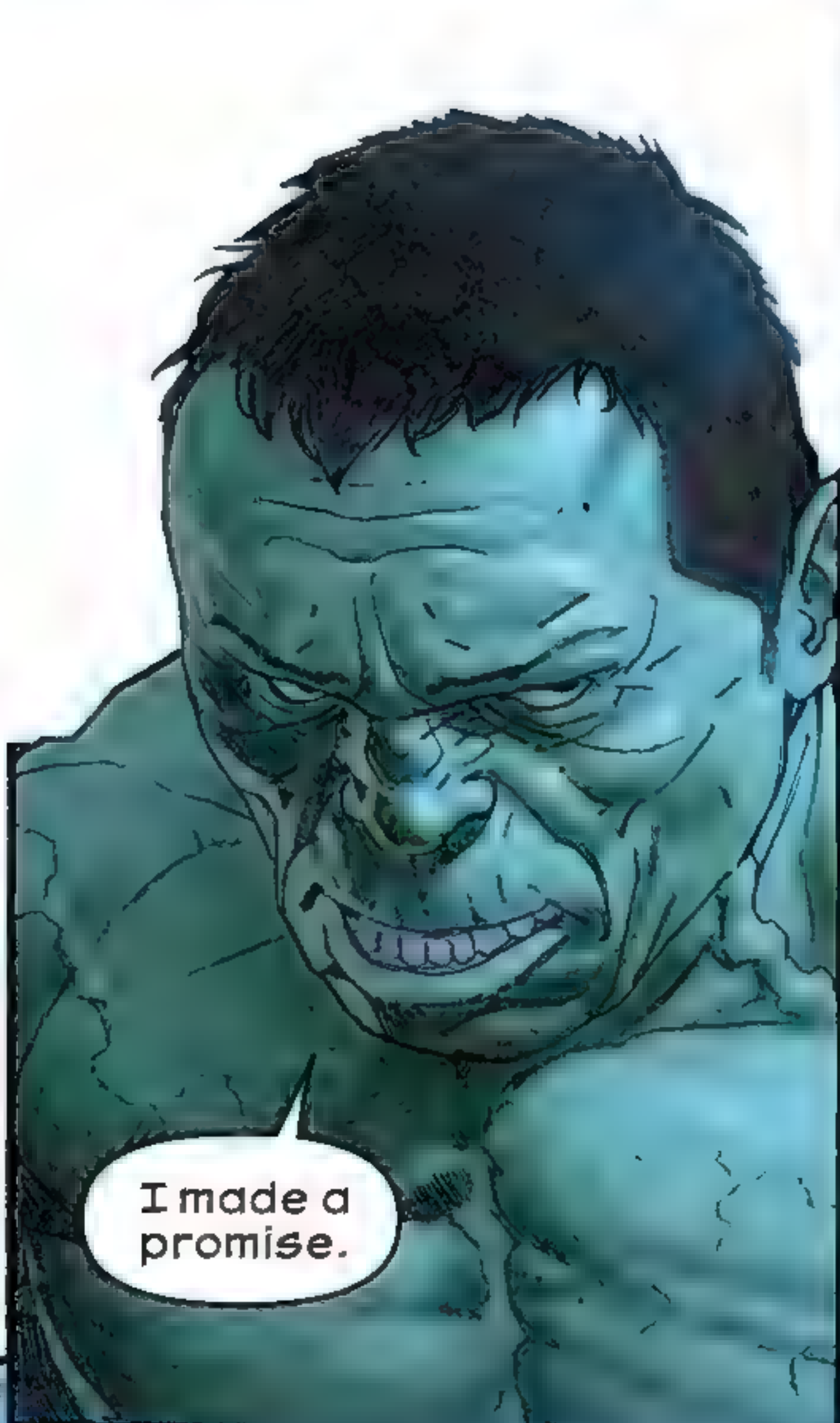




...but I am sorry I didn't keep you posted.



...
Things got complicated.



I made a promise.



I know. It's just everything went sideways. I really am sorry.

We can't hold this much longer.



Wanna go home?



Uh-huh.

But we're gonna need the egg I stole.

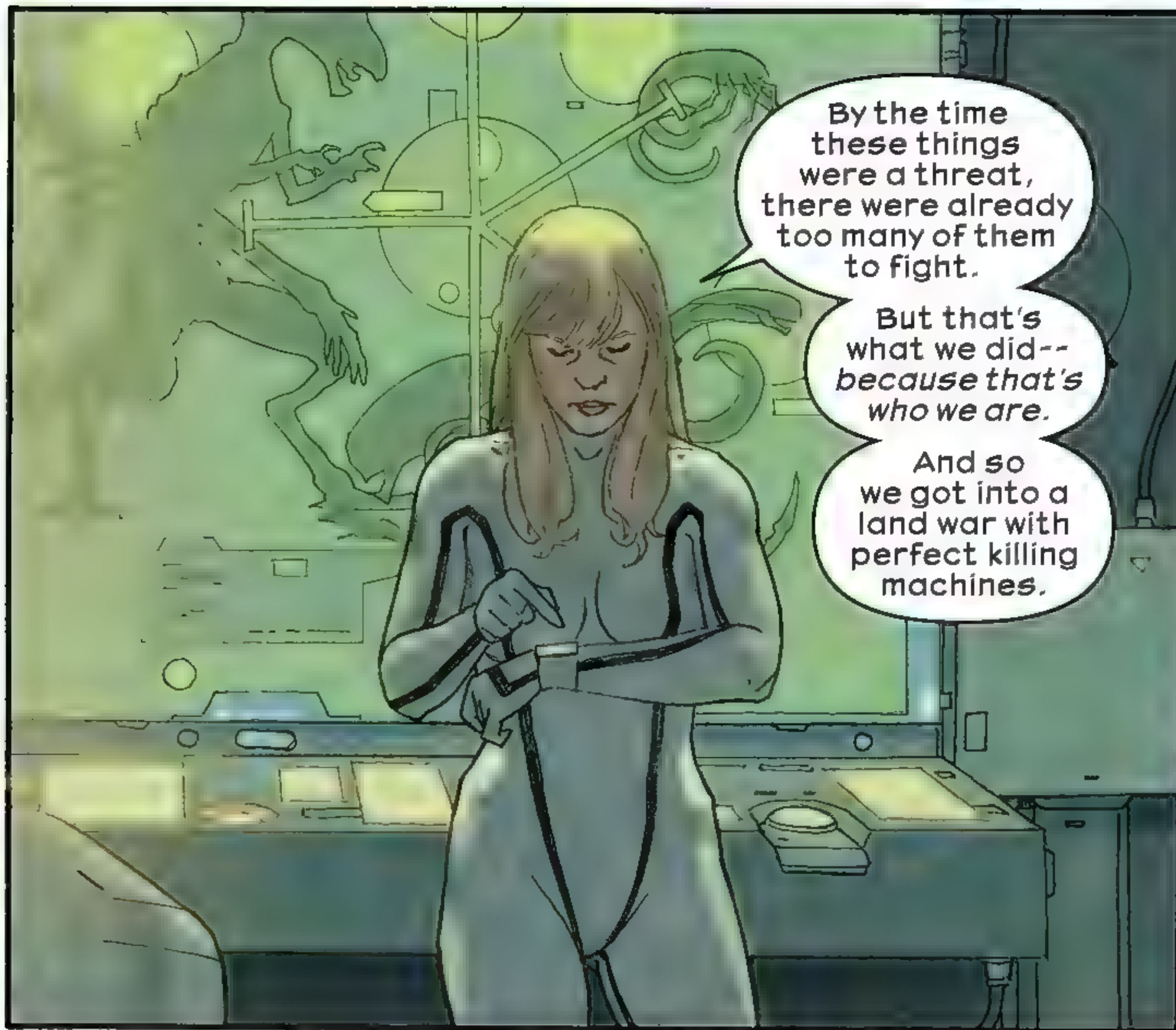
Later.

This is it...

If we're gonna win--if we have any hope at all--this is how we do it.

All right. I heard the word *win*.

So I'm listening.



By the time these things were a threat, there were already too many of them to fight.

But that's what we did-- *because that's who we are.*

And so we got into a land war with perfect killing machines.



It didn't take us long to realize that they were using humans to make more Drones.

So we dug deeper into their life cycle...and tried to cut them off at the source.

And this is where we went wrong.



We tried to stop them here--at the implantation stage.

The psychology of it was simple--we wanted to save the people who were being used as hosts. But what we didn't realize was that as soon as the damn things attached, they were already as good as dead.

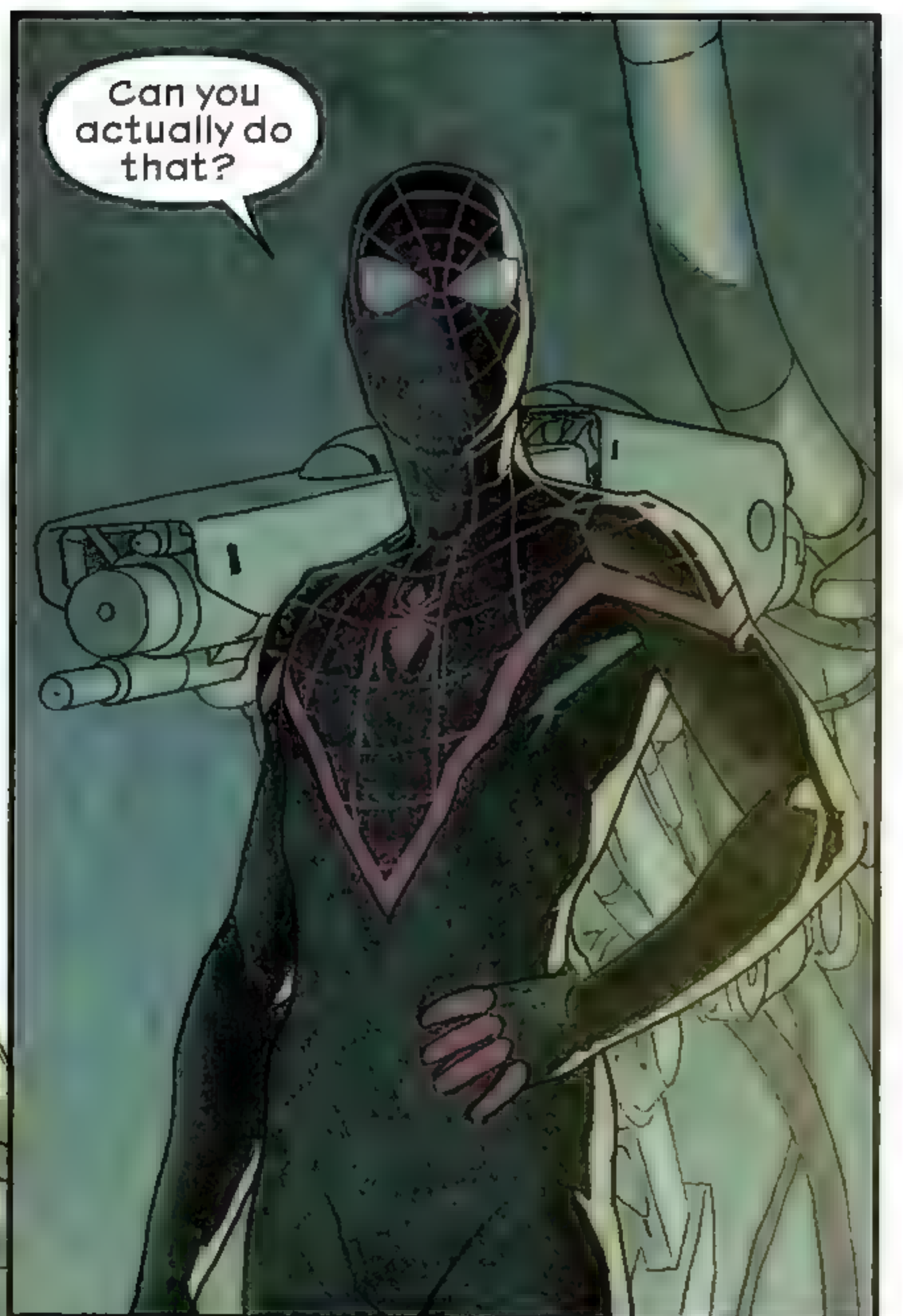


We tried everything. Science, magic... *everything.* Nothing ever worked.

Nothing except starting sooner. And that's what I'm going to do now.

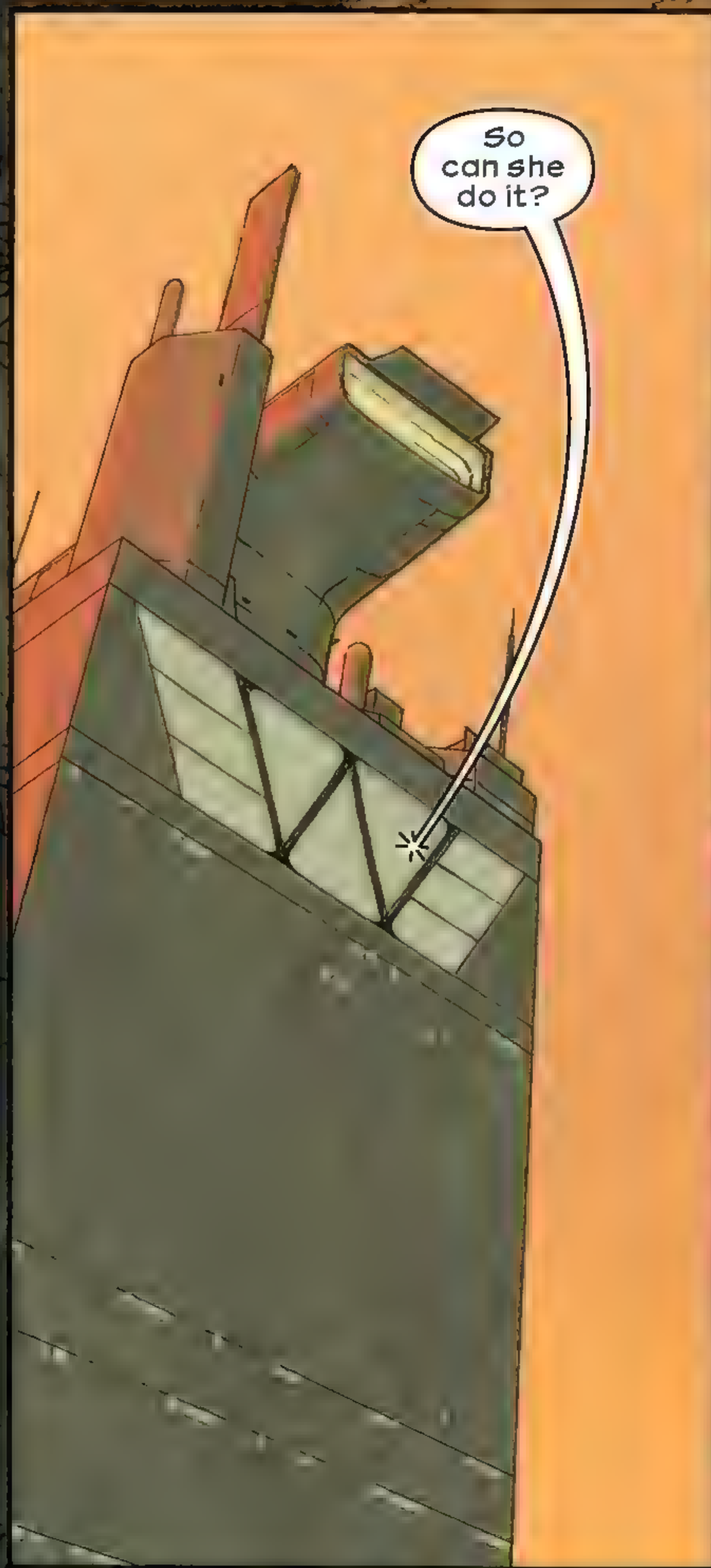


I'm going to create a virus that will kill the *eggs.*



Can you actually do that?







Do we stay and fight the good fight, or do we save what's left of us and run for our lives?

Valeria Richards will have a say in that, it seems. *So will you.*



I thought she wasn't going to make it back.

Just so you know, I would have blamed you for talking me into letting her go.



Understand?

I would have been very angry at you.

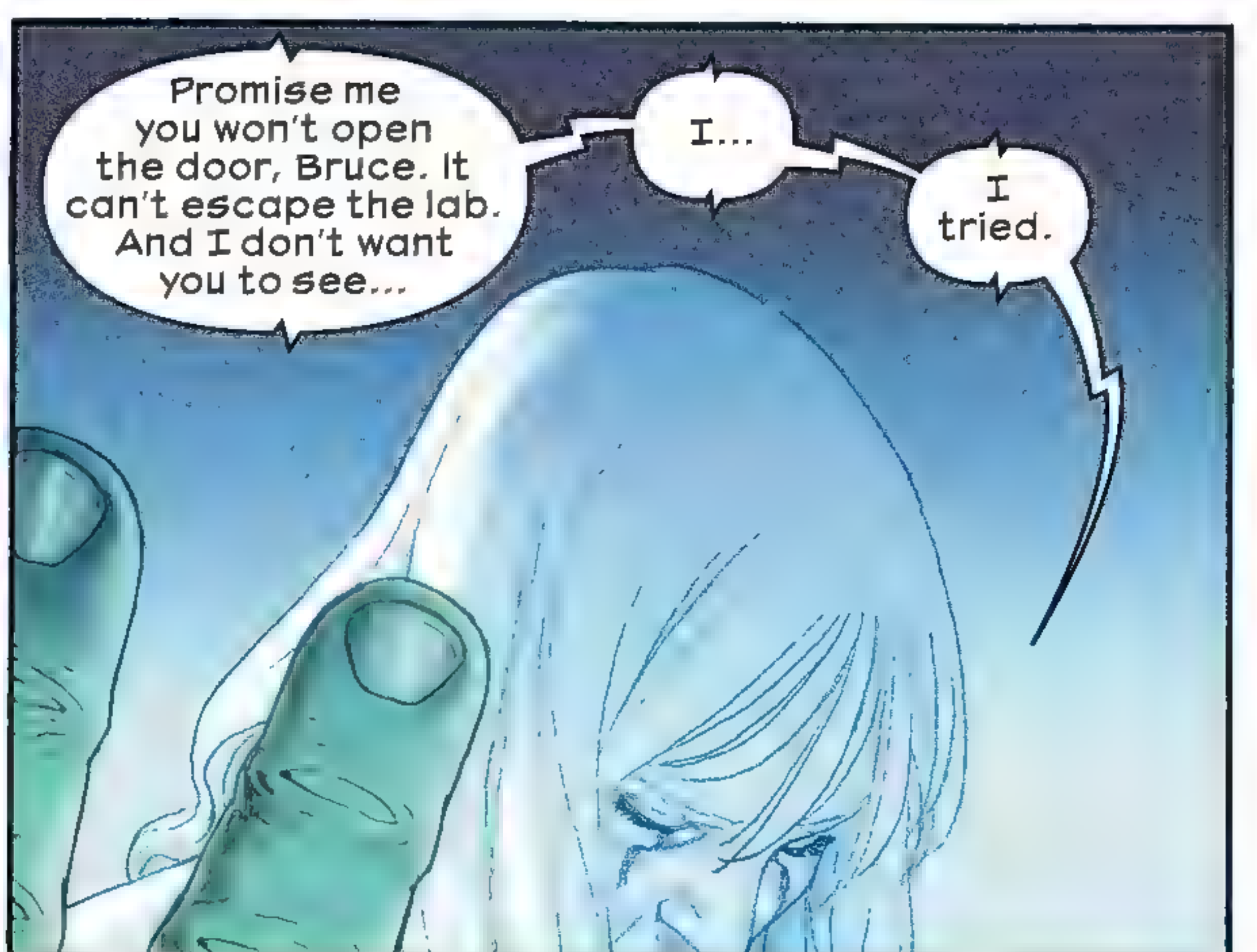
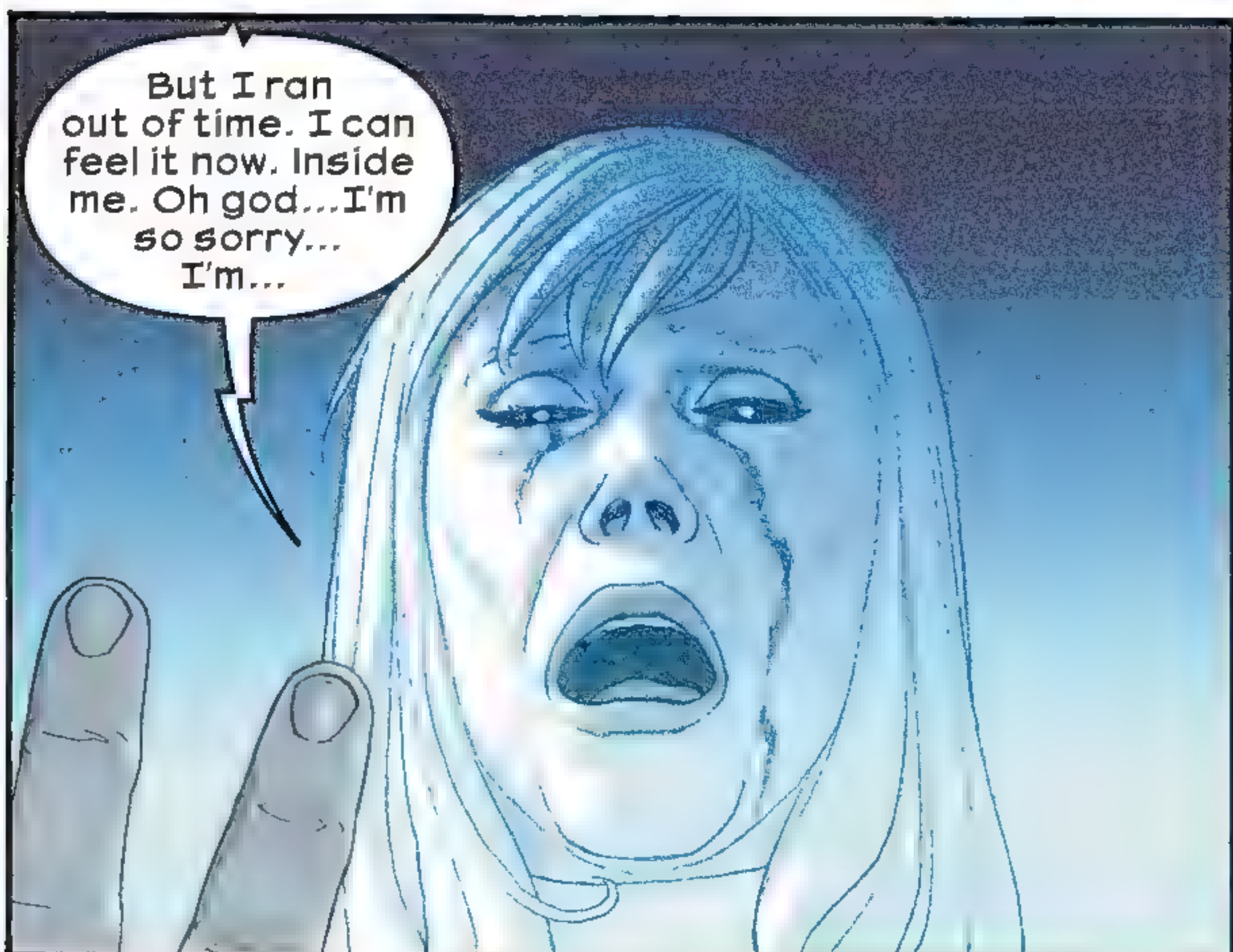
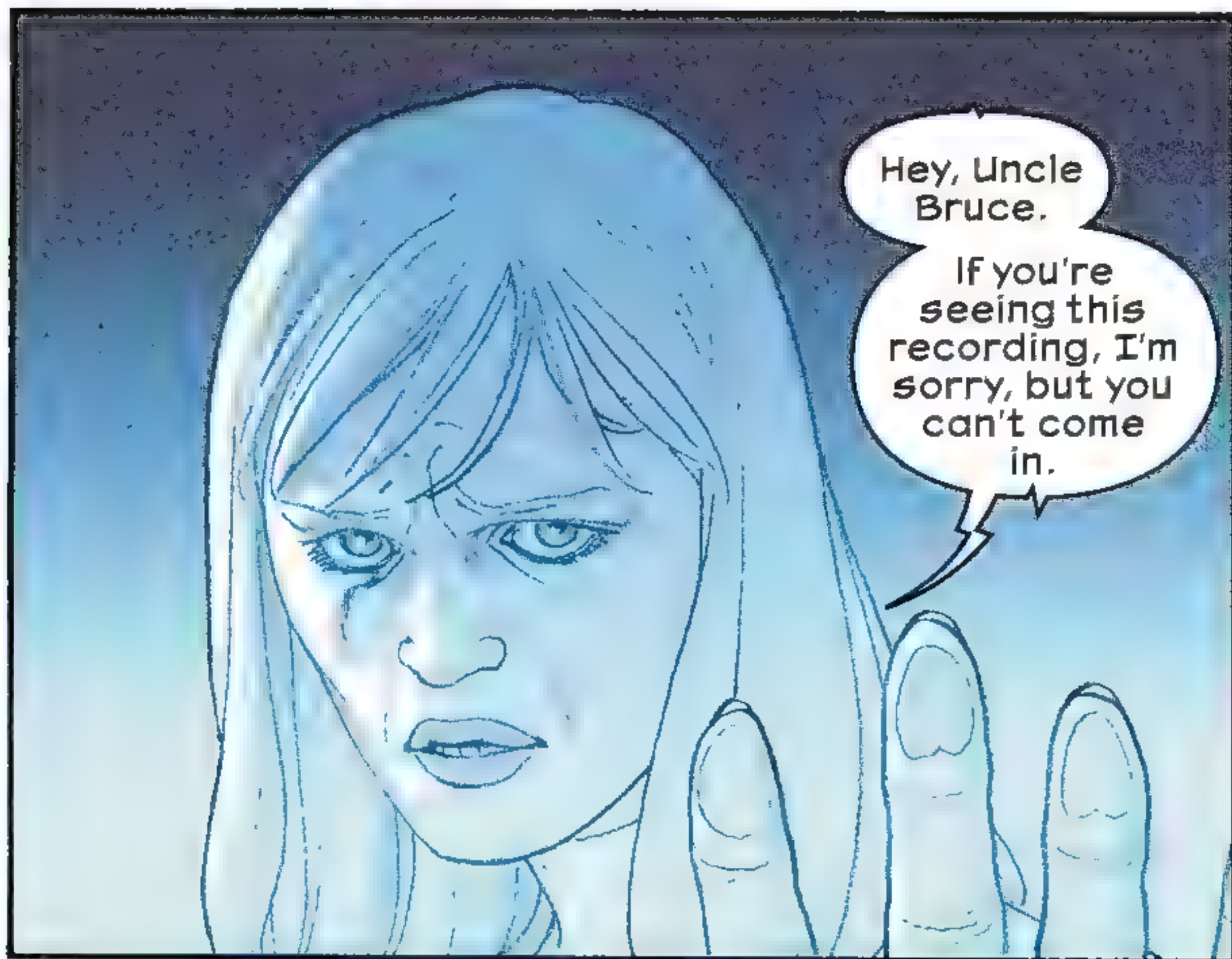


Heh. But she came back, didn't she, Bruce? you believe everyone but you is weak, but we are all made of sterner stuff than you think.



It's not our skin-- the outer shell-- that defines a person...

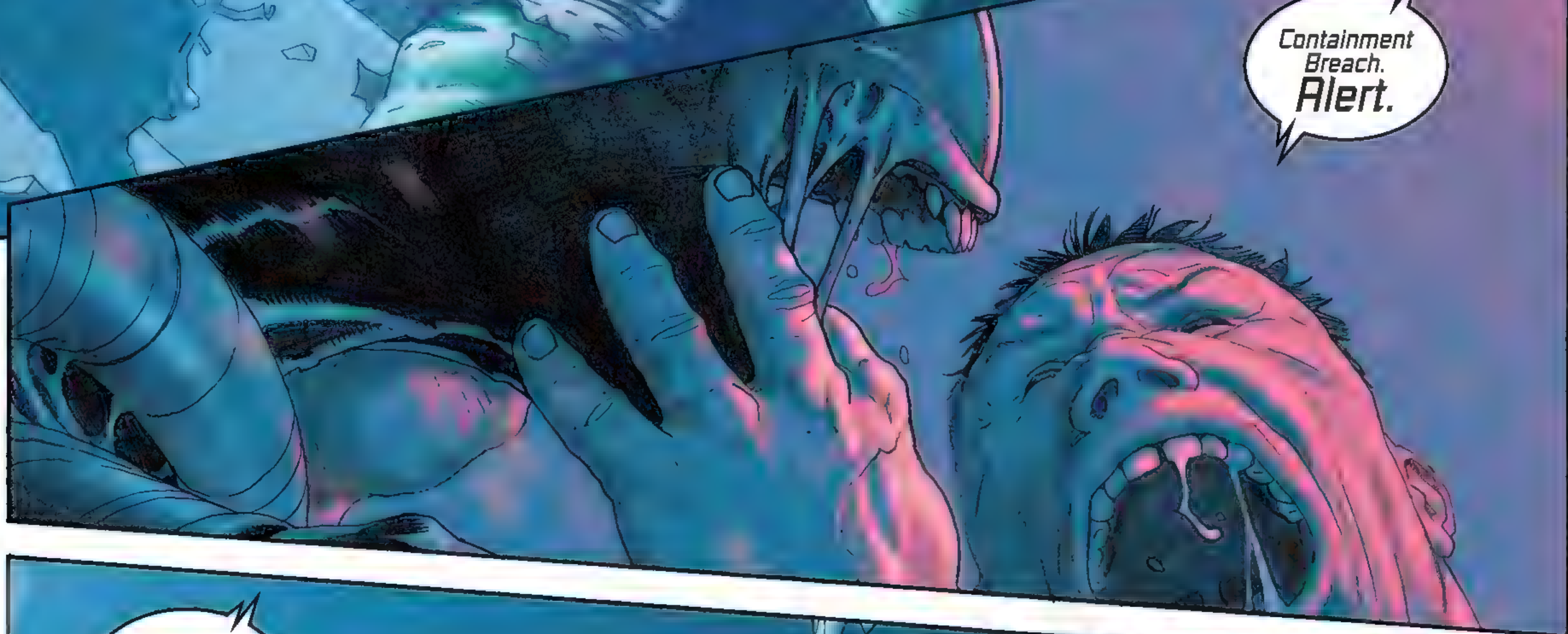




SKREEE!



Containment
Breach.
Alert.



Containment
Breach.
Alert.





Containment Breach.
Alert.

Containment Breach.
Alert.

ARRGGH!!



Containment Breach.
Alert.



Val.







We have to get it off him.

We've been over this. Can't be done. I've seen it tried a million times now.

There's no mind to control. The nervous system is autonomous. Any attempted removal kills the host... every single time.

We have to do *something*!

Yes. We do. Soon, an enemy will be growing inside him. And when it emerges, it will only want one thing:

To kill every one of us. We don't have a choice.

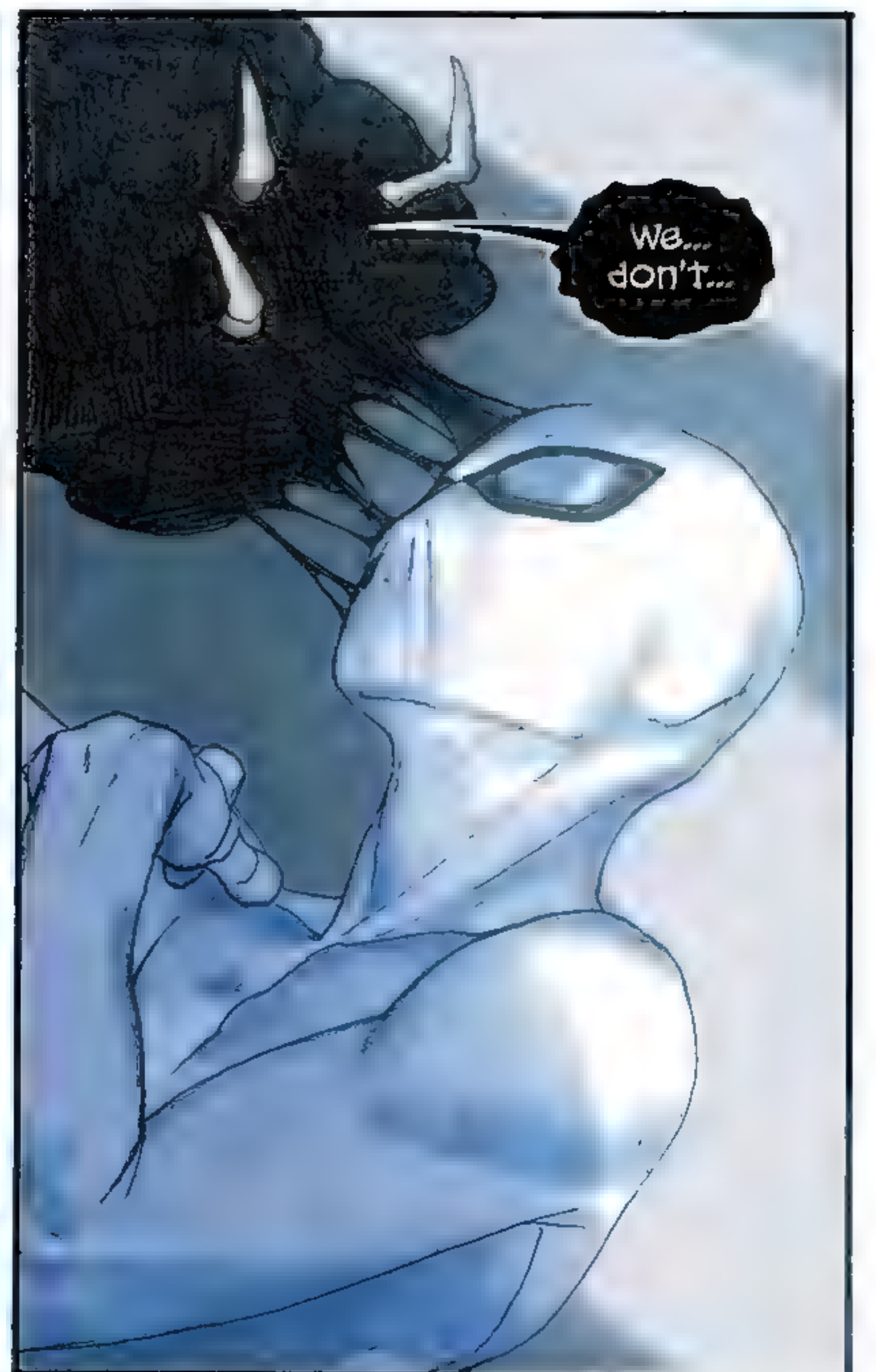
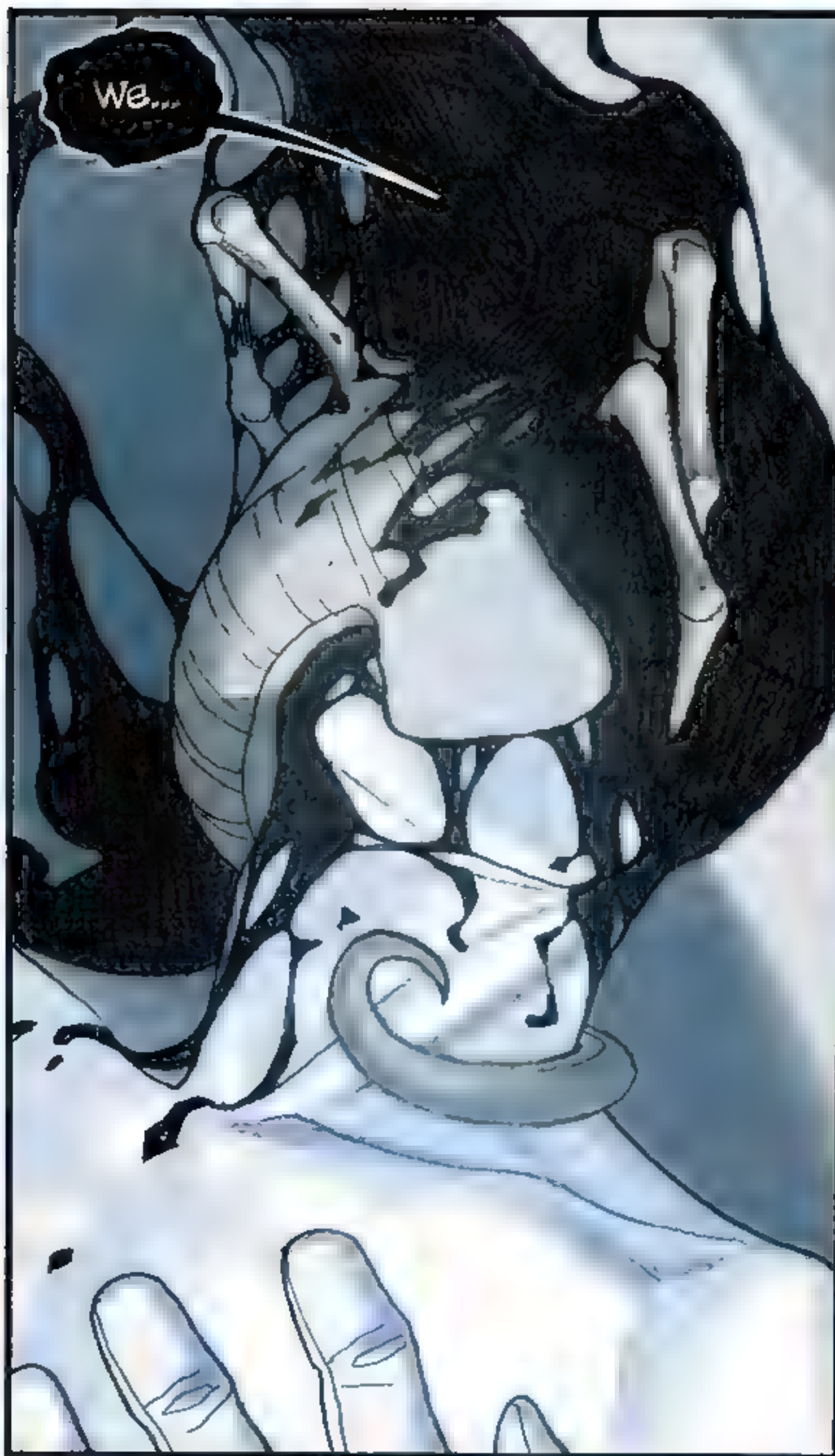
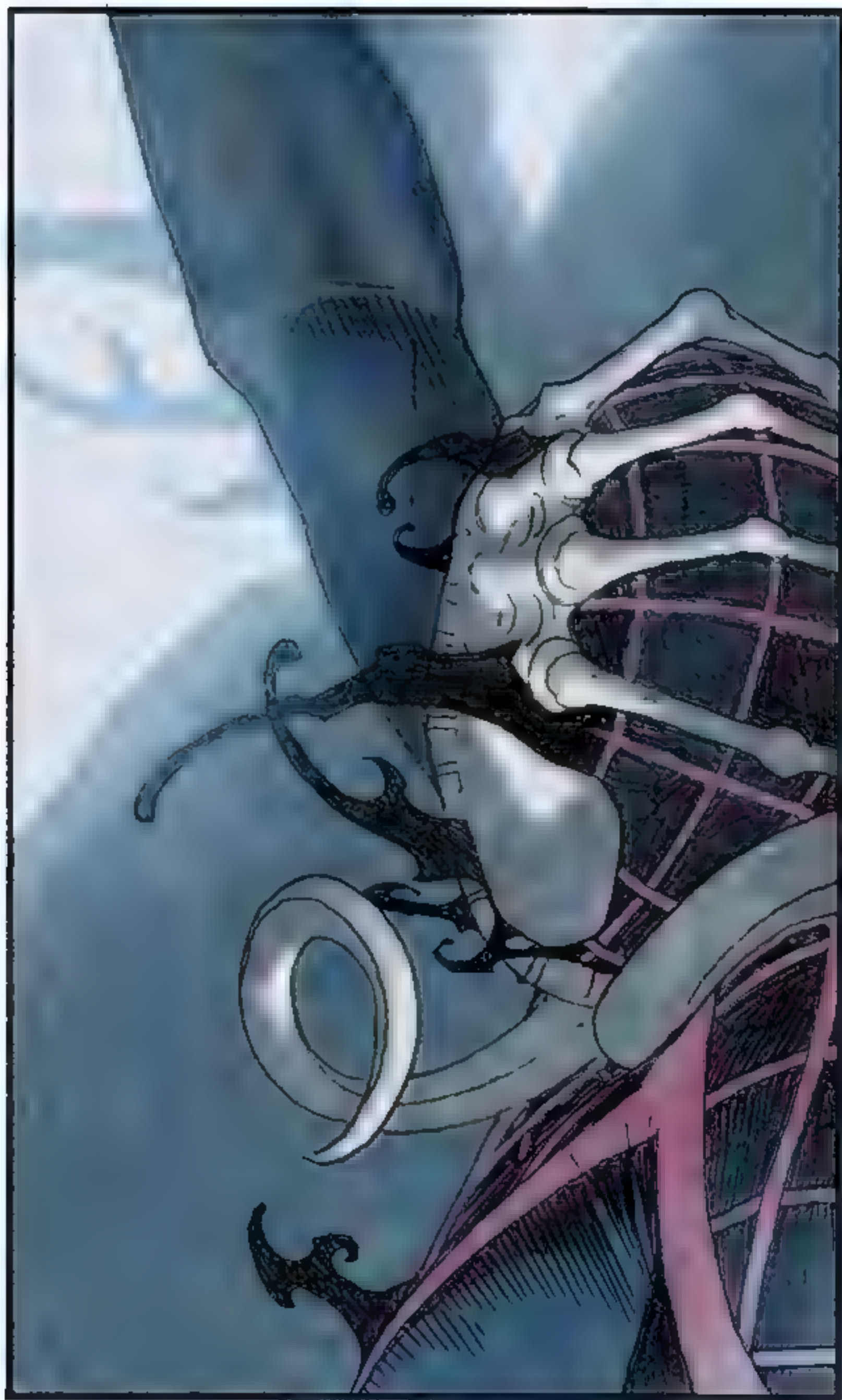


Burn it.



I'm sorry, Miles. I wish that there was some oth--

What the hell?



Fascinating.

Yes.
Parasite co-opts
parasite.

Symbiote
seemingly trumps
Xenomorph.



Hey.
Are you
okay?

No.
Not really.
That was
terrifying.

Sure. But
you're all right
though?





Another universe.
Another time.







100 years later.
10,000 planets later.



Feeling sentimental, Brother?

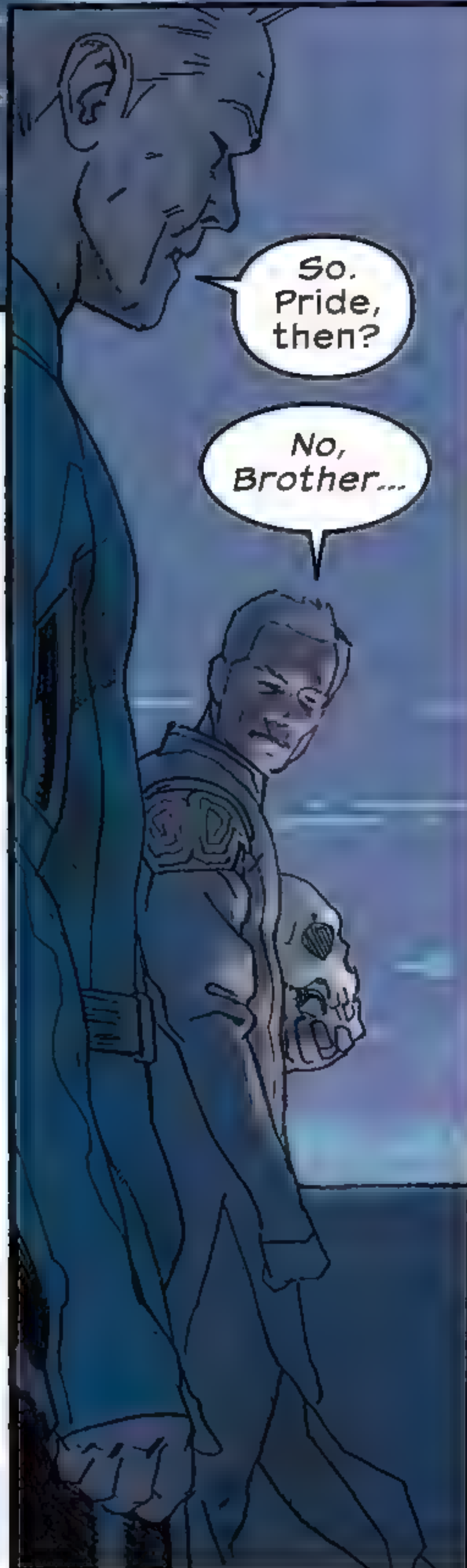
Sentimentality for impermanence is *purpose* without *cause*...



This is something much, much different.

For we have wiped all "life" from the universe.

And this was the last one of them.



So. Pride, then?

No, Brother...



Relief.



1000 years later.

Are we
sure we *truly*
understand what
we are looking
at?

Tough to
check the water,
Brother, without
dipping one's toe
in the drink.

Theoretically,
it is not only highly
probable, but
objectively, it is now
also observable.

So
many other
universes--
countless other
worlds.

So much life,
crying out to be
extinguished.

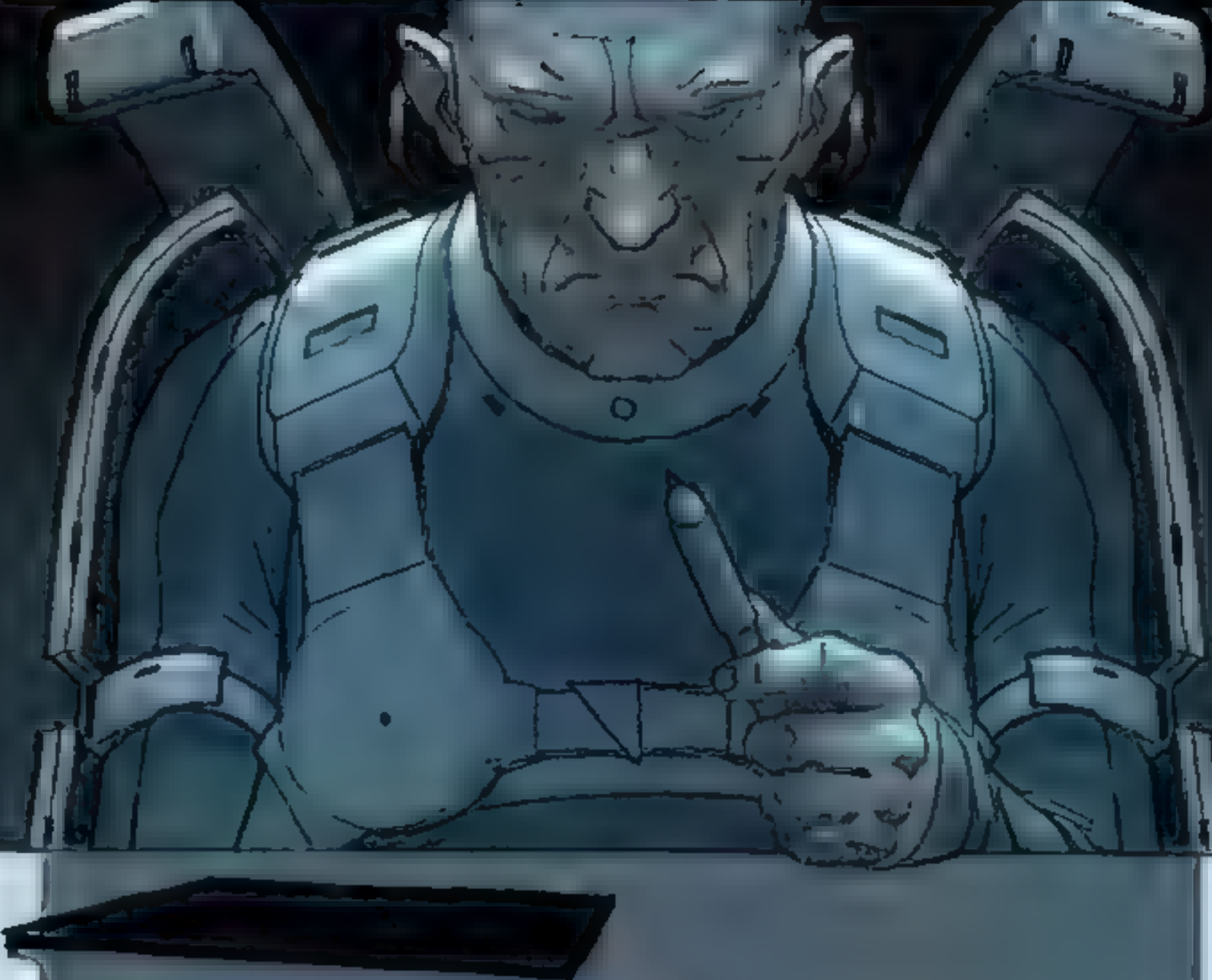
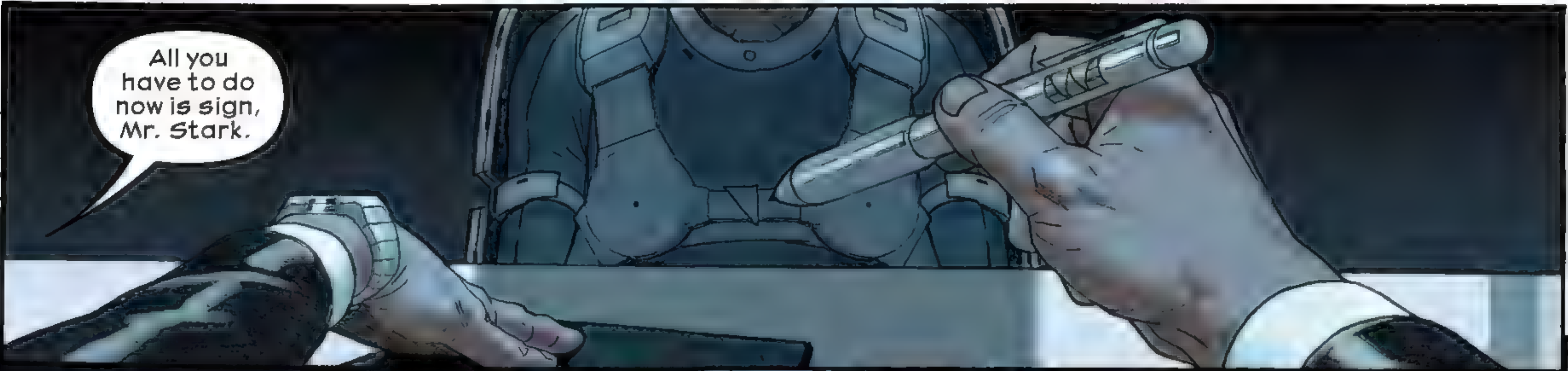
For too
long we have
been sleeping,
Brothers.

And
now we are
awakened.

Full of
purpose...

"...with *universes*
to cleanse."

This universe.
Twenty years ago.
Earth.





I believe congratulations are in order?

Sorry. I don't drink.



Well. It's all just bad water anyway, isn't it?

May I ask you a question, Mr. Stark?



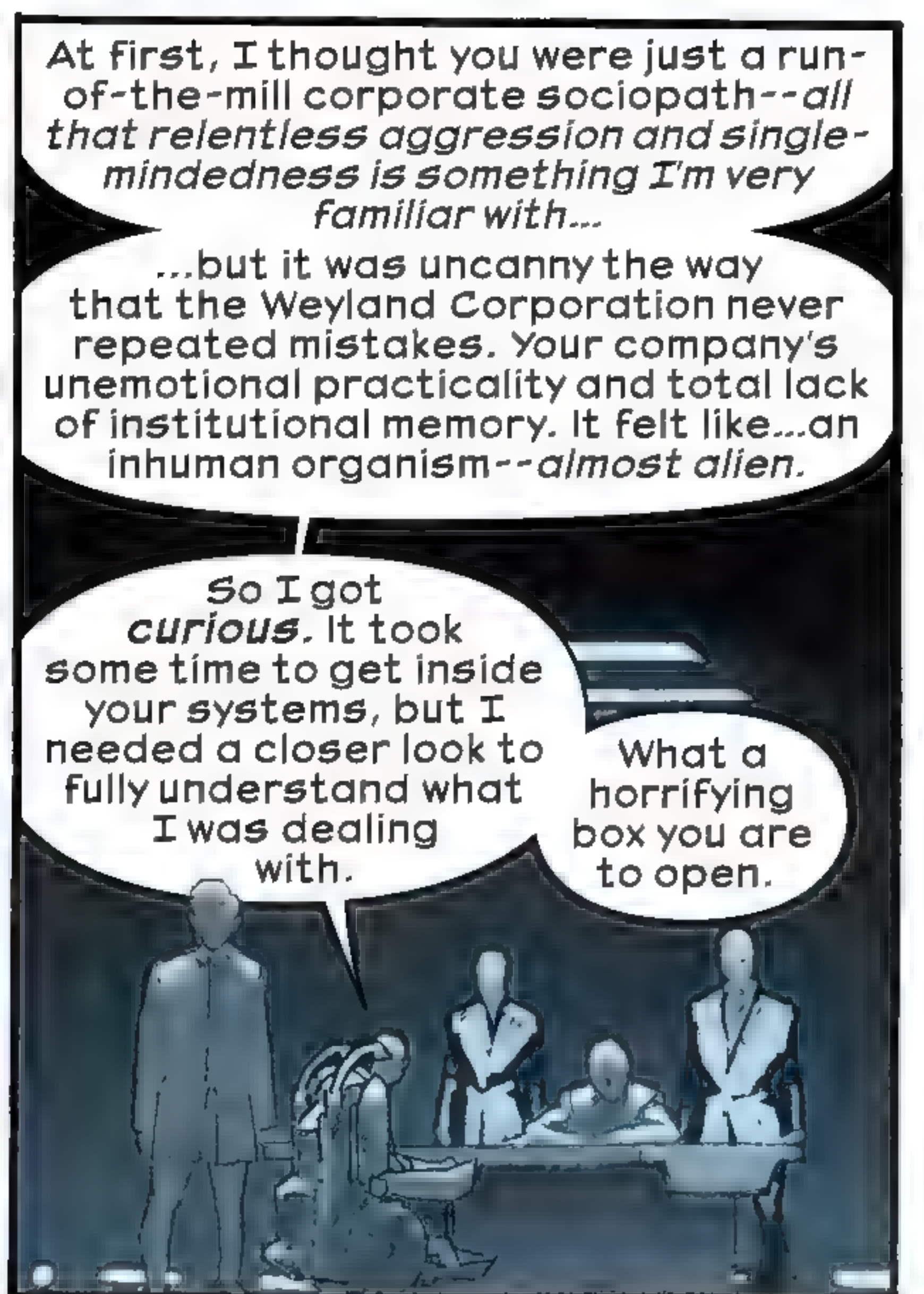
Please.

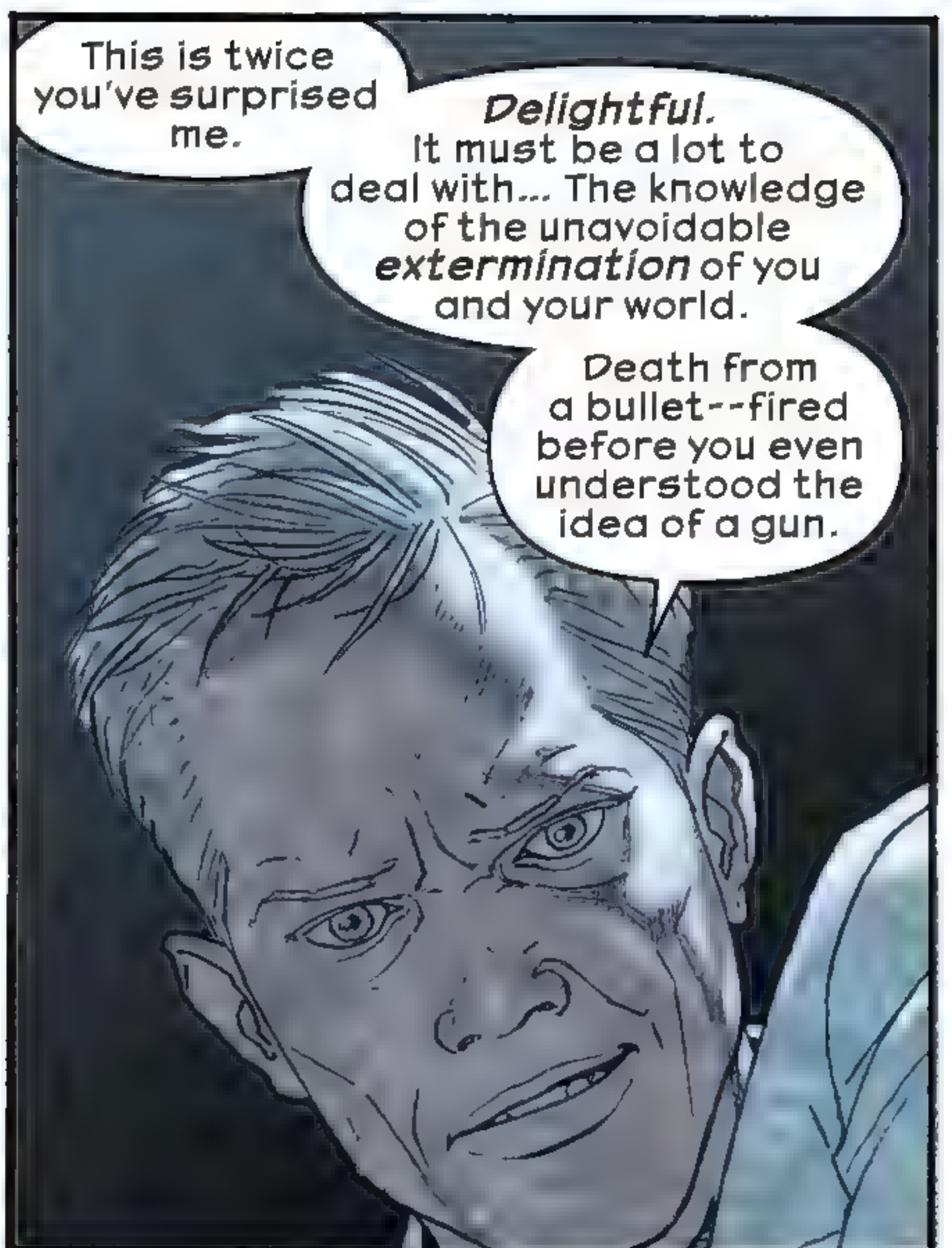


It doesn't happen often, but you have surprised me.

You see, I gave this deal an unusually high likelihood of ending in a hostile takeover or some other combative corporate mechanism that would result in an eventual "forced" capitulation.

So I have to know, Mr. Stark. Was I--once again--expecting too much, or was I simply wrong?





This is twice
you've surprised
me.

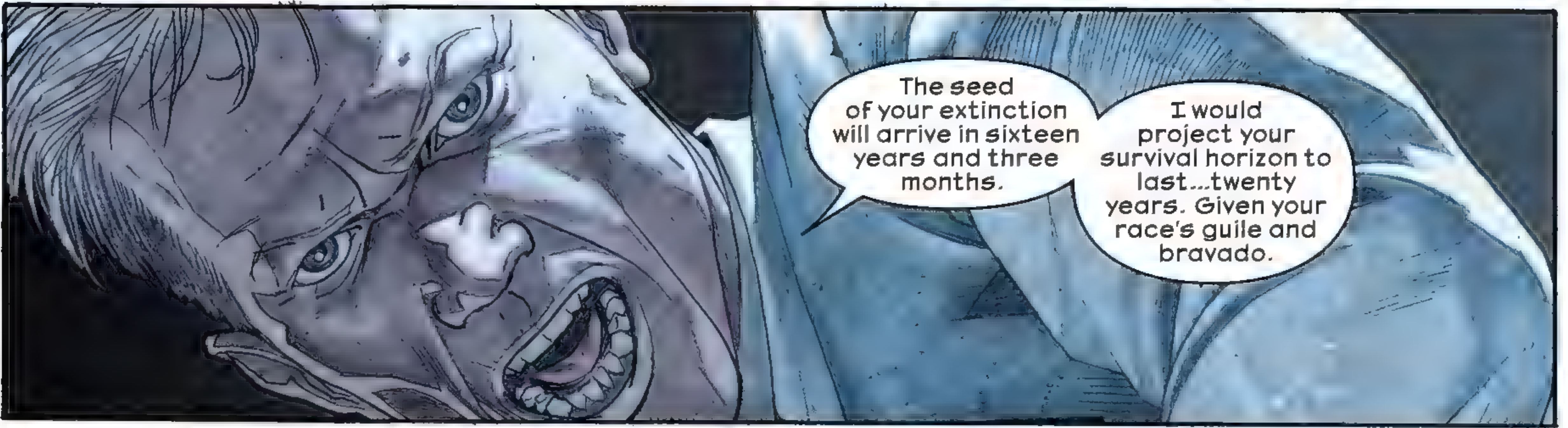
Delightful.
It must be a lot to
deal with... The knowledge
of the unavoidable
extermination of you
and your world.

Death from
a bullet--fired
before you even
understood the
idea of a gun.

Hurk!



How...
how...how
long do we
have?



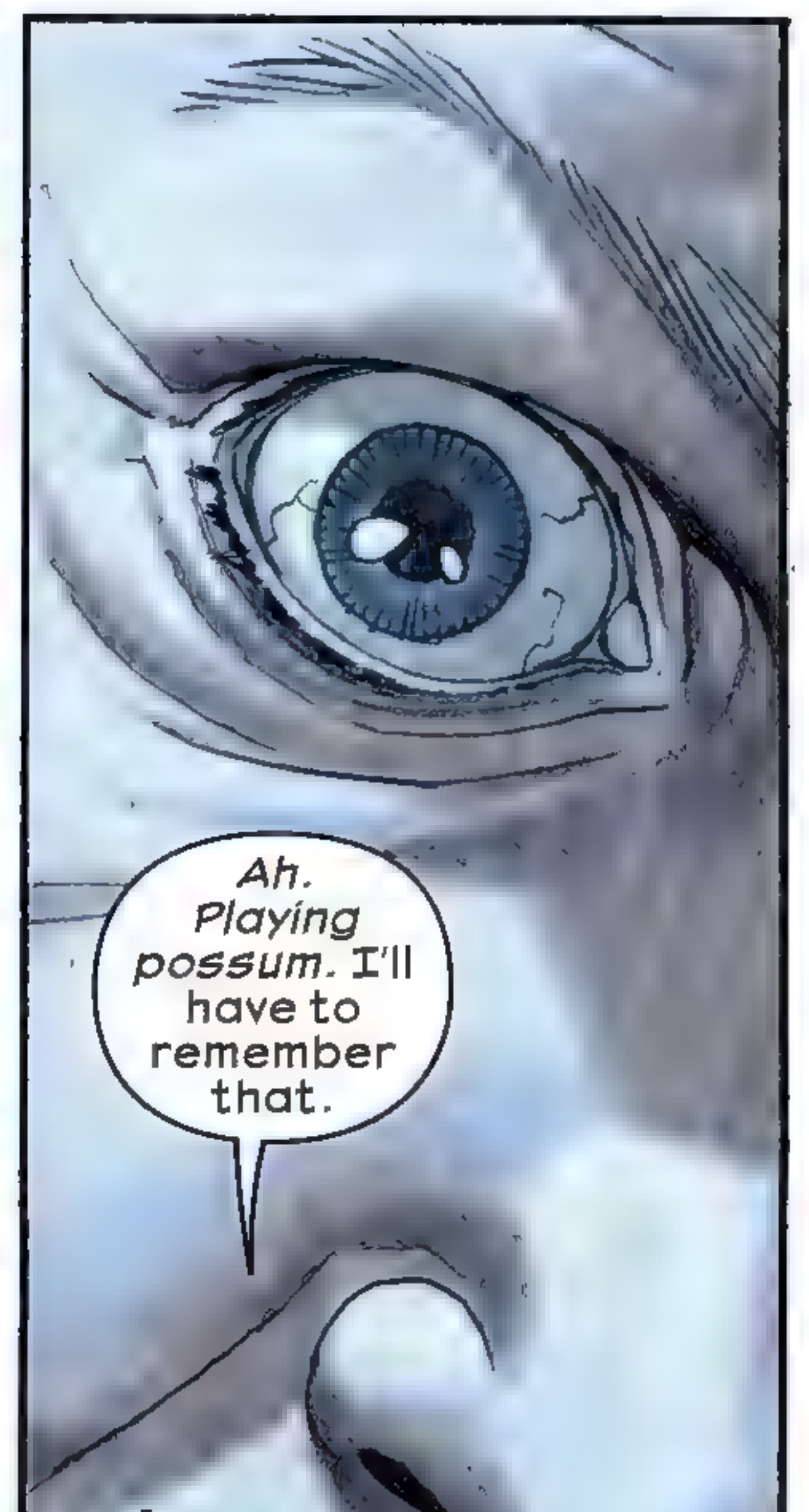
The seed
of your extinction
will arrive in sixteen
years and three
months.

I would
project your
survival horizon to
last...twenty
years. Given your
race's guile and
bravado.



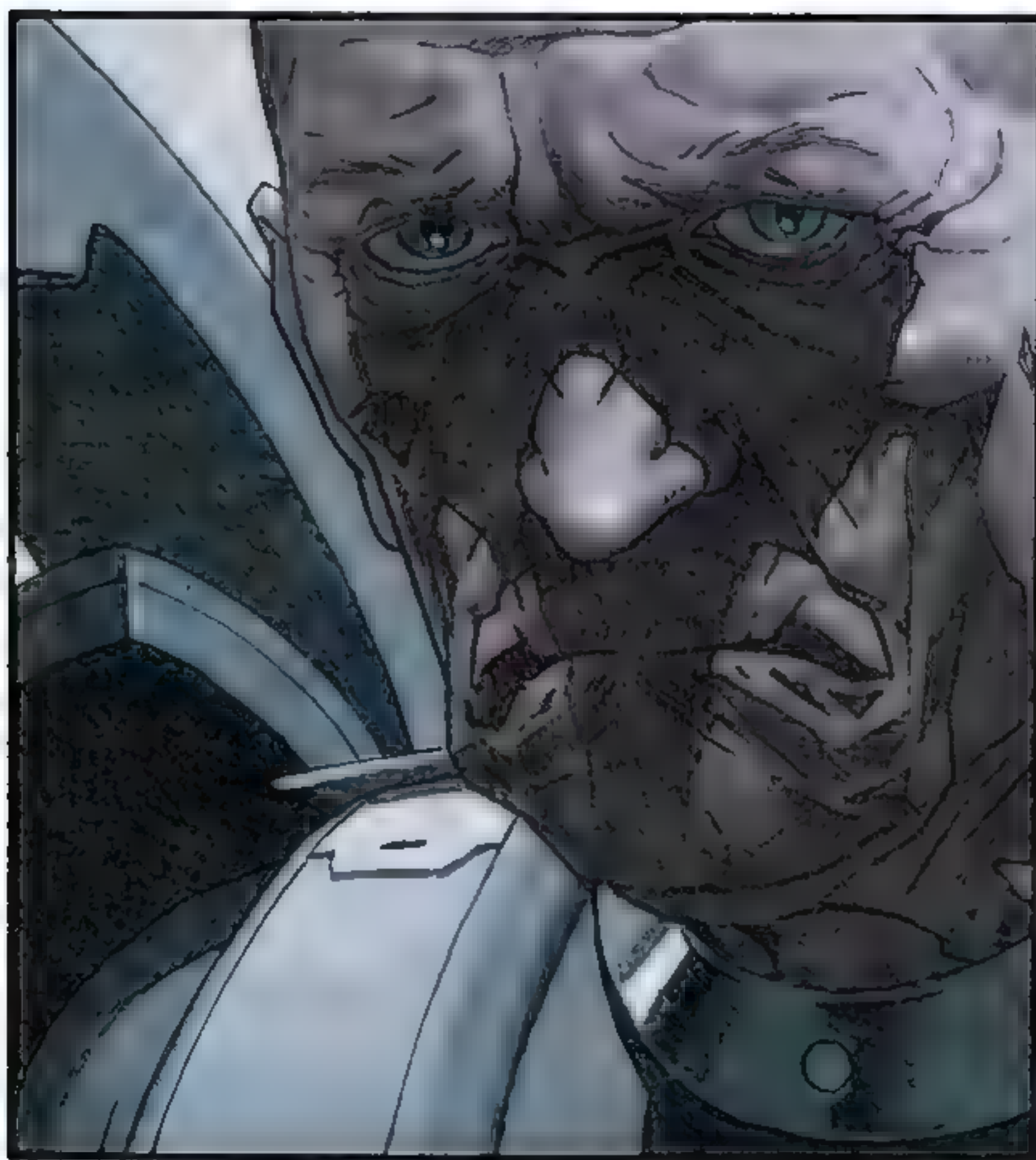
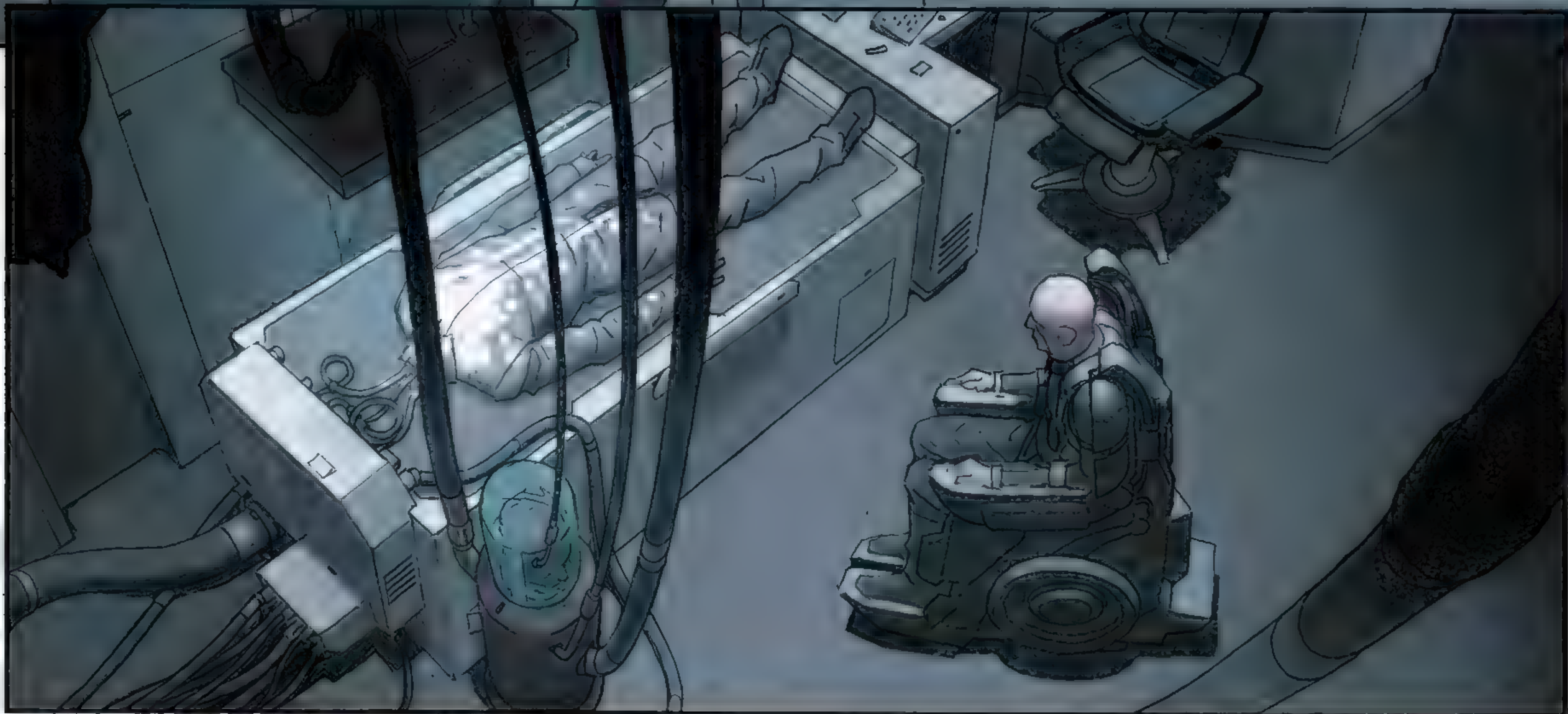
Thank
you.

That's the
information
I needed.



Ah.
Playing
possum. I'll
have to
remember
that.

Now.





We're leaving Earth.

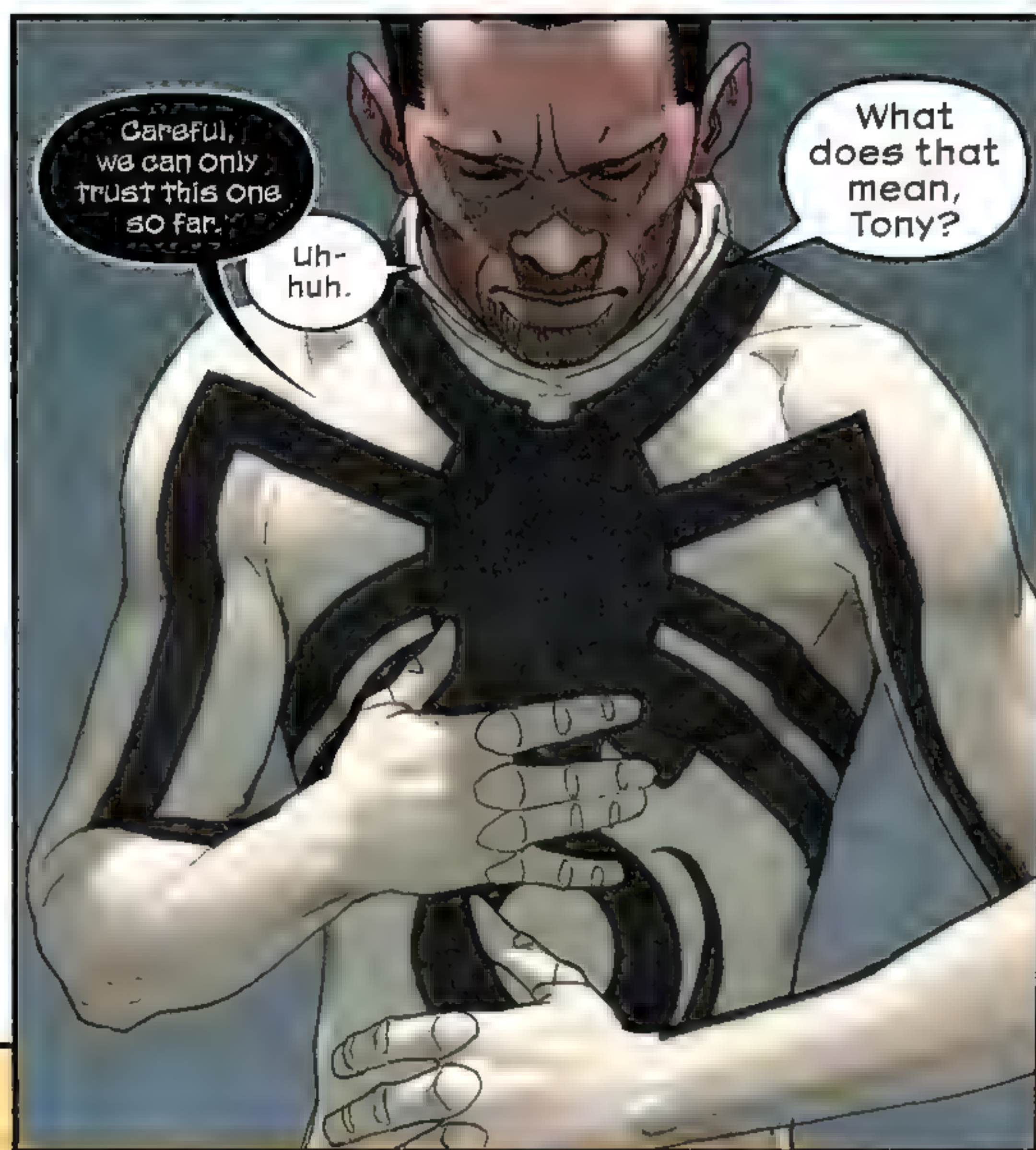


What?



It's over. We lost.

We have to think about survival now.



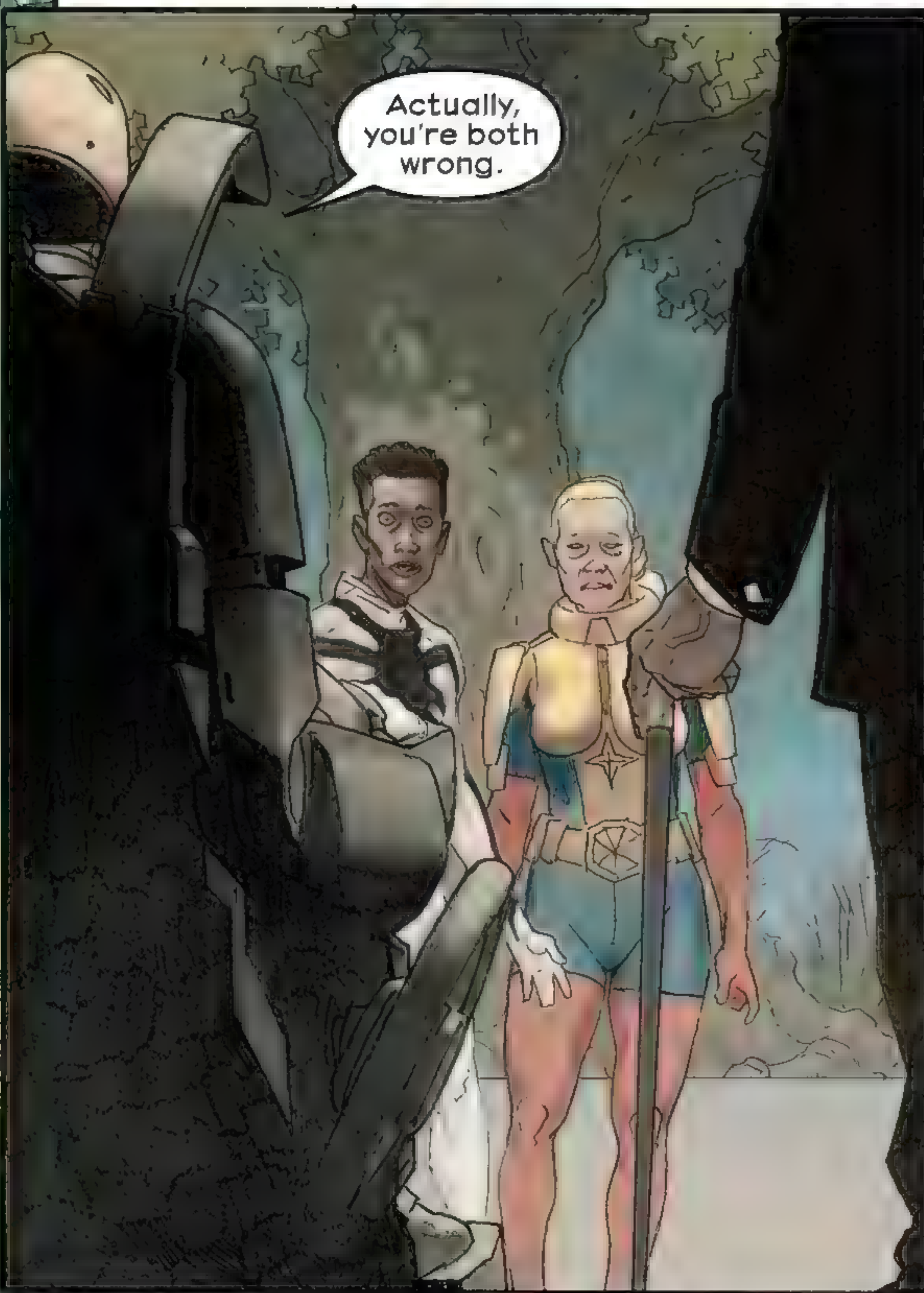


You built
an *escape*
ship out of a
building?

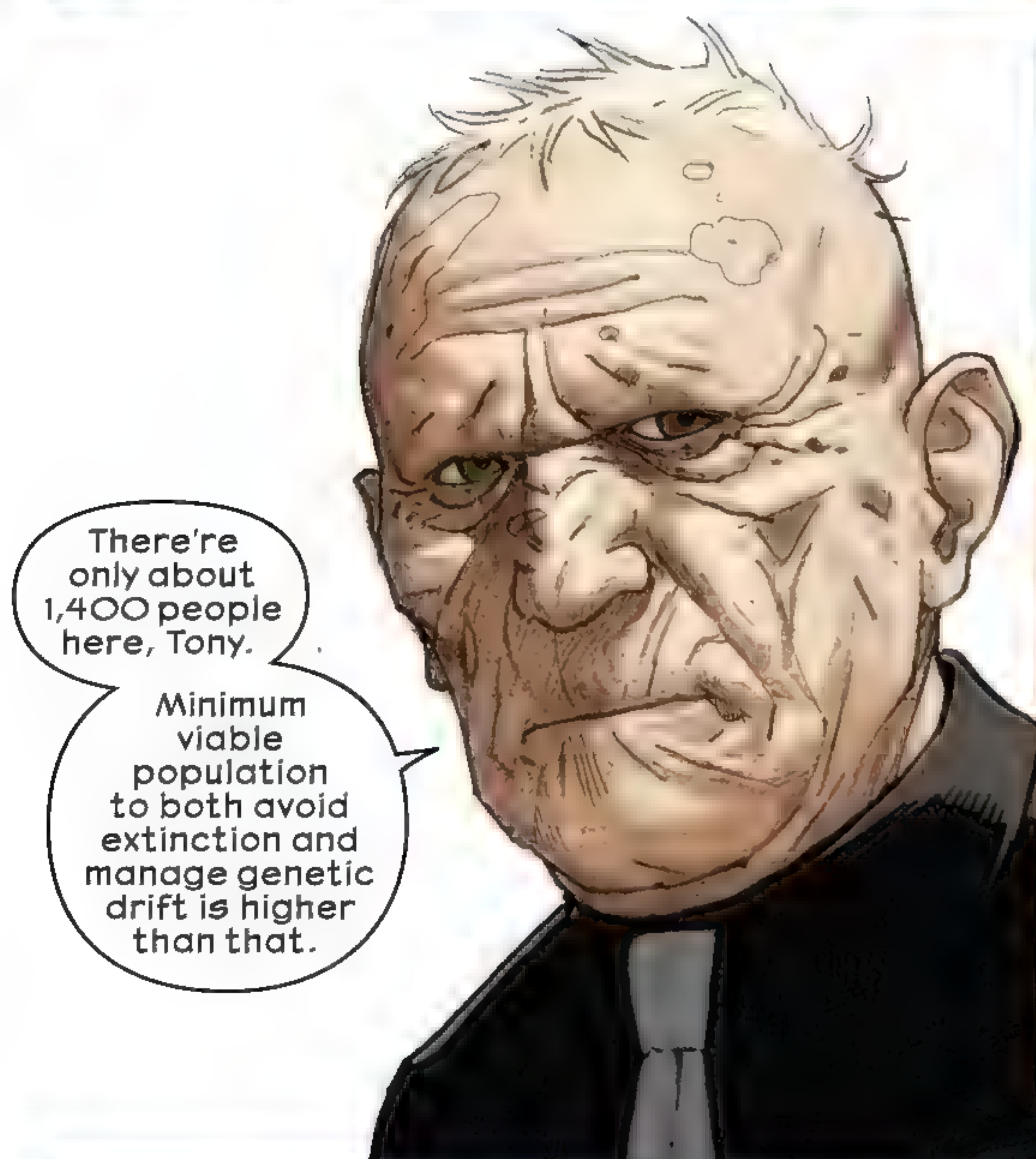


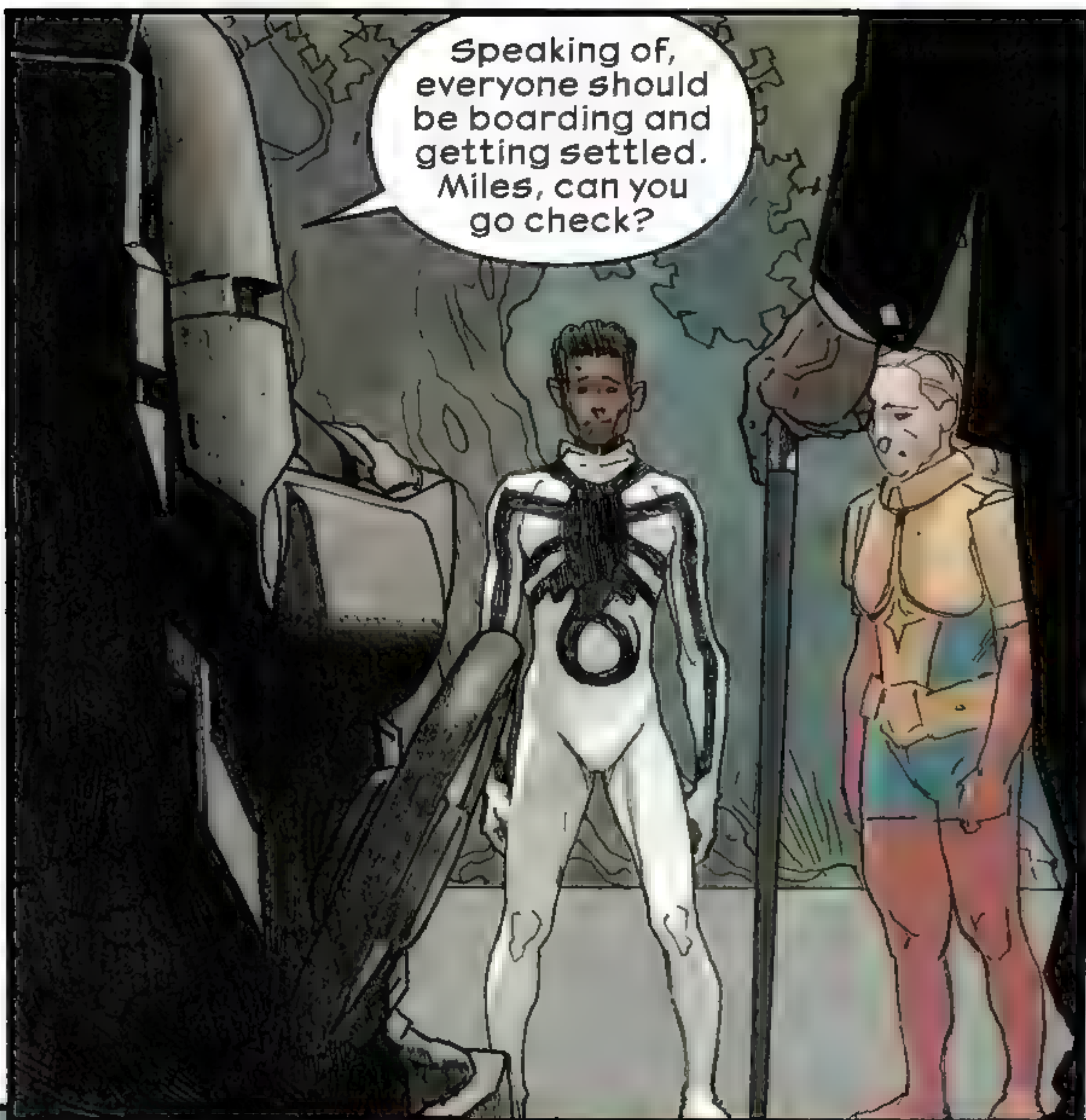
No. Tony's
been planning
this for a long
time.

He built
an escape
ship--then built
a *city* for
cover.



Actually,
you're both
wrong.





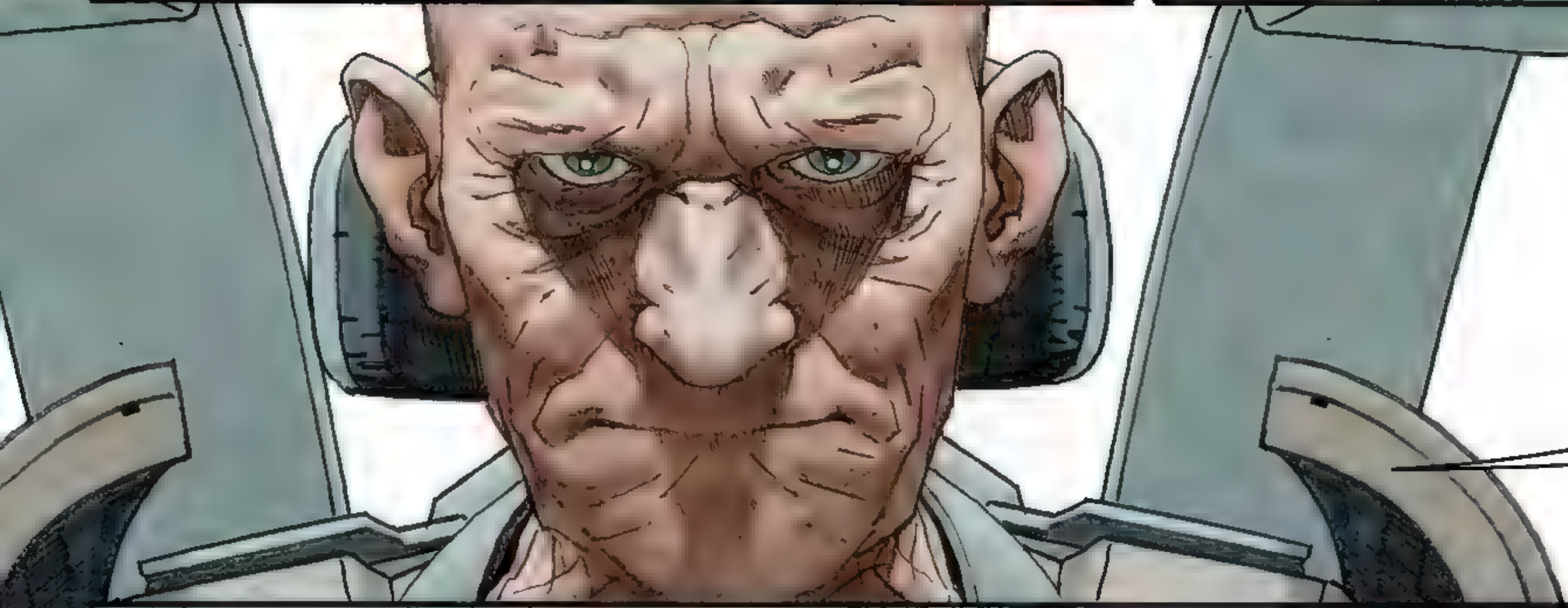
Speaking of, everyone should be boarding and getting settled. Miles, can you go check?



Sure. Anything I need to be looking for?

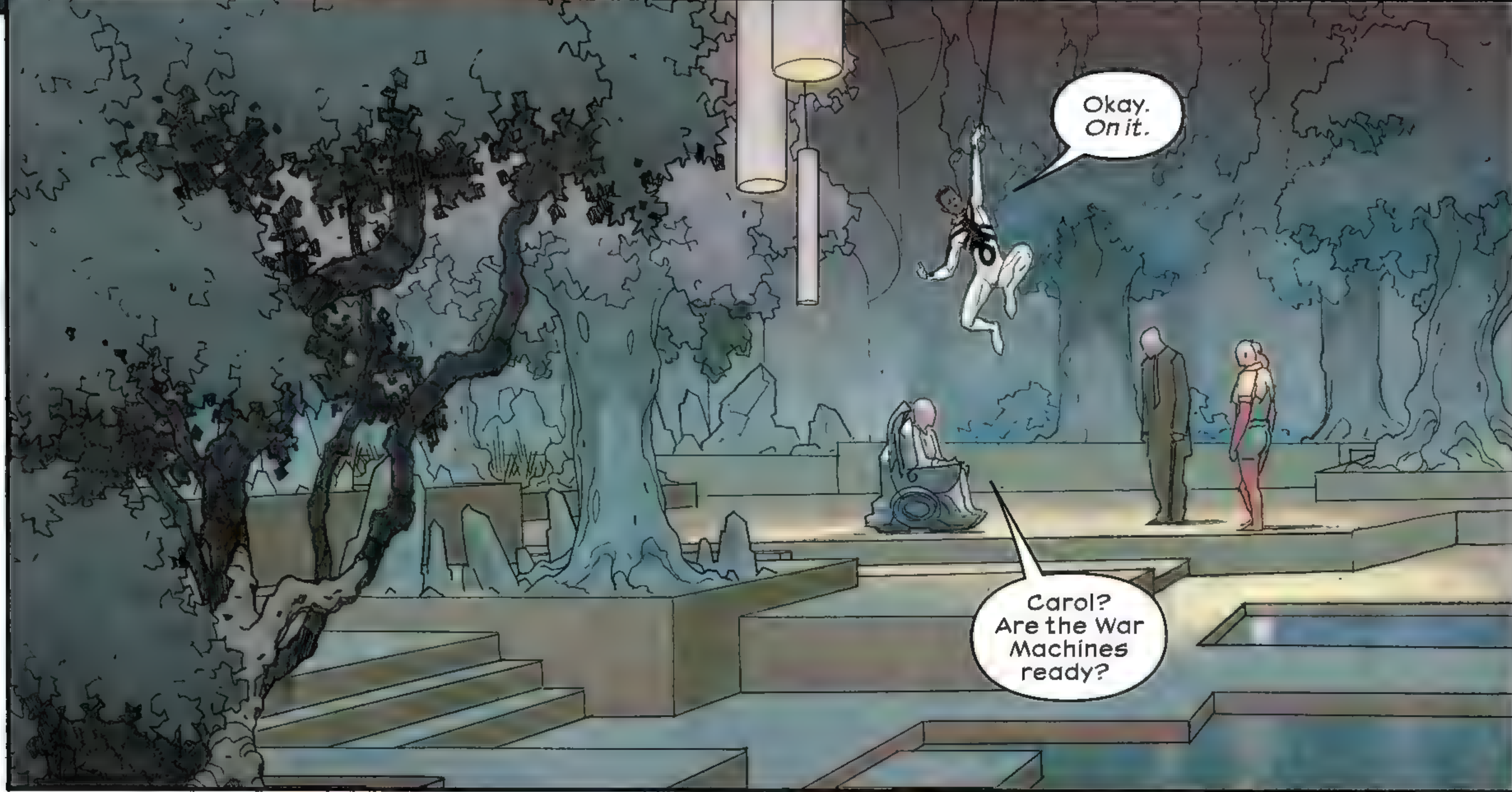
Food.

Shut up.



Just fastened seat belts.

We're going to stop by Mars on our way out of the system to let the mutants know we're abandoning Earth, so the people don't need to enter the stasis pods until after that.



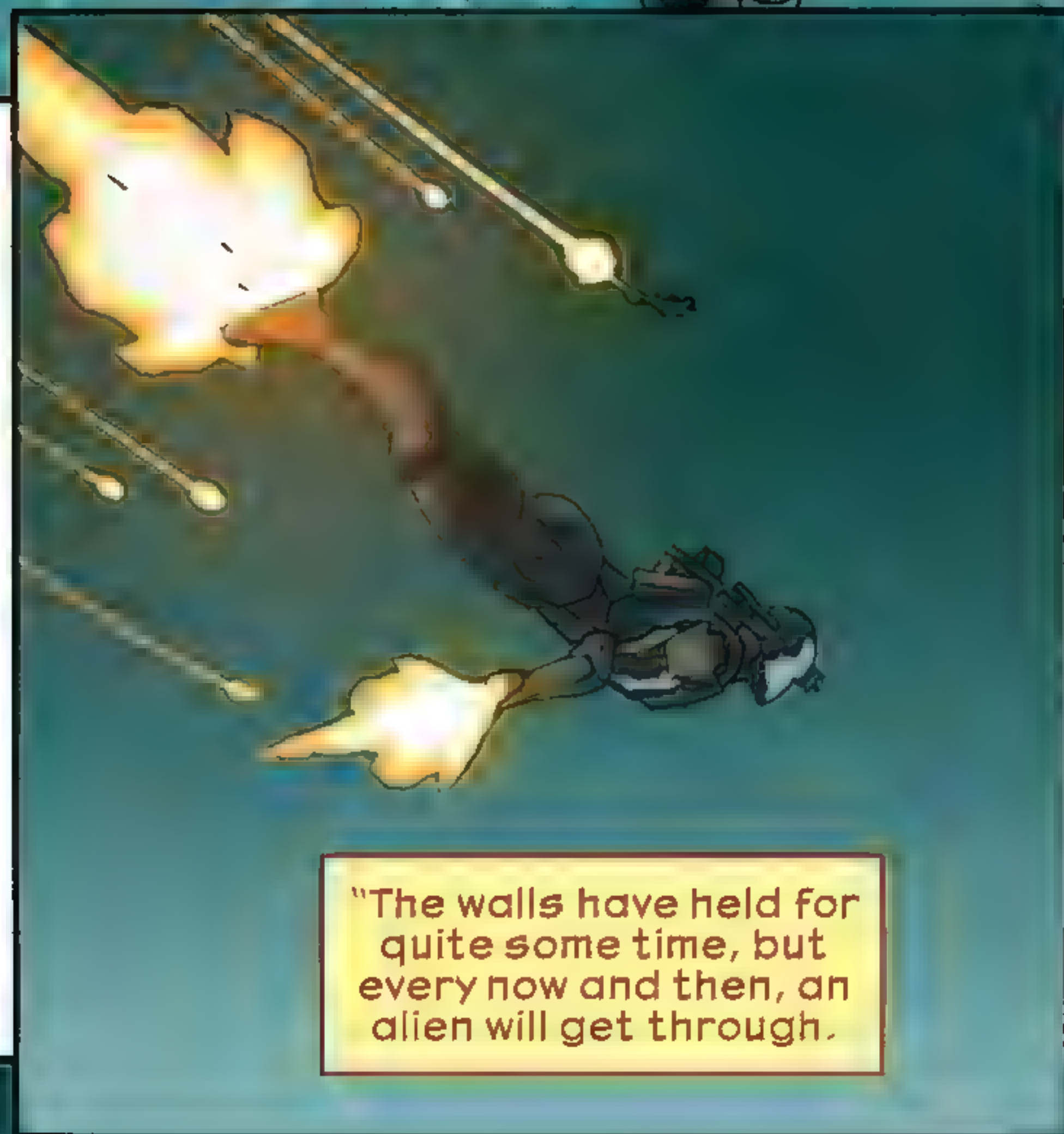
Okay. On it.

Carol? Are the War Machines ready?

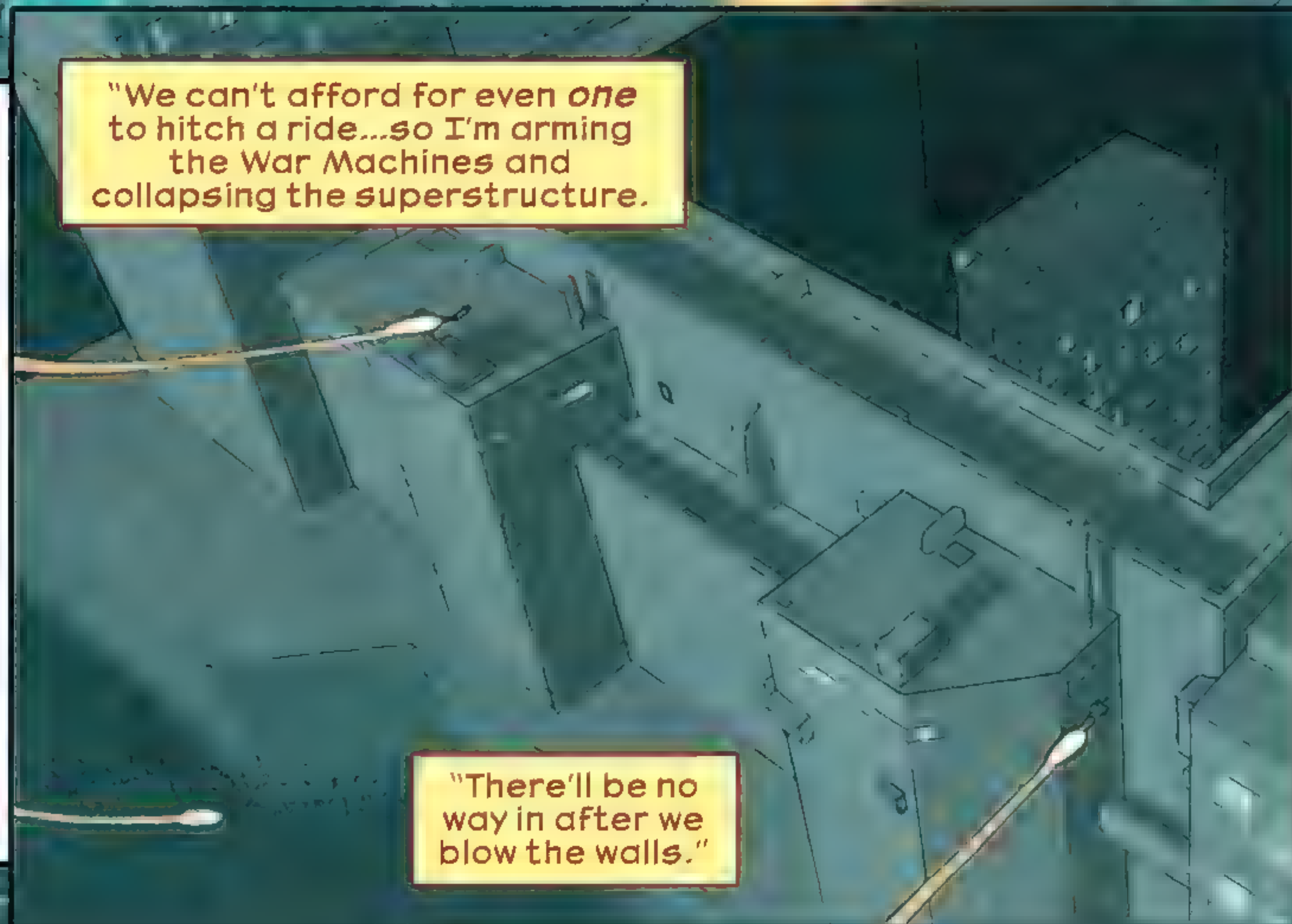


Good to go.

"Launching now."



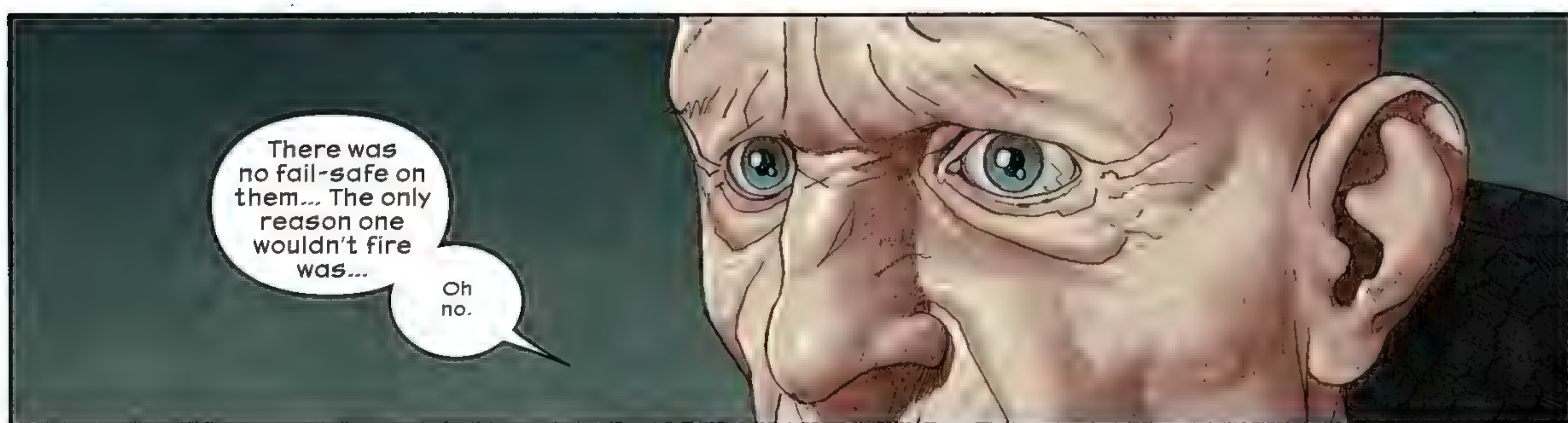
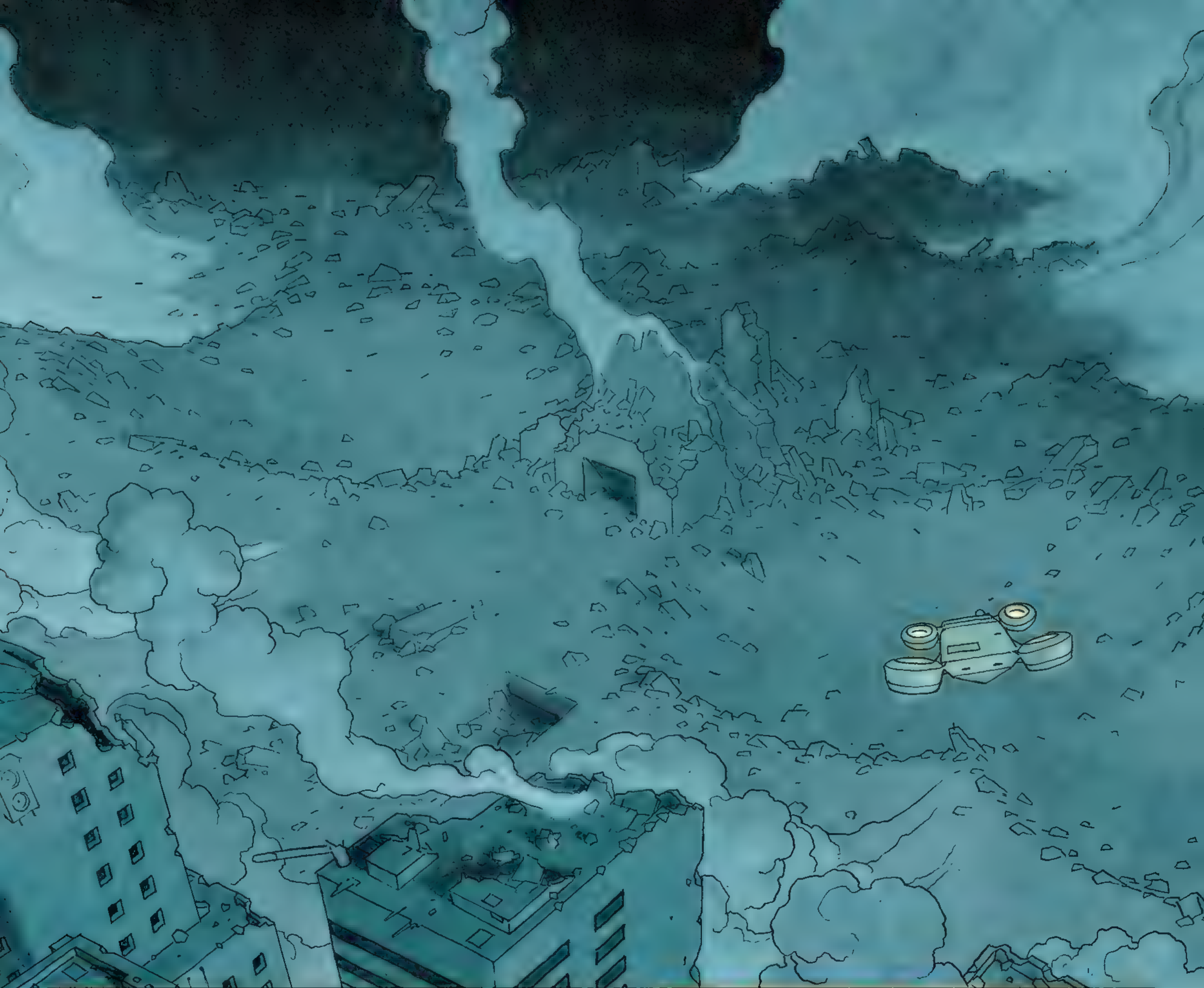
"The walls have held for quite some time, but every now and then, an alien will get through."



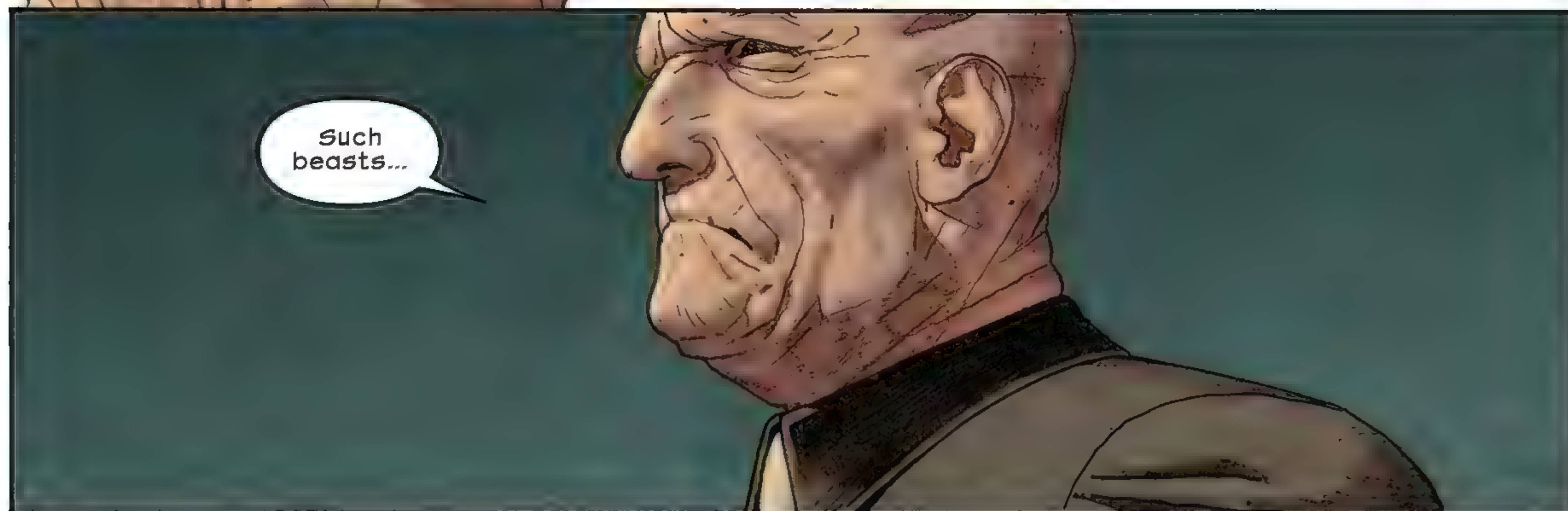
"We can't afford for even *one* to hitch a ride...so I'm arming the War Machines and collapsing the superstructure."

"There'll be no way in after we blow the walls."









"...but they're born from *us*, and we've seen enough variation to know that their final form owes something to the host.

"I've wondered for years now if they're just an extension of what lies in the shadow of humanity's soul.

"I have to ask myself... if it's in *them*, was it in *us* all along?"

Everyone, keep going!

I'll do what I can.





"The Avengers."

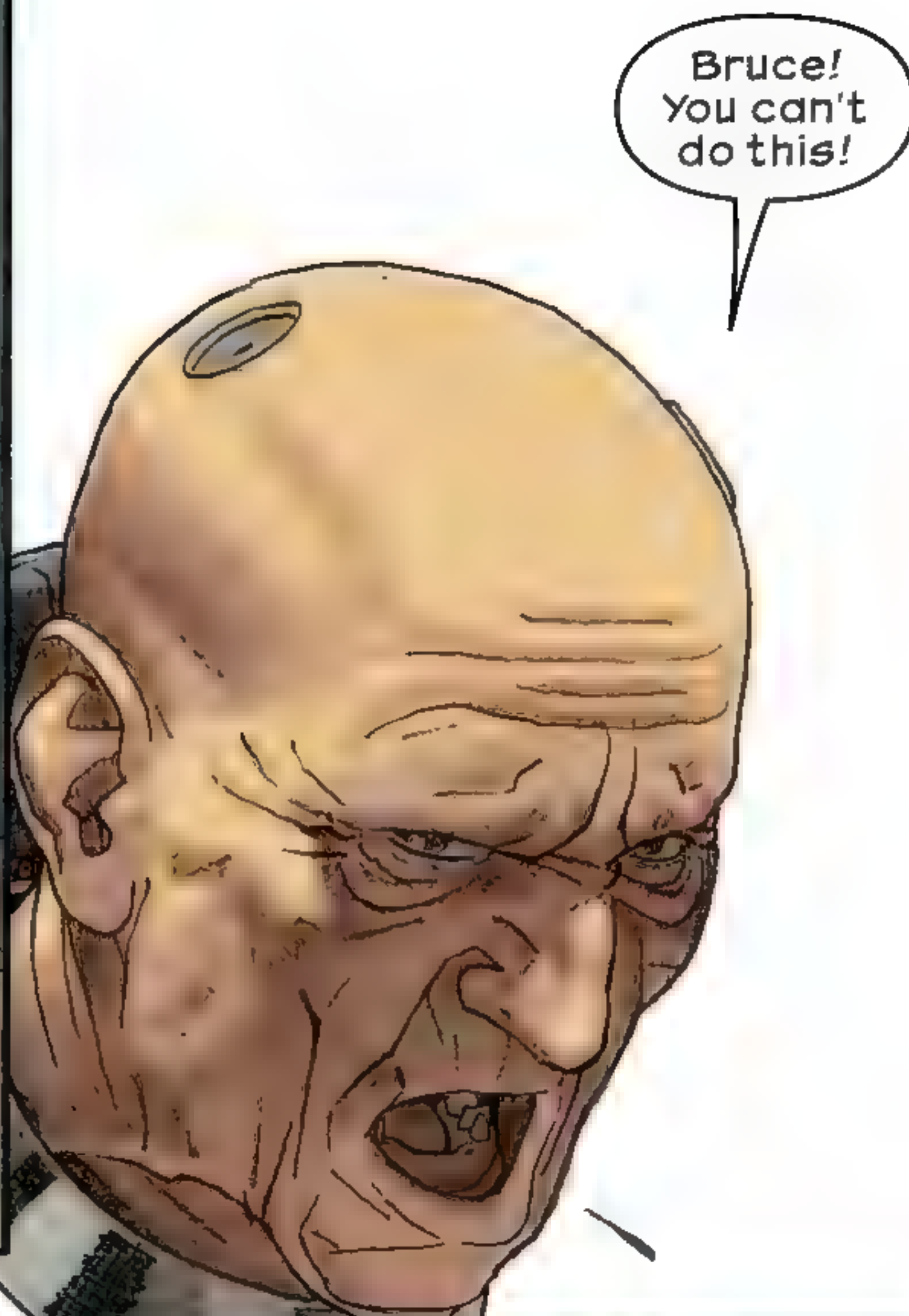


"America."



"The world."





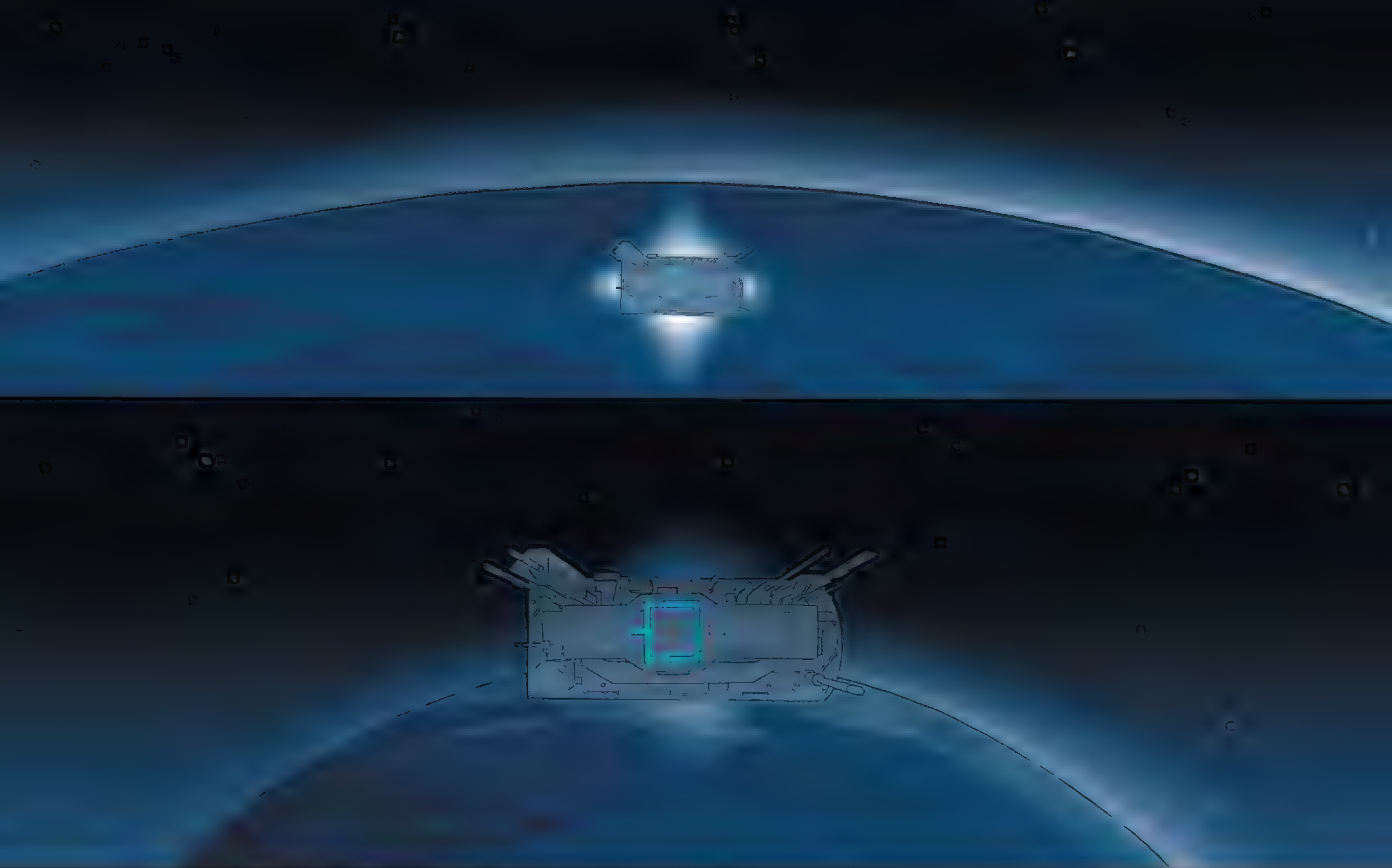
"...I'd be a
monster."





How long can we--?

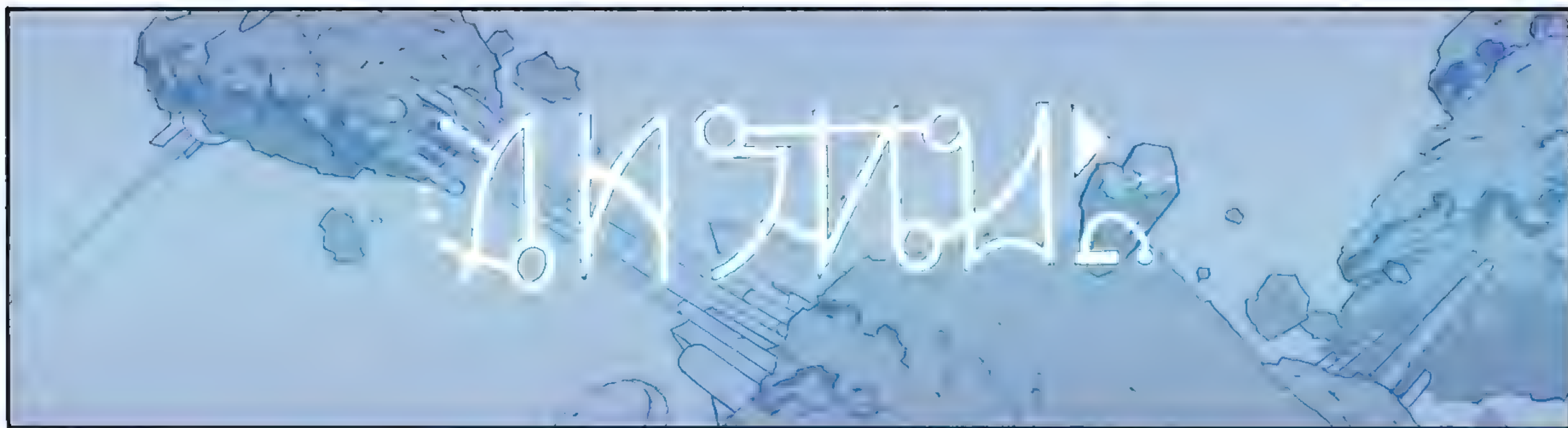
He knew he wasn't coming back. And like you said, the front door is open. We go *now*...or we don't go at all.



Elsewhere.

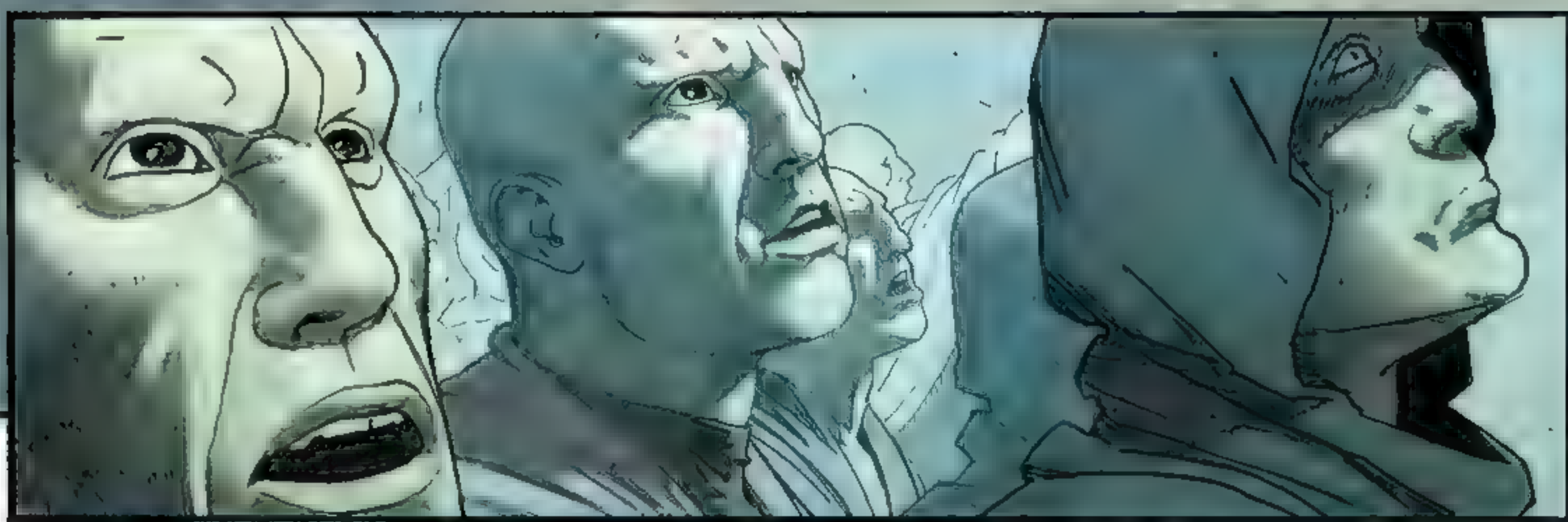


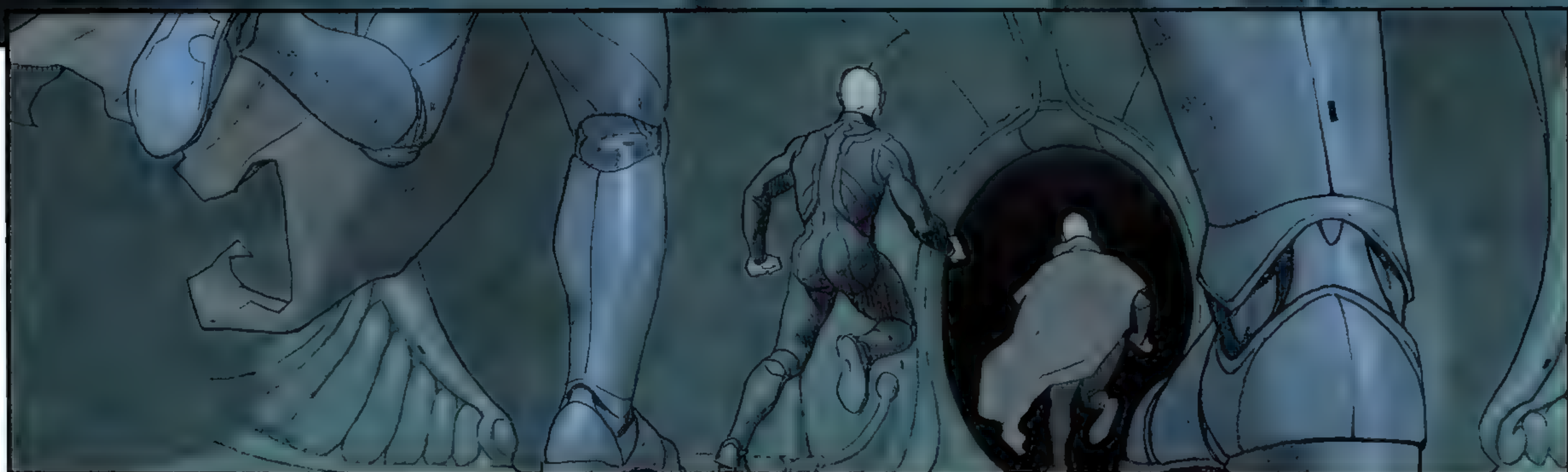


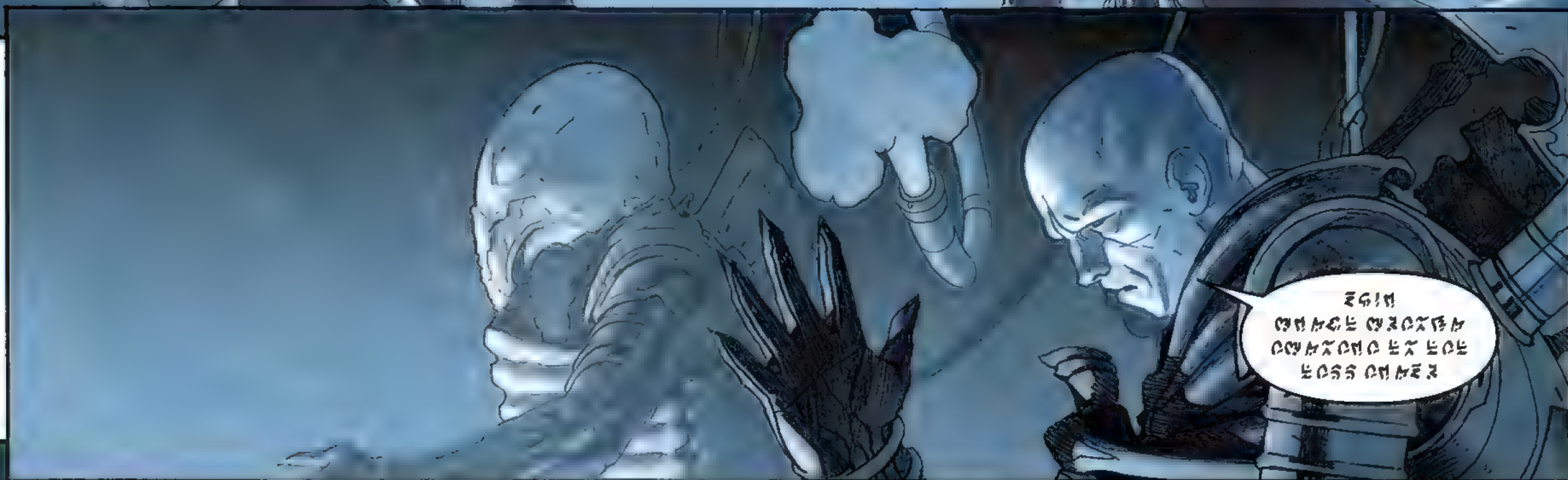




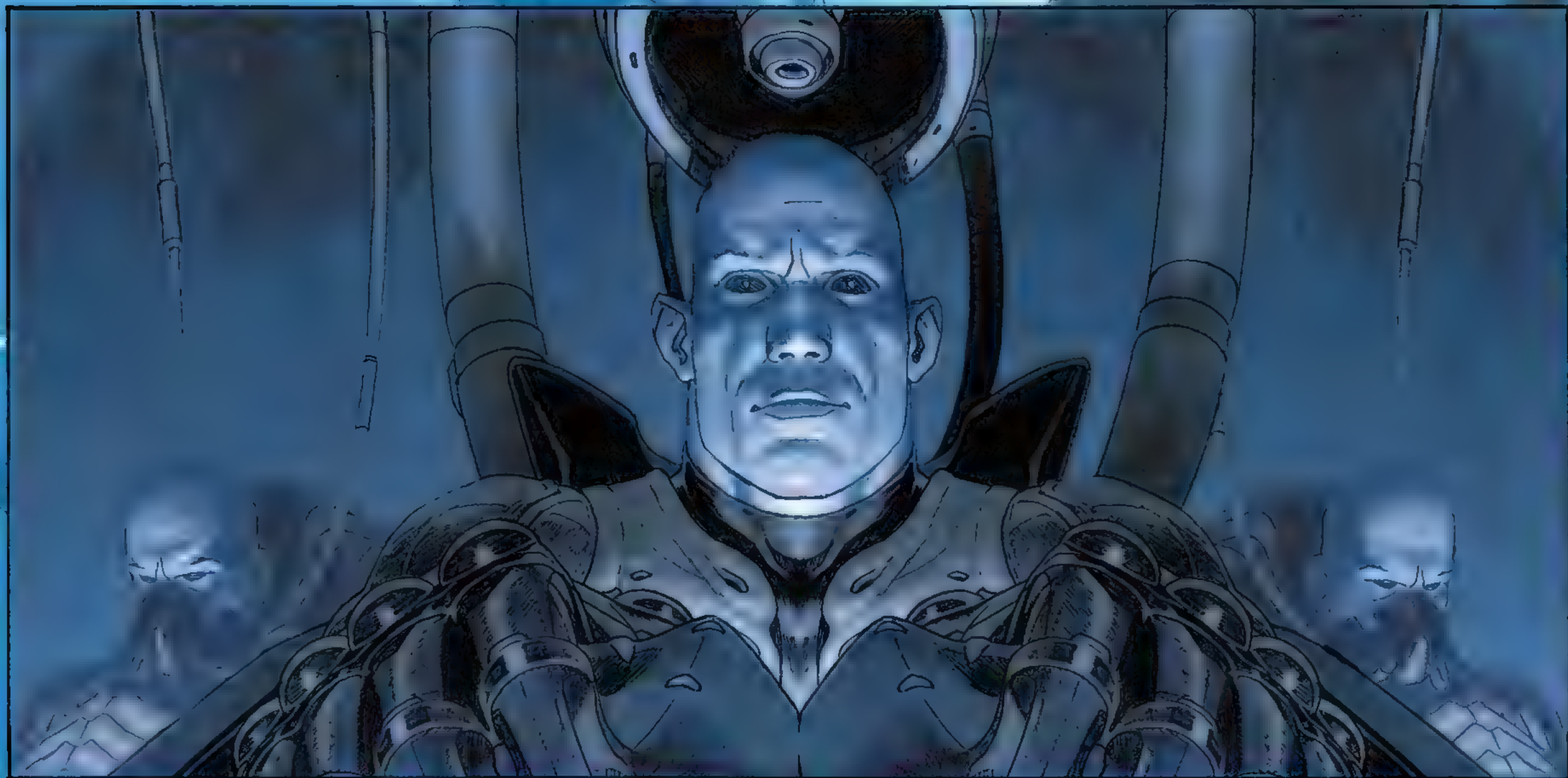
YET ANOTHER UNIVERSE.
YET ANOTHER TIME.



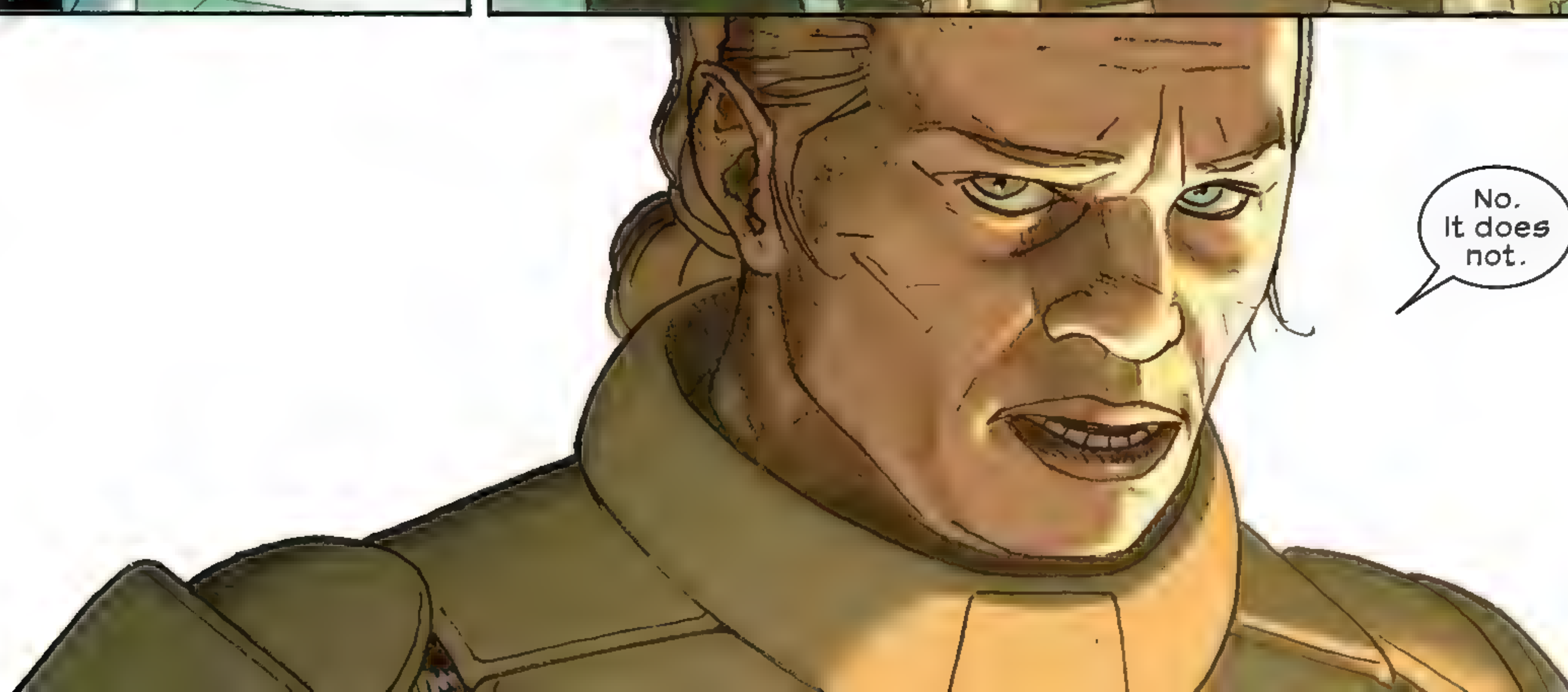
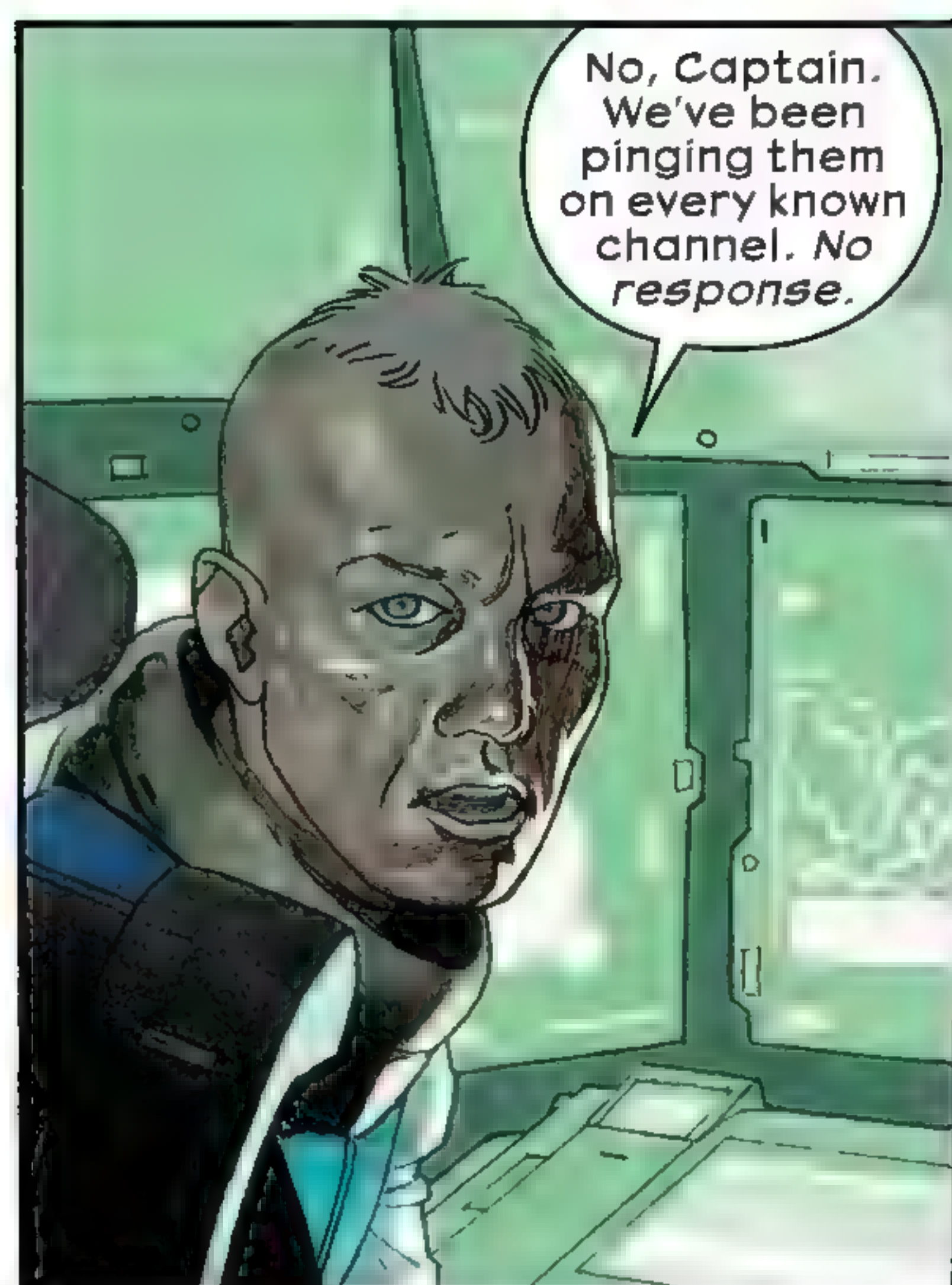








MARS.
HOME OF THE
MUTANT DIASPORA.





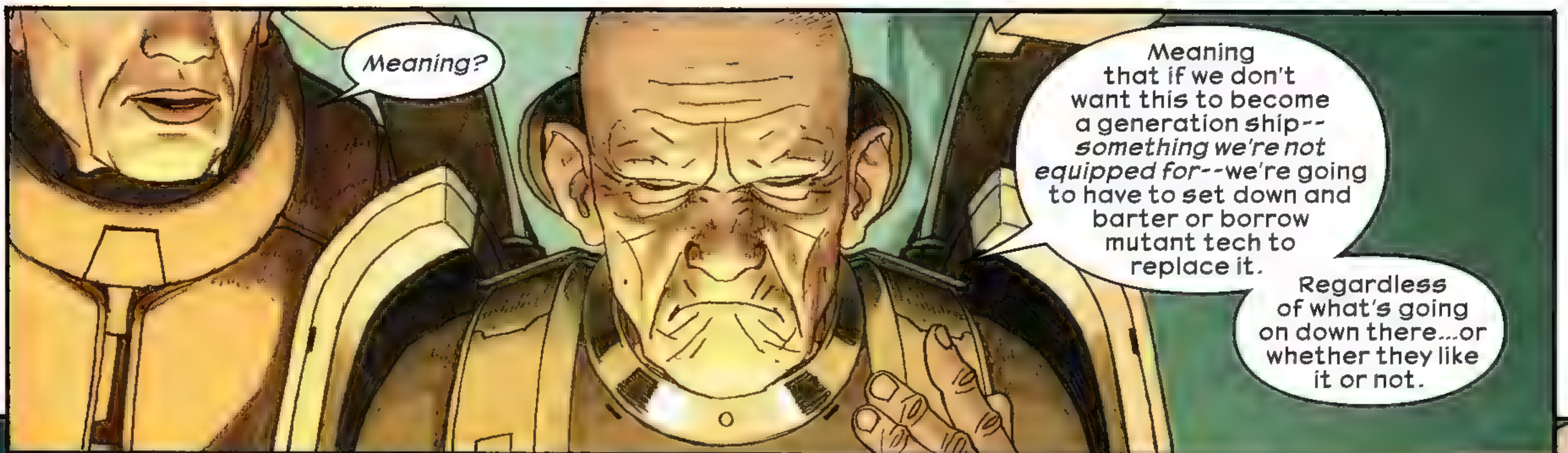
And now we go from *bad* to *worse*...

What about the damage we sustained to the ship on liftoff? Lieutenant?



No getting around it, Mr. Stark. Our escape from Earth came at a high cost.

One of the platform moorings collapsed and damaged our expansion drives. *Beyond repair.*



Meaning?

Meaning that if we don't want this to become a generation ship-- *something we're not equipped for*--we're going to have to set down and barter or borrow mutant tech to replace it.

Regardless of what's going on down there...or whether they like it or not.



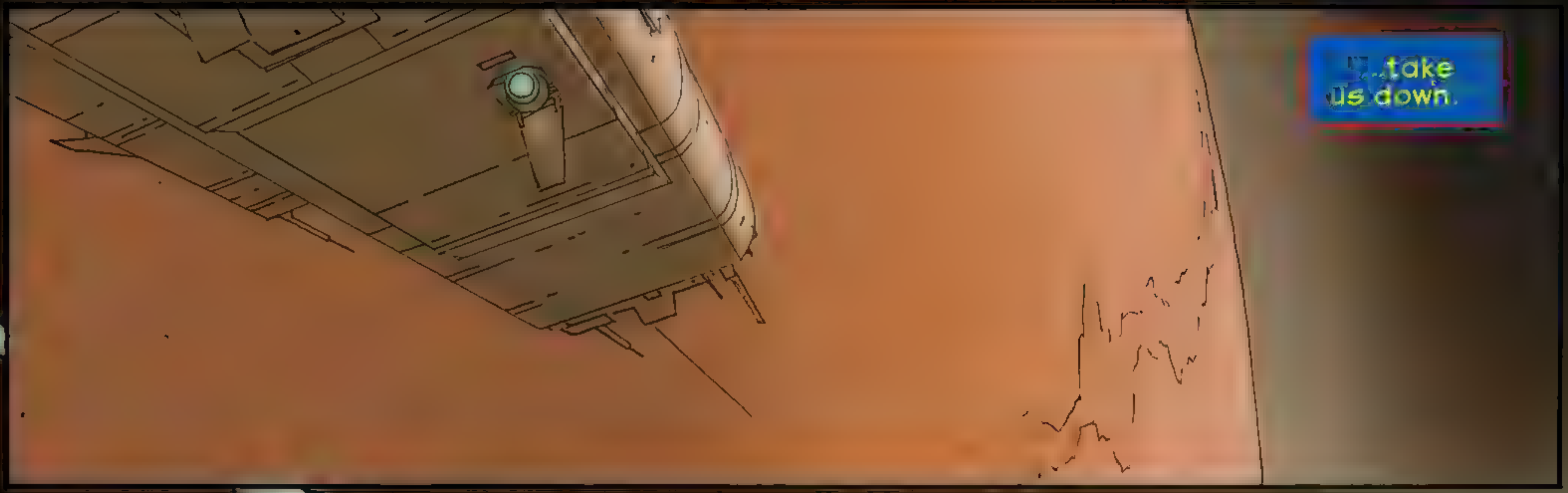
So...

Out of the frying pan into the fire?

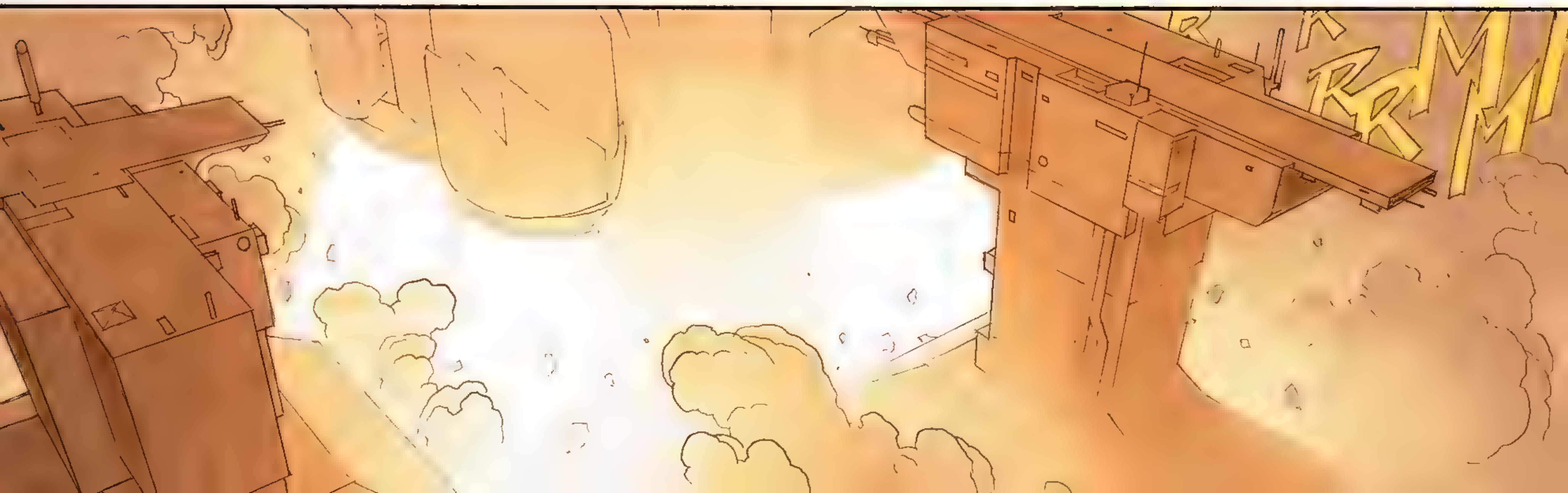


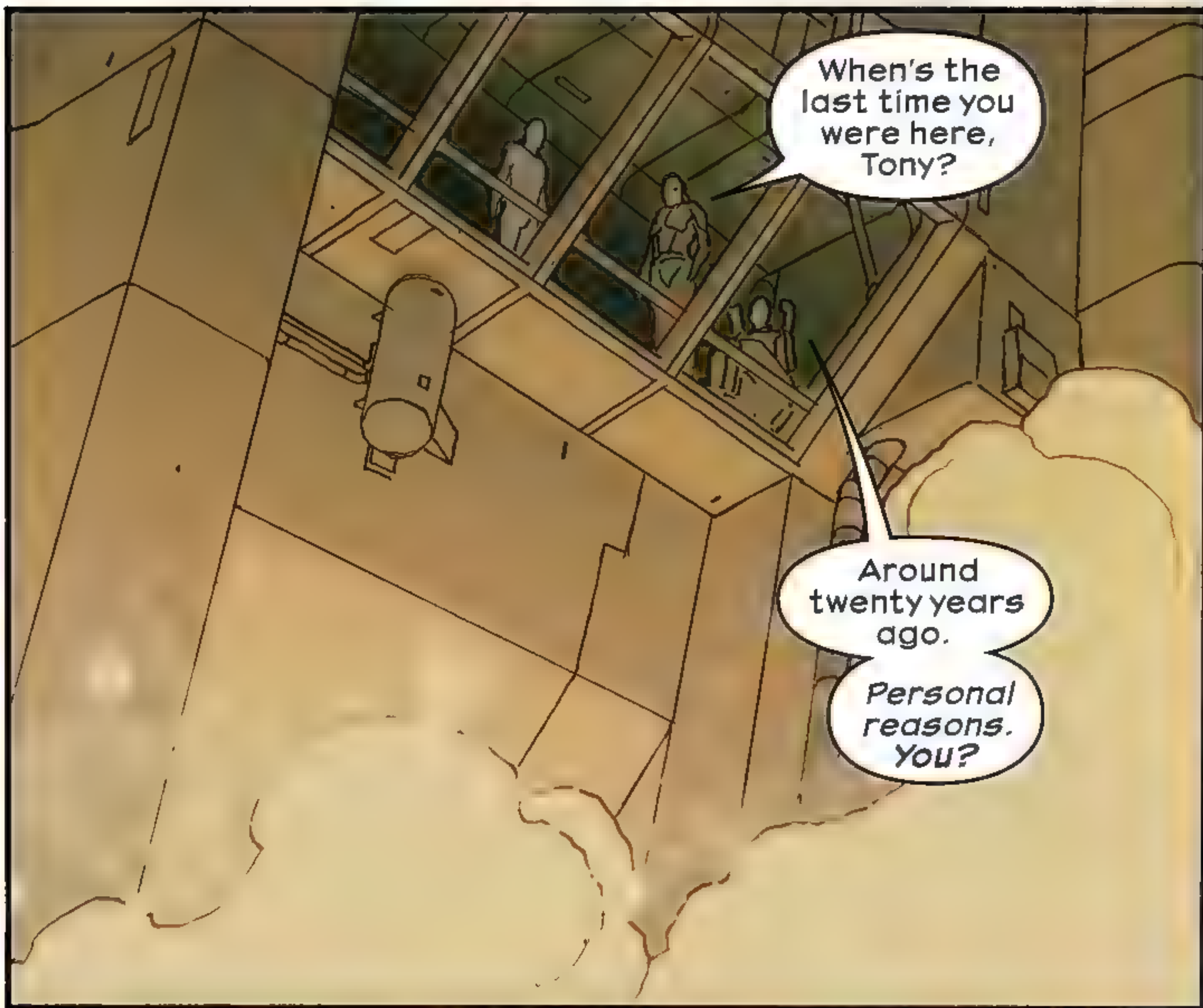
Like the man said, Miles... from *bad* to *worse*.

Lieutenant...



...take
us down.

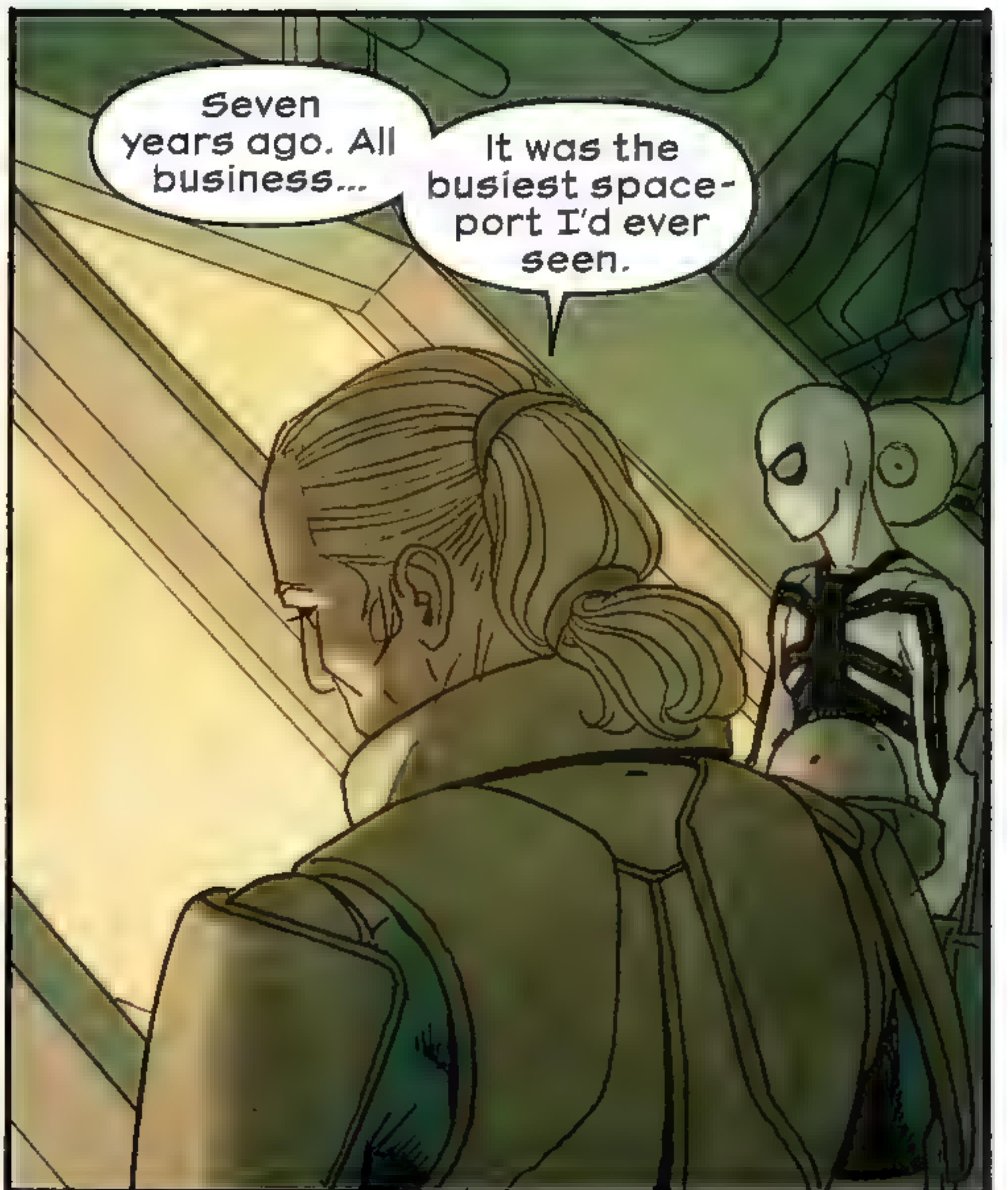




When's the last time you were here, Tony?

Around twenty years ago.

Personal reasons. You?



Seven years ago. All business...

It was the busiest space-port I'd ever seen.



I got a bad feeling about this.

Well... nothing we can do about it in here. I'm going to go check things out.

Yeah. Because the sooner we get this over with, the sooner we can leave.

I'm coming as well.



No offense...

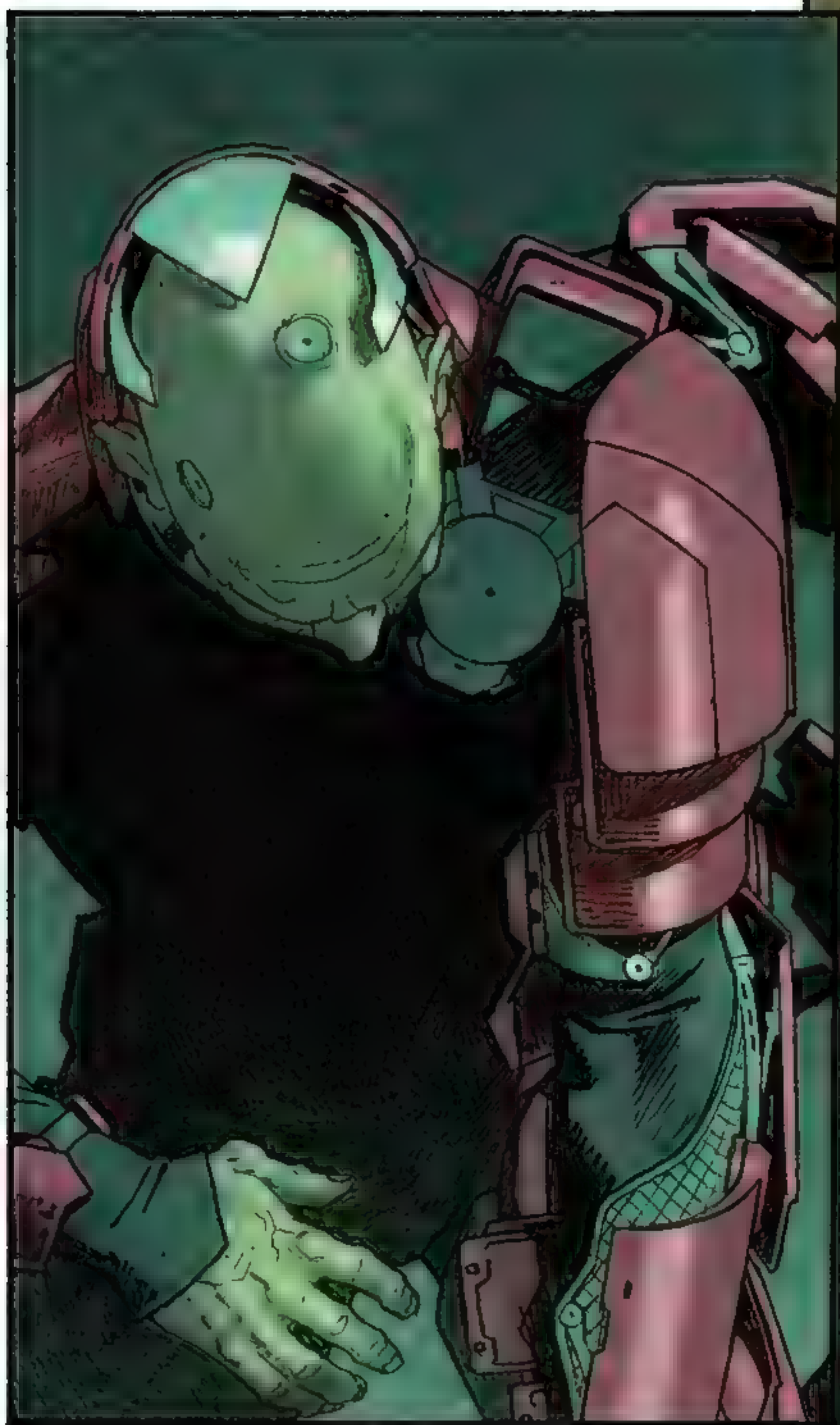
...but you're in a chair, old man. Not the best choice for a smash-and-grab.



One: I'm the person best equipped to find the technology we need.

And two: It's not just a chair...

BZZZ





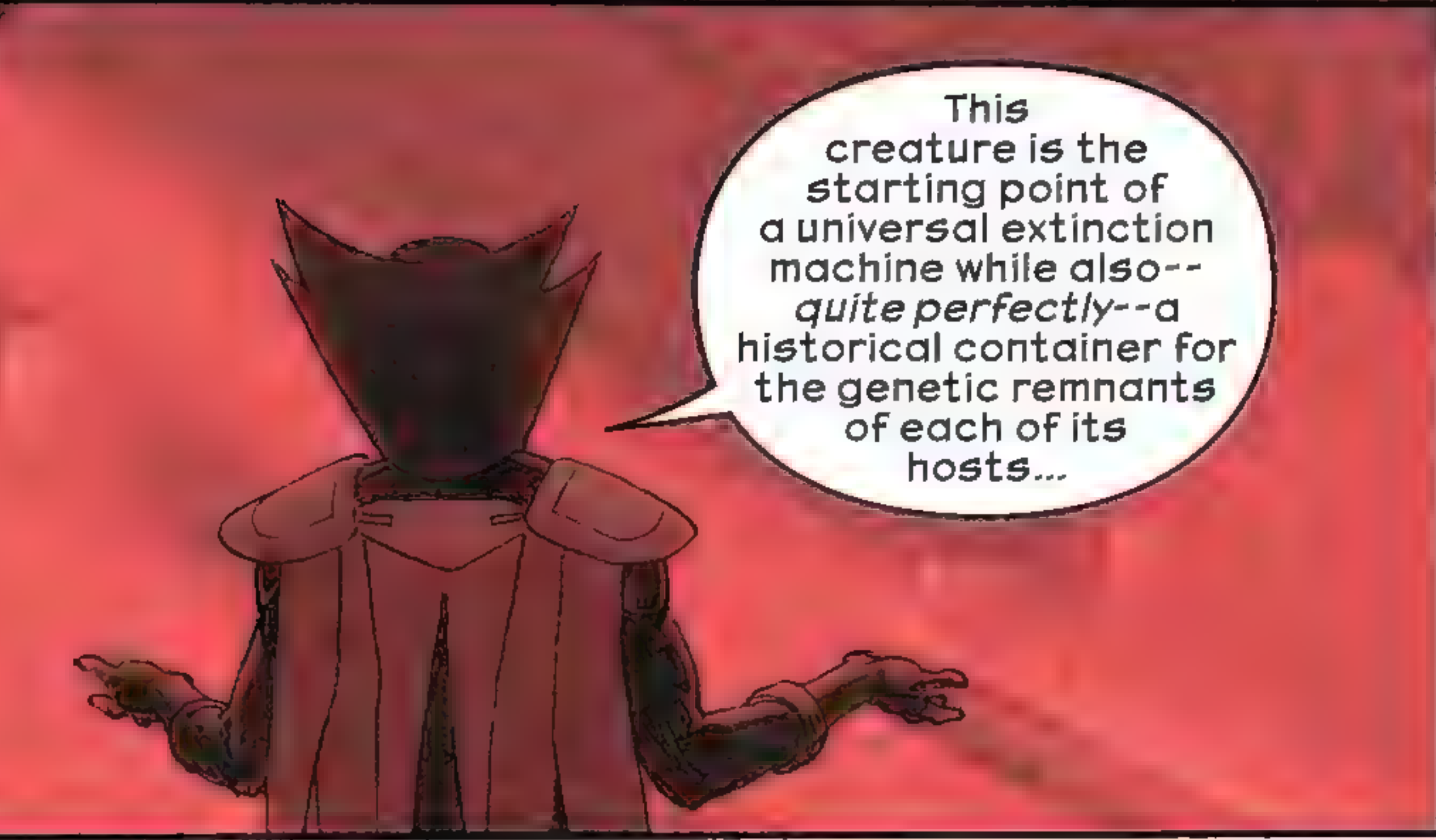
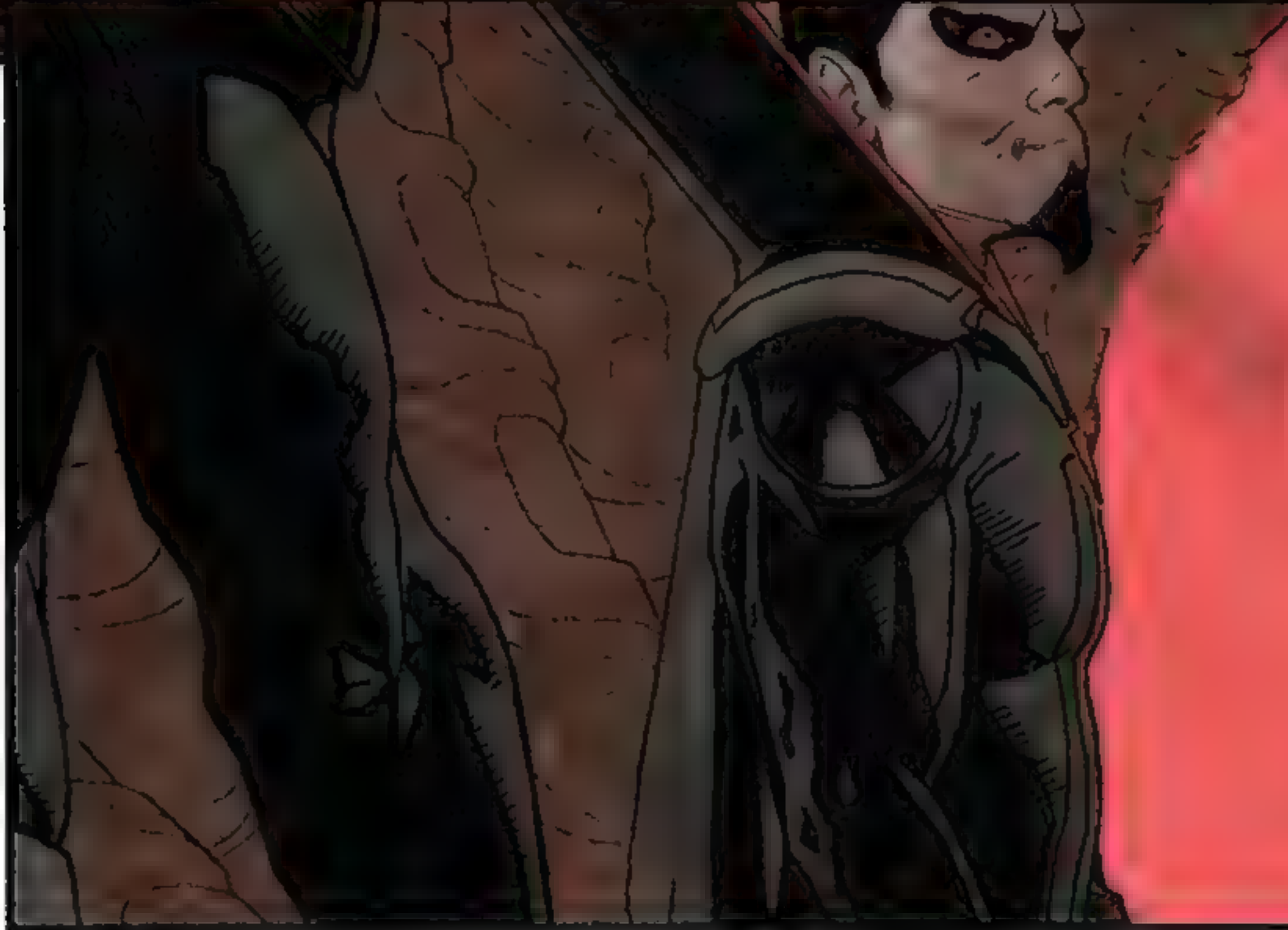


We've spent
our entire life--
lives--
whatever...

We've spent
all that time seeking
out the possible genetic
ends of not just what
we *are*, but what we
can be...



...and in
this, we have
finally found our
answer.



This
creature is the
starting point of
a universal extinction
machine while also--
quite perfectly--a
historical container for
the genetic remnants
of each of its
hosts...



Yes. It
is your *end*,
but it is also your
forever.

And most
of all: the *ideal*
representation of
all we have learned
about *society*...



We are
born in pain,
consume
everything...

...and leave
nothing but
annihilation in
our wake.



Brothers...
the point is not
that we have
embraced this
glorious
species...

...it's that
we have to
revel in it.

Who is
with me?!
Who is--

Mister
Sinister!
Mister
Sinister!

Mister
Sinister!
Mister
Sinister!



Oh, Mister
Sinister's not
going to like
this...

His speech,
being so badly
interrupted.

It was going
so well.

Of course
it was. It's our
nature. All we do
is monologue.



This
better be
important.

What
is it?



A ship
touched down
at the spaceport.
It's huge. Massive.
A people-mover to
the stars. Mister
Sinister...



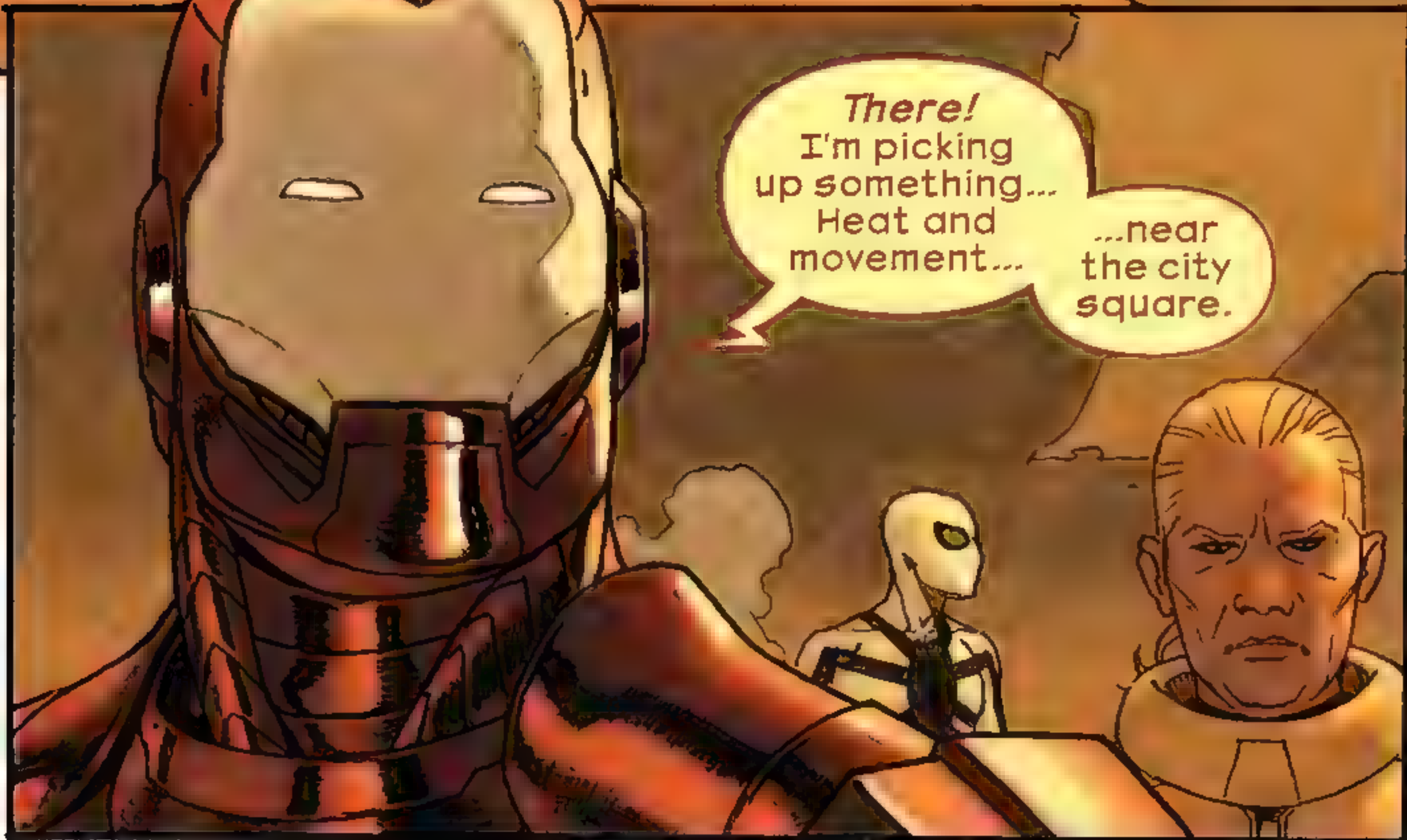
...we have
visitors.



This place creeps me out.

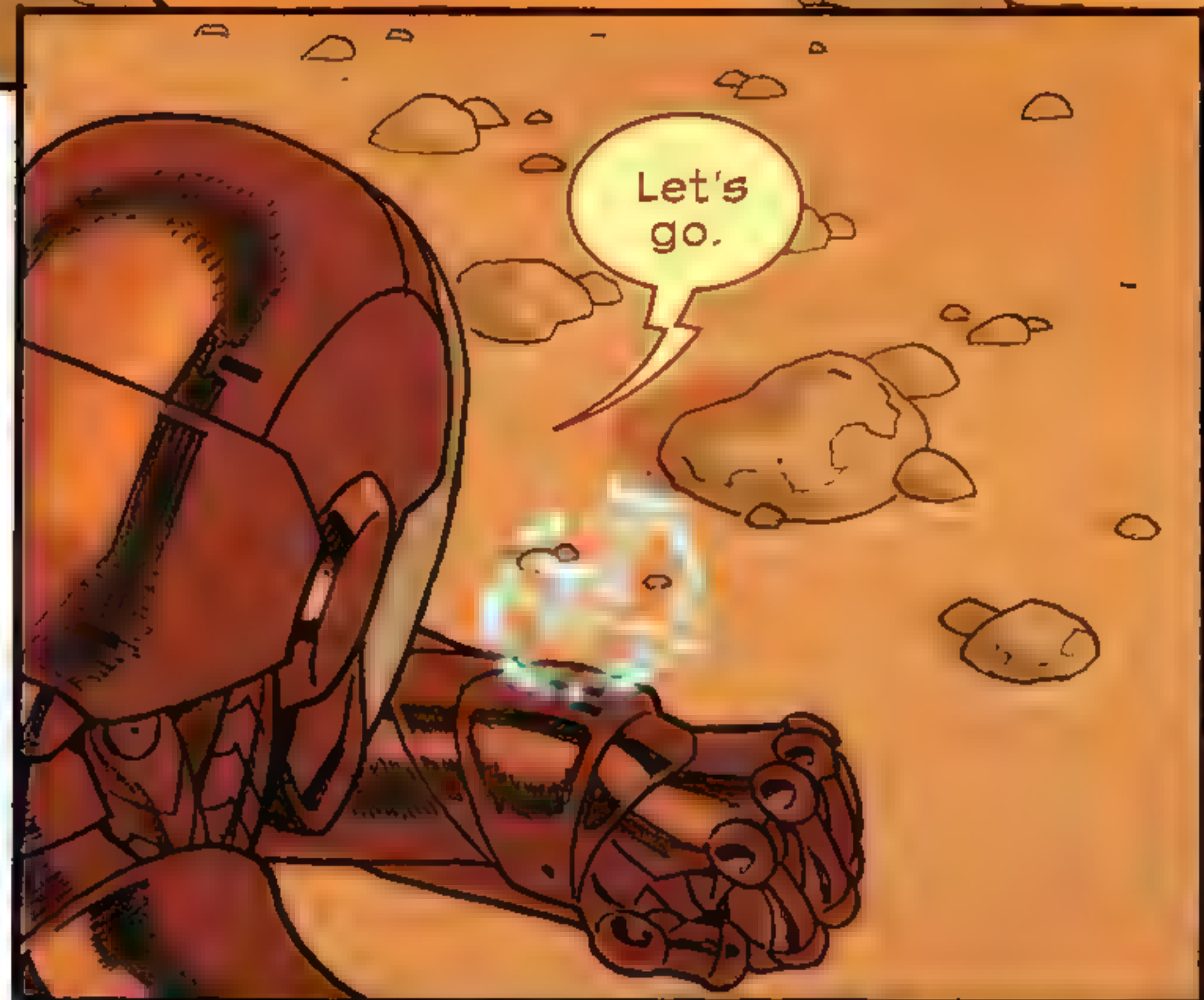
It's so... quiet.

Too quiet.



There! I'm picking up something... Heat and movement...

...near the city square.



Let's go.



Oh no...



Sinister.

Where is everyone?
What have you done?

Fw6



Tsk!
Normally, I'd be offended by the implication, but...

...there's no denying these dirty hands, is there?

For so long, we believed that mutants were the singular dominant species in this solar system. How wrong we were...

...and how unforgiving the lesson of extinction was.



Are...are you the only one who survived?

I am not.



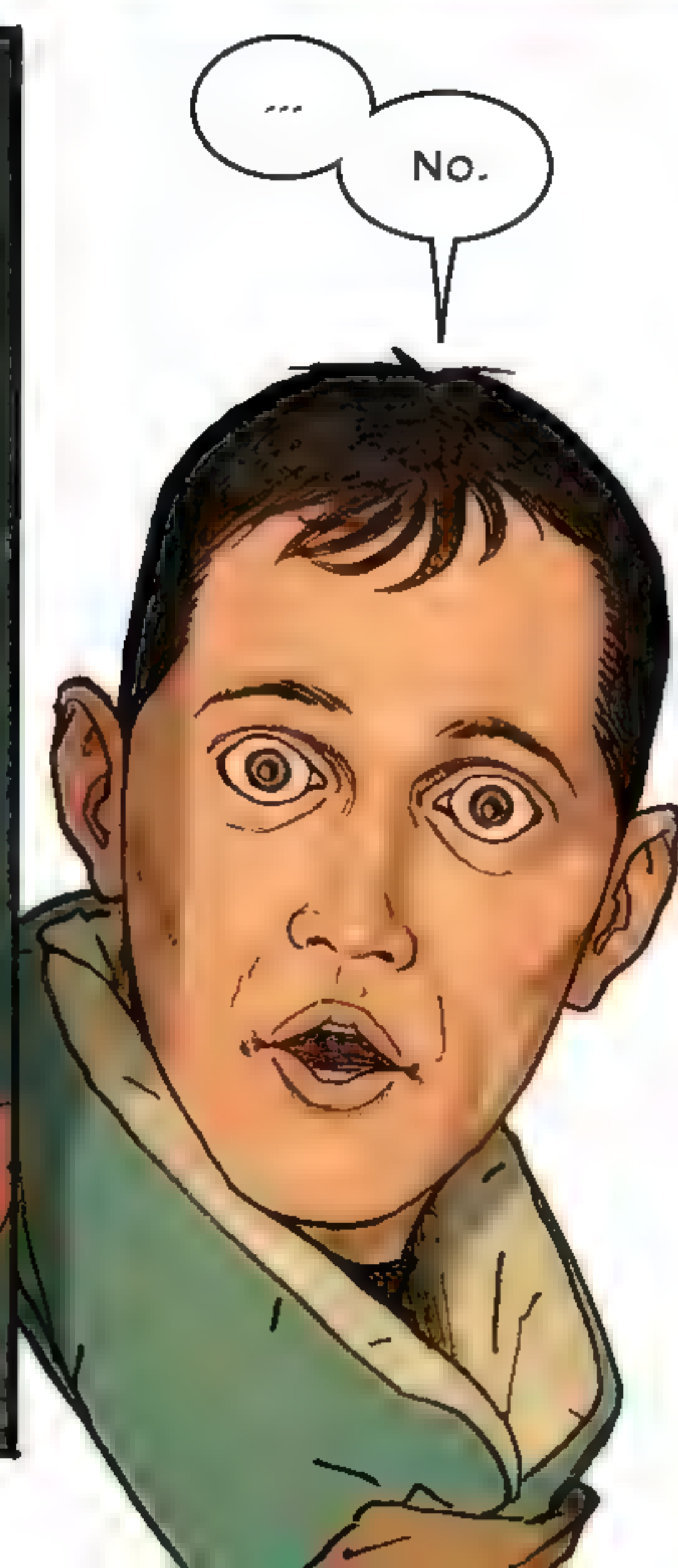
Then where's everyone at?

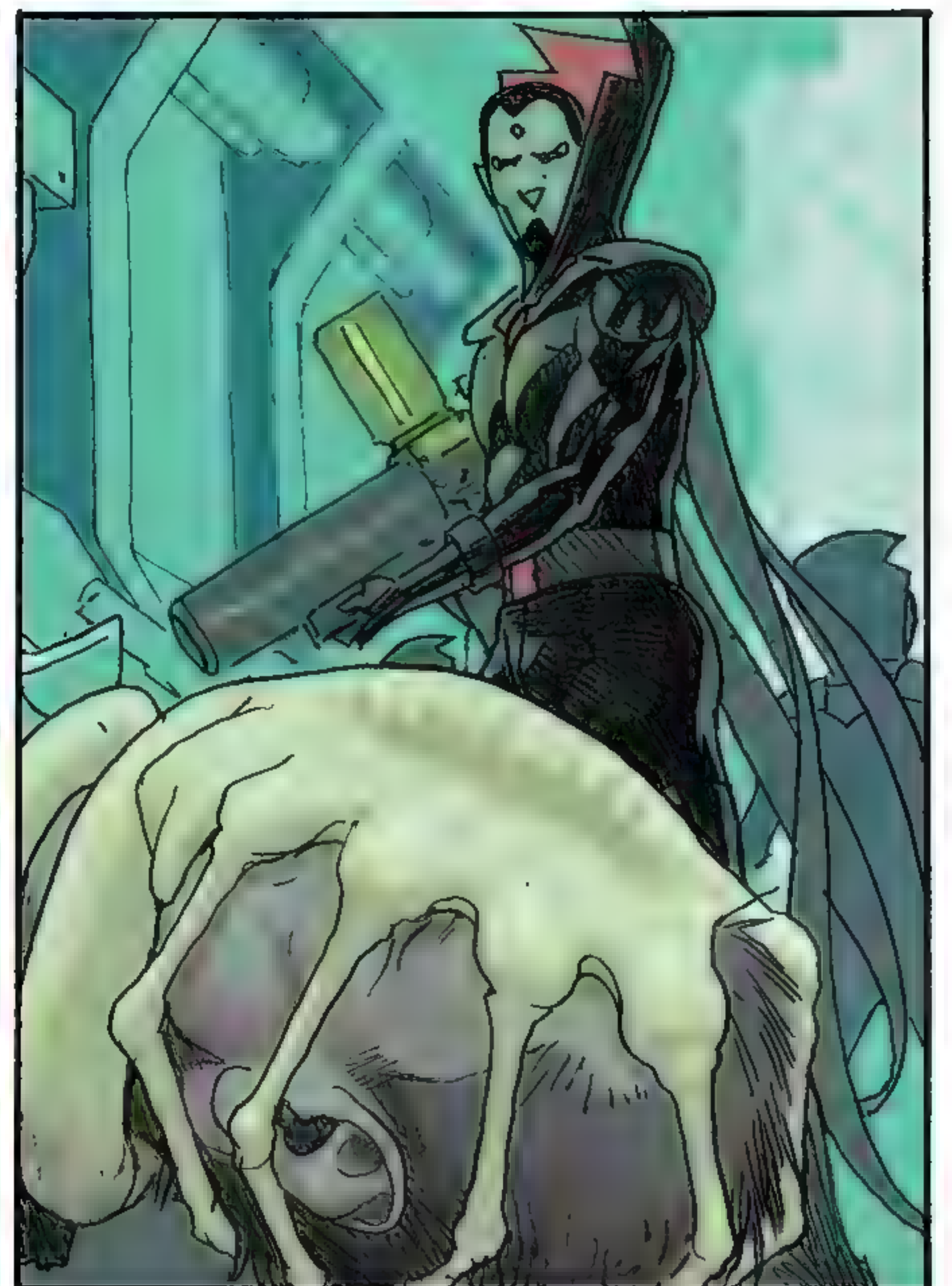
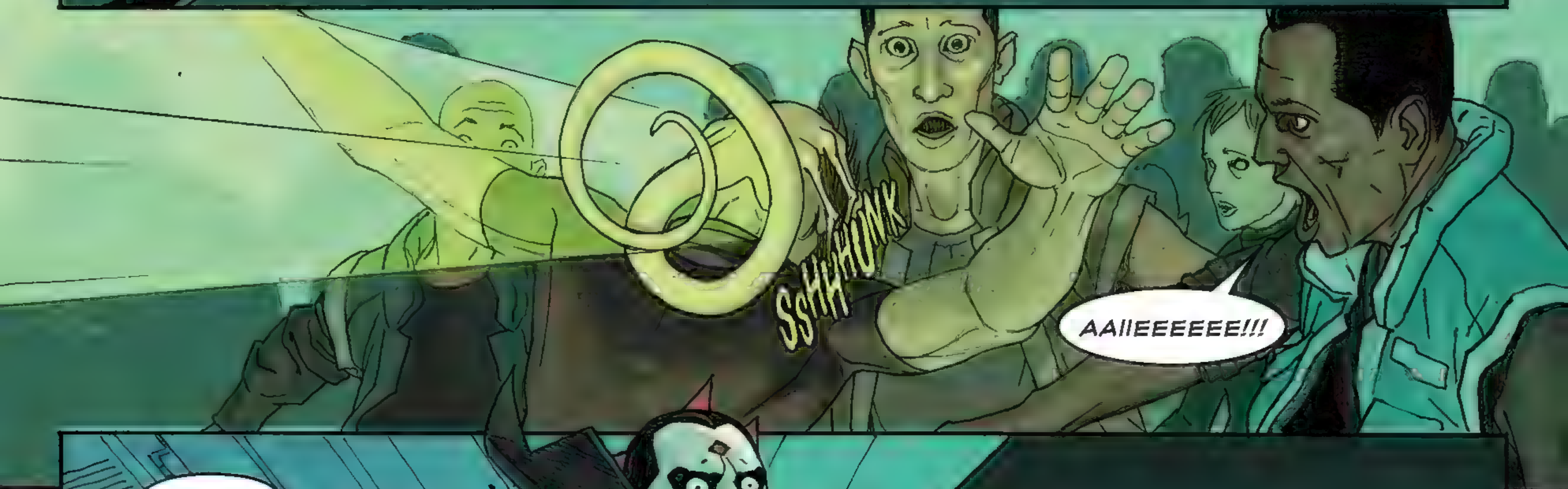


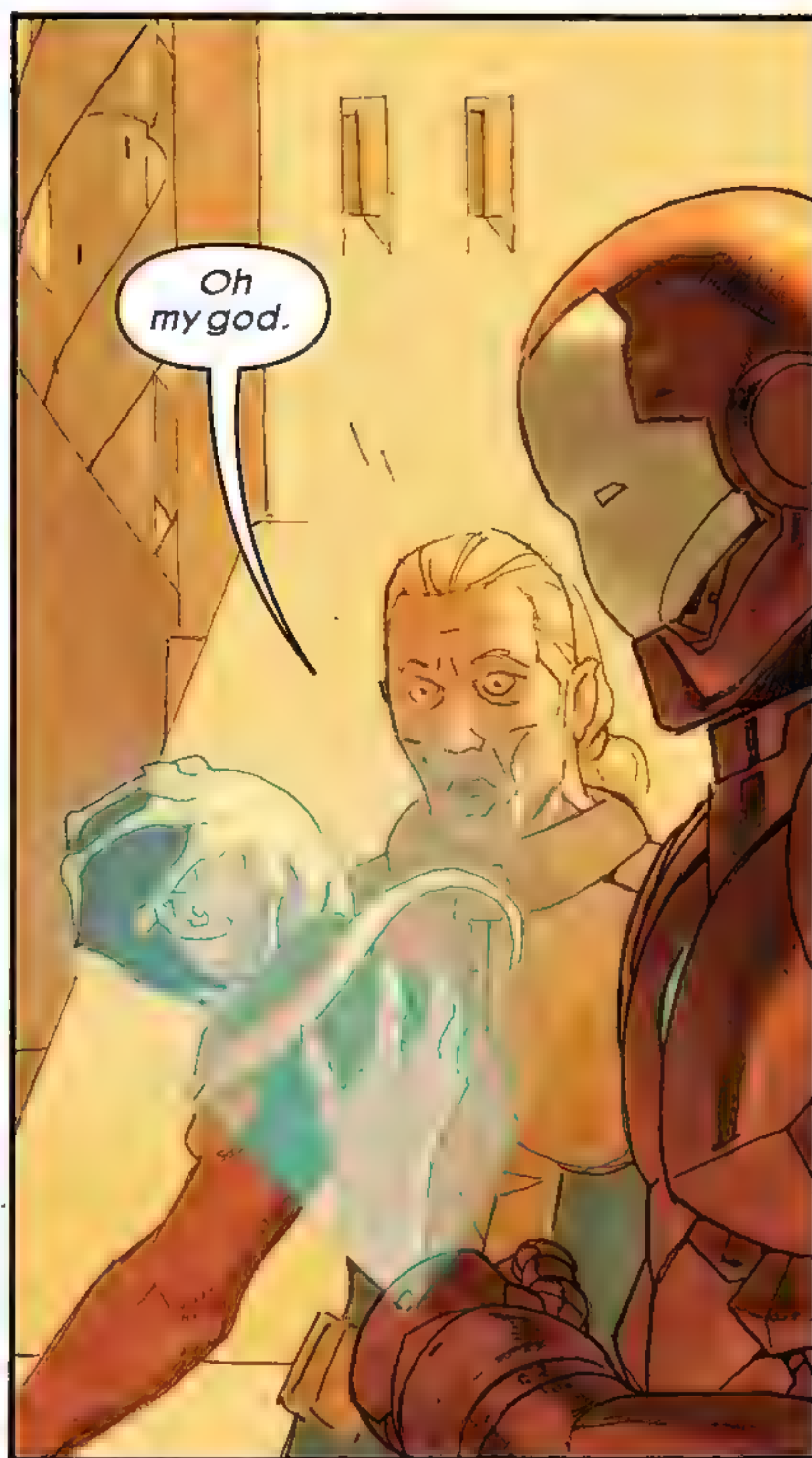
Well...

Interesting you should ask that.

EARTH COLONY SHIP.



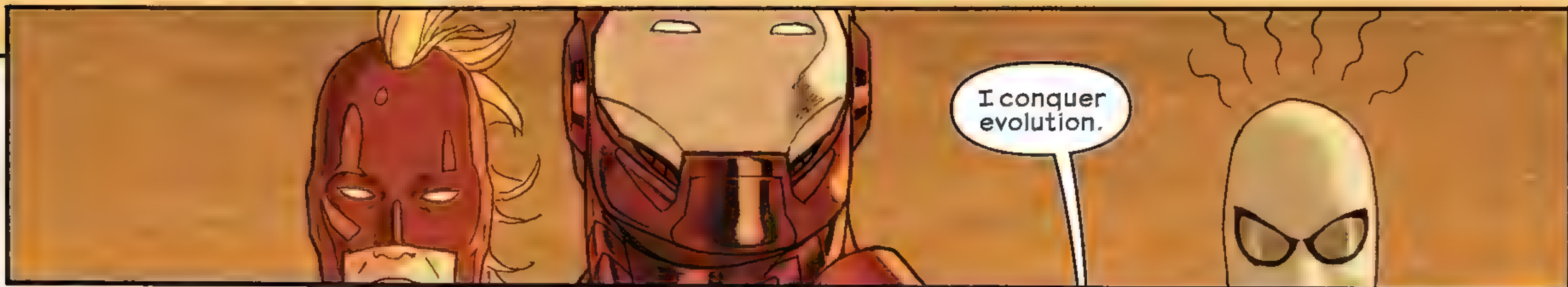






I adapt.
I overcome.

Hhsssss



I conquer evolution.



I defeat Darwin.



And I just can't help myself...



...I always side with the winners.



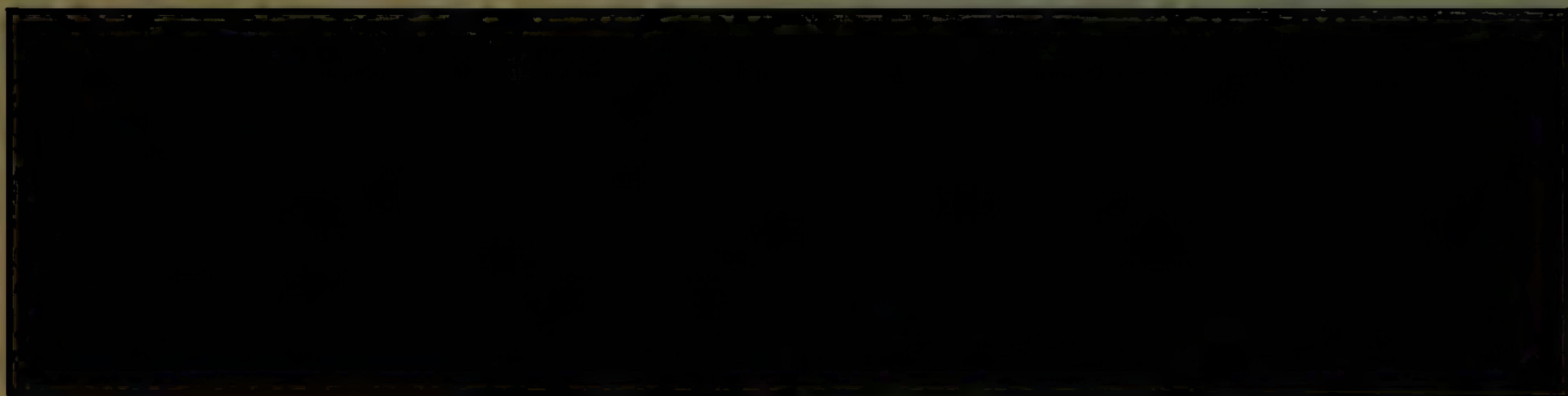
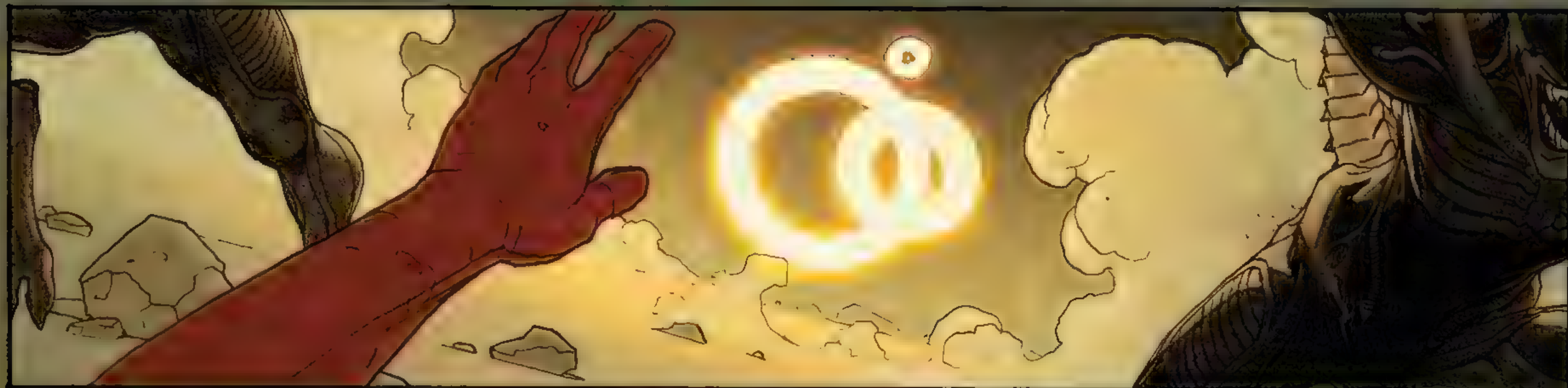
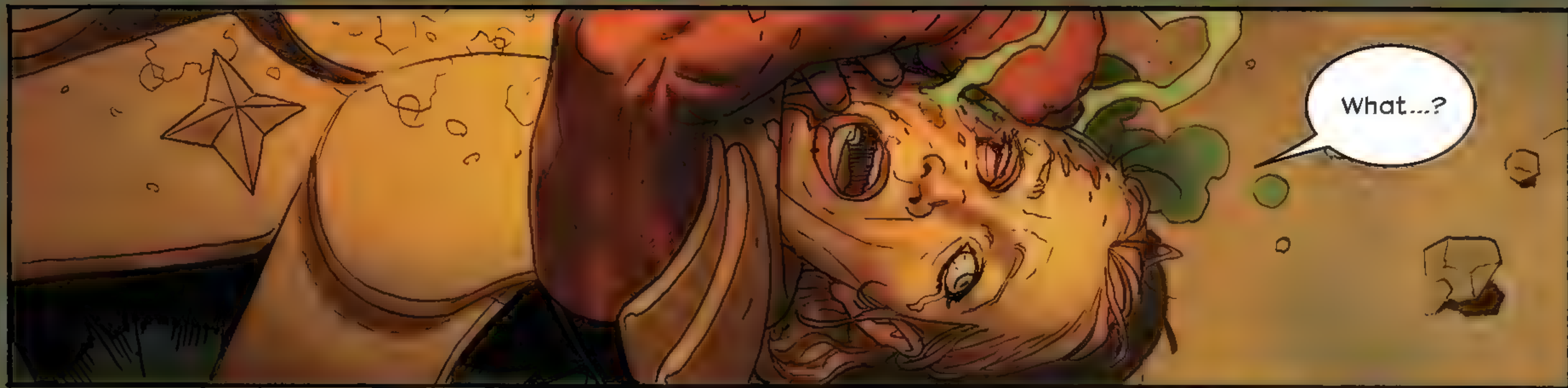
"Tony's in trouble."

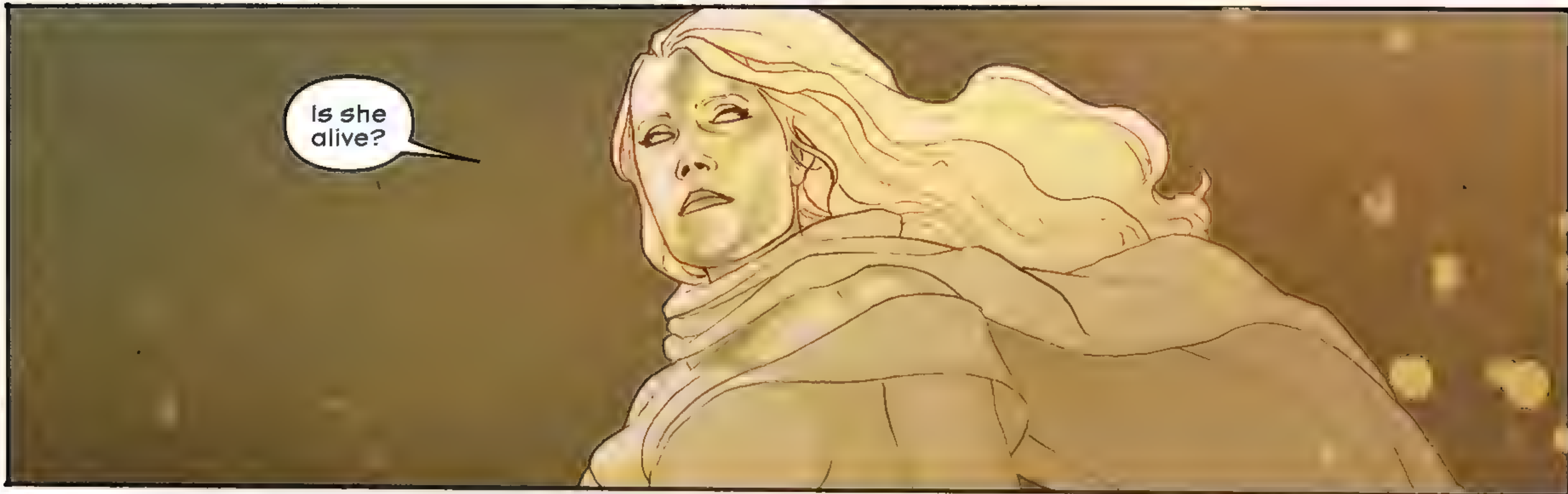
Uhhffff!

I'm on it! I'll get Stark...
...you try and get to the ship!

NO! They'll just swarm and pick us off.
We need to *stick* together!





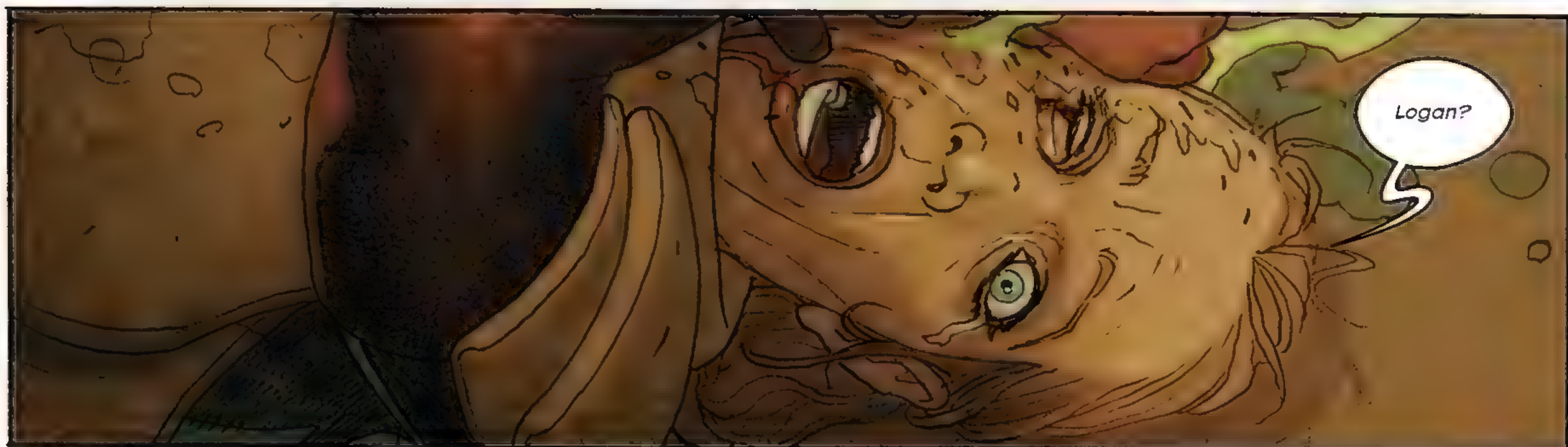


Is she
alive?



yeah...

This one's
never had an
ounce of quit
in her.



Logan?



Hang
on, Carol.
We're gettin'
you outta
here.

What
about the
others?

They're
gone. We're
leaving.

No.

We're
leaving.



She's waking up.

Don't touch it.

I did everything I could, but...

...it's not good.



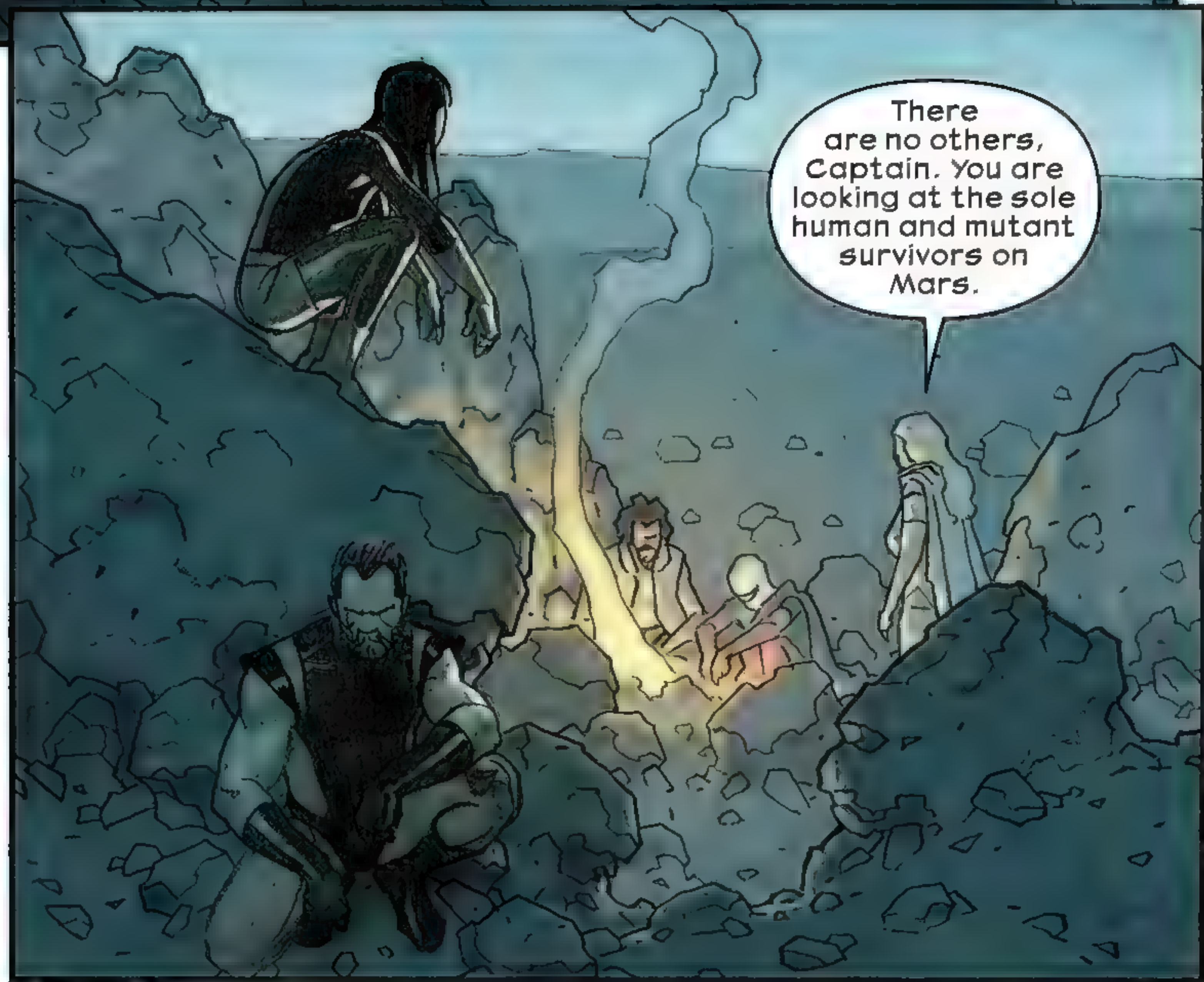
I'm breathing, Manifold. It's good enough.

Where are we? Where are the others?

We're about fifty clicks from the spaceport you landed at.

We caught a glimpse of Spider-Man and Stark before they were overrun.

About an hour after we escaped with you, the ship you came in went up in a fireball.



There are no others, Captain. You are looking at the sole human and mutant survivors on Mars.

You're forgetting Sinister...

Why don't they kill him?



The White Queen originally suspected he'd, once again, manipulated his genetic code...

A few days ago, I tore one in half and discovered that he's carrying one of their eggs around in his chest.

I think he's somehow messed with the incubation cycle... prolonged it.



But that's just a guess. If you want to know more, you'll have to ask one of the Sinisters yourself.



Is she right?

Armor's theory is as yet *unproven*, but it *makes sense*.



Okay. Well...

Thanks for the rescue, and for patching me up, but I'm headed back in.

I have to know if Tony is dead, and I have to know what happened to the others. If there's a chance anyone is still alive... I...I...

I have to go.



You don't know what you're facin', Carol.

They won't stop. They can't. It's what they are. It's what they exist to do...



Myself, Armor, and Emma can't be harmed by these things. Eden is sitting inside his manifold when we travel--so he can't be touched--but you...

...you can be. Stay here. Let us protect you.





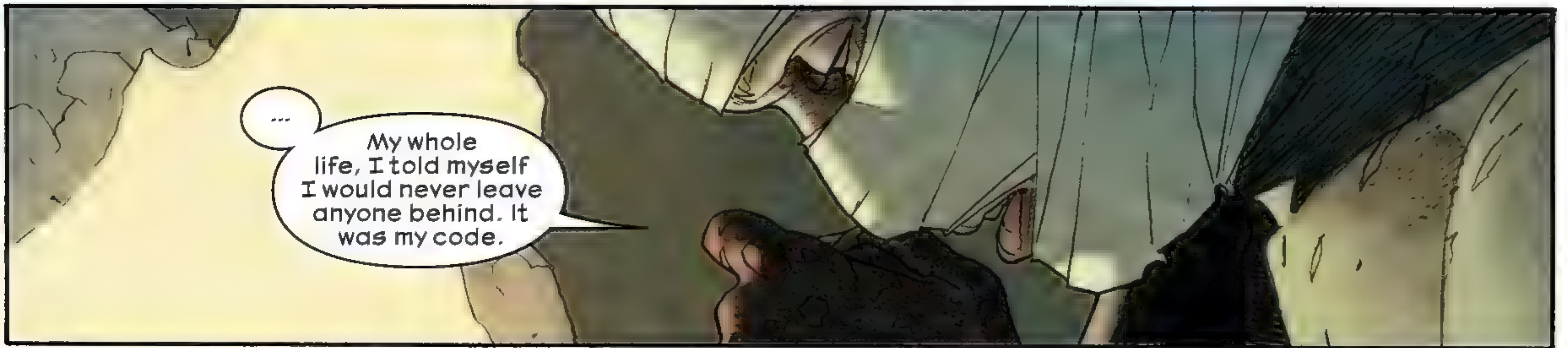
You don't understand, Logan--



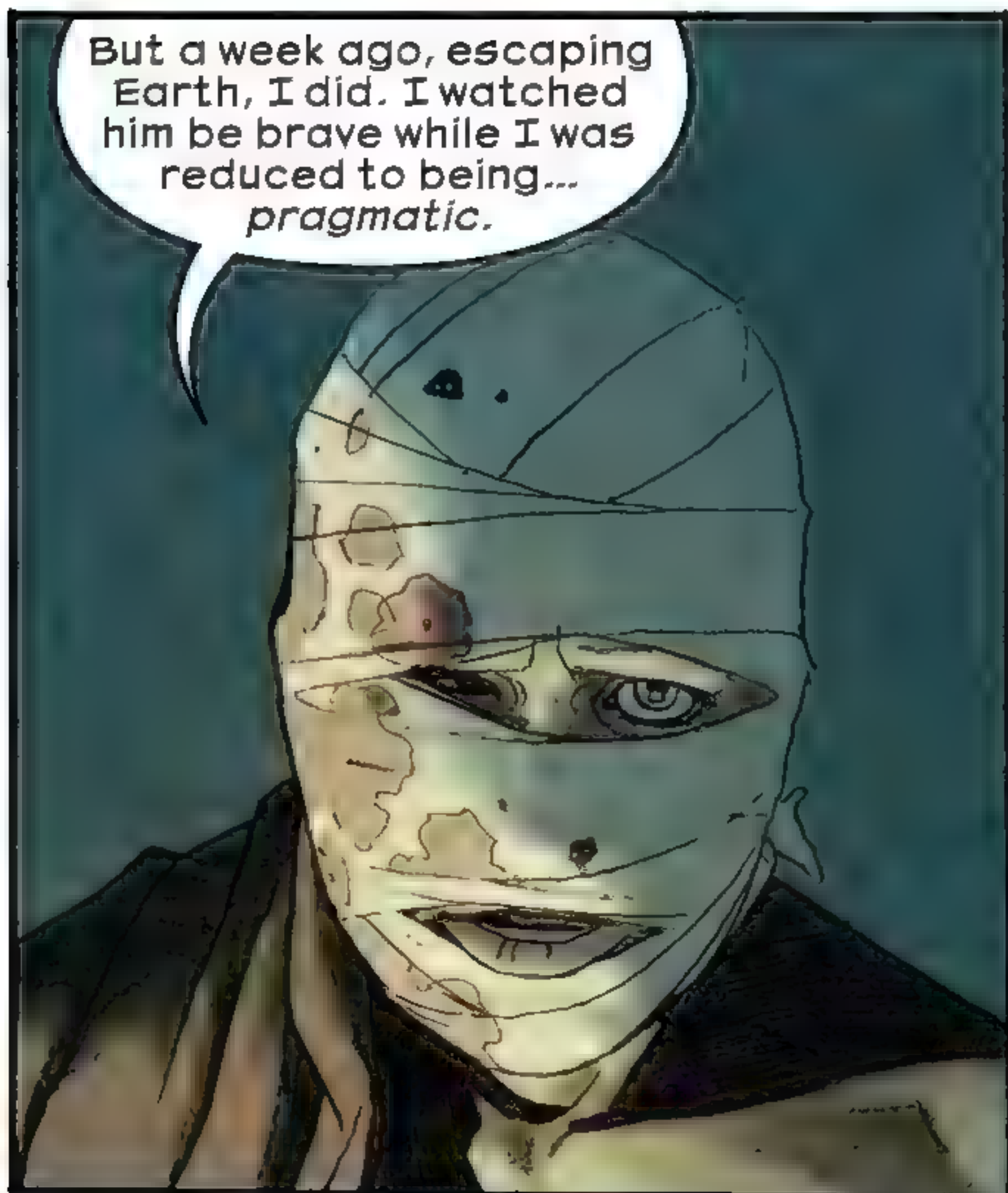
No. *You* don't.

But I do. You see, one killing machine recognizes another.

That is *death* out there.



...
My whole life, I told myself I would never leave anyone behind. It was my code.



But a week ago, escaping Earth, I did. I watched him be brave while I was reduced to being... *pragmatic.*



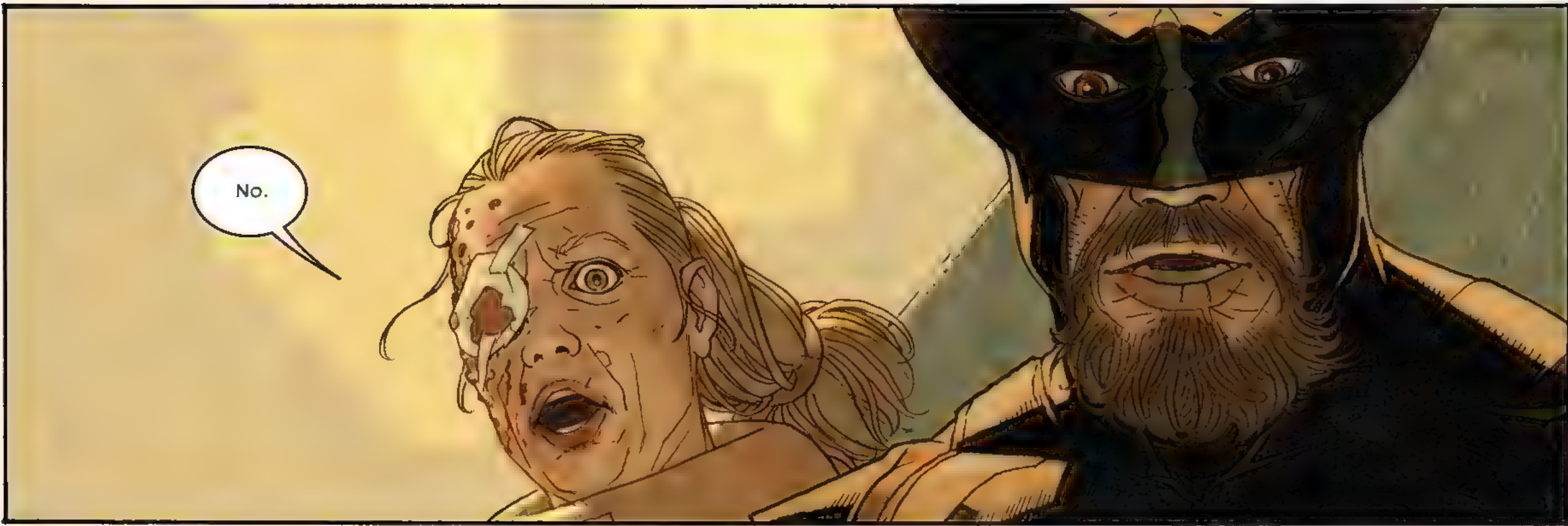
I left him *behind*...and I'll *never* do it again.

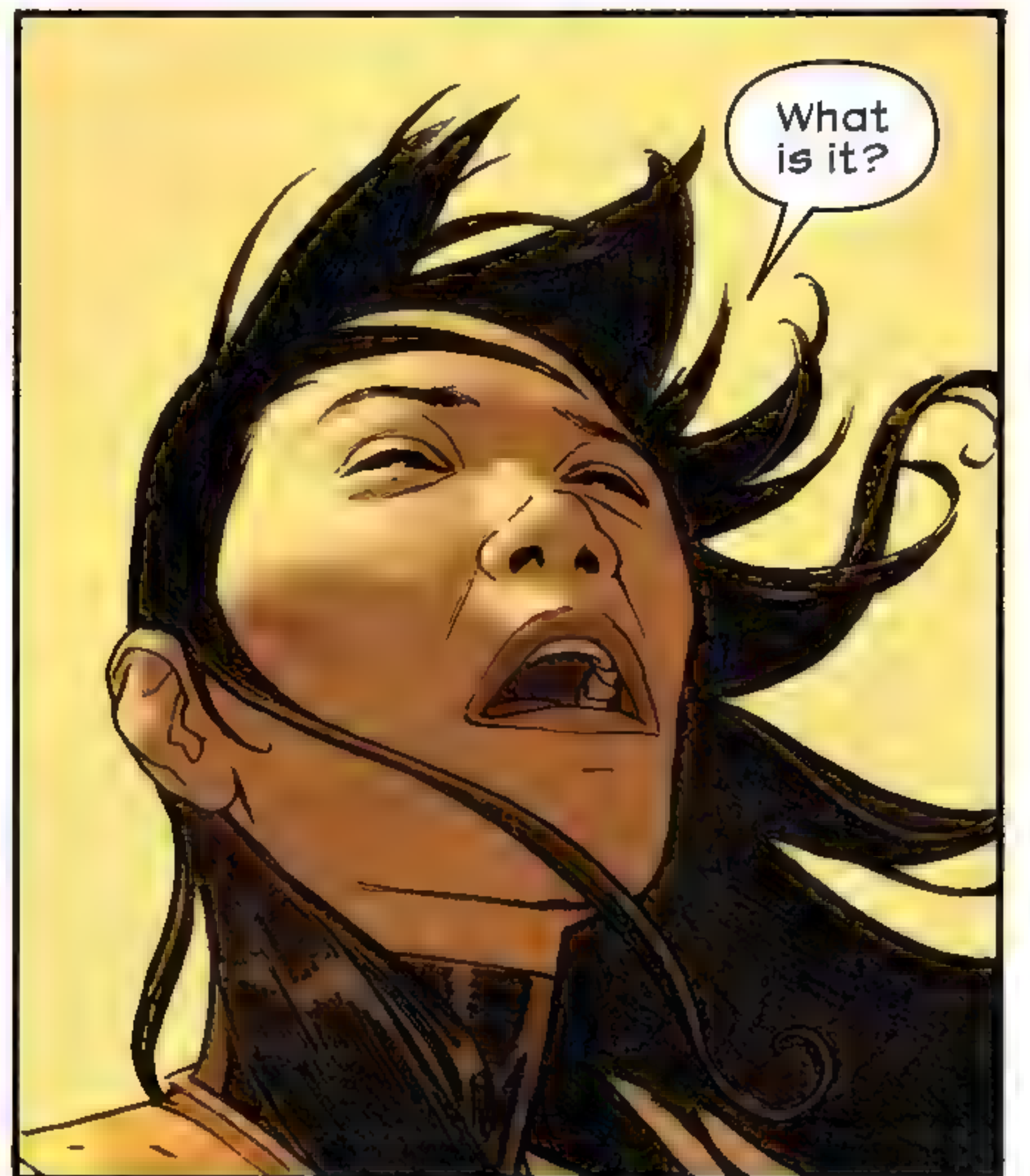
Do you understand now?



...

I'll come with.







Wakanda has
returned.





BAR SINISTER.

Close.
Even closer
now...

It's
time.
Oh, it's
time.

You can
feel it too,
can't you, my
lovelies?

I was a man.
Then I became
a mutant.

So many
special strands
of mutant DNA in
this body.

And
now...

...I am
becoming
something
more...

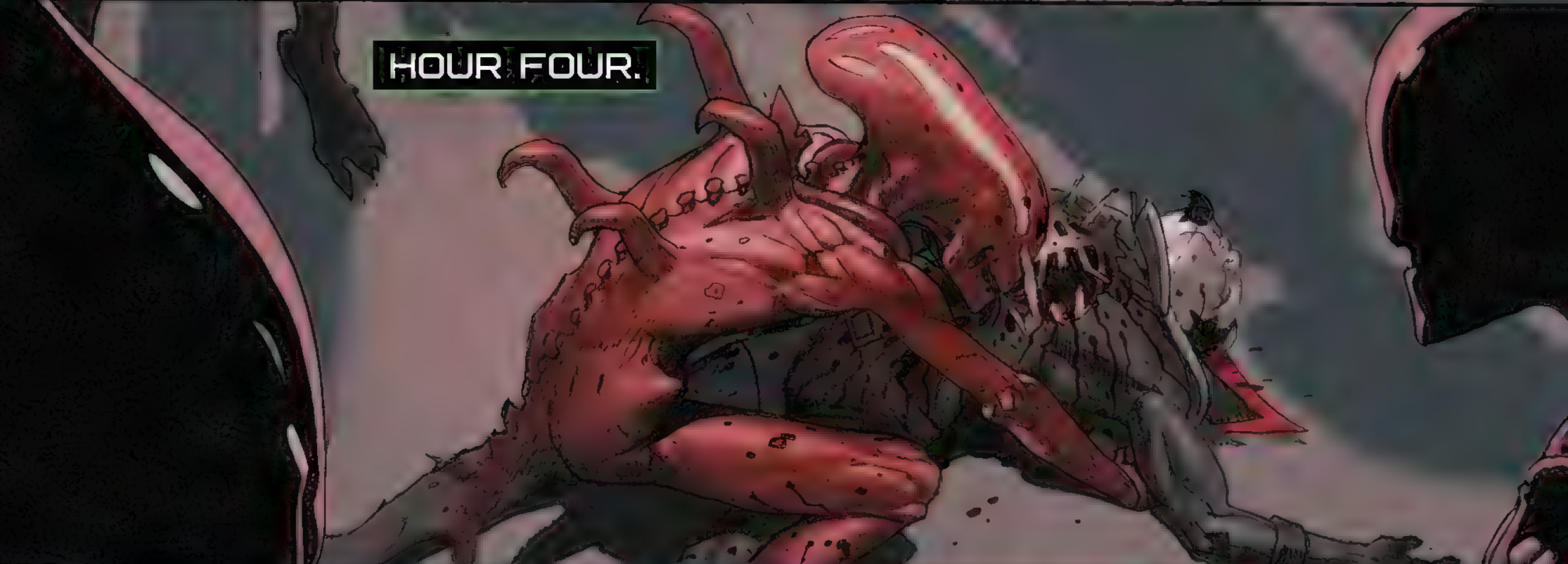
...I am
becoming!



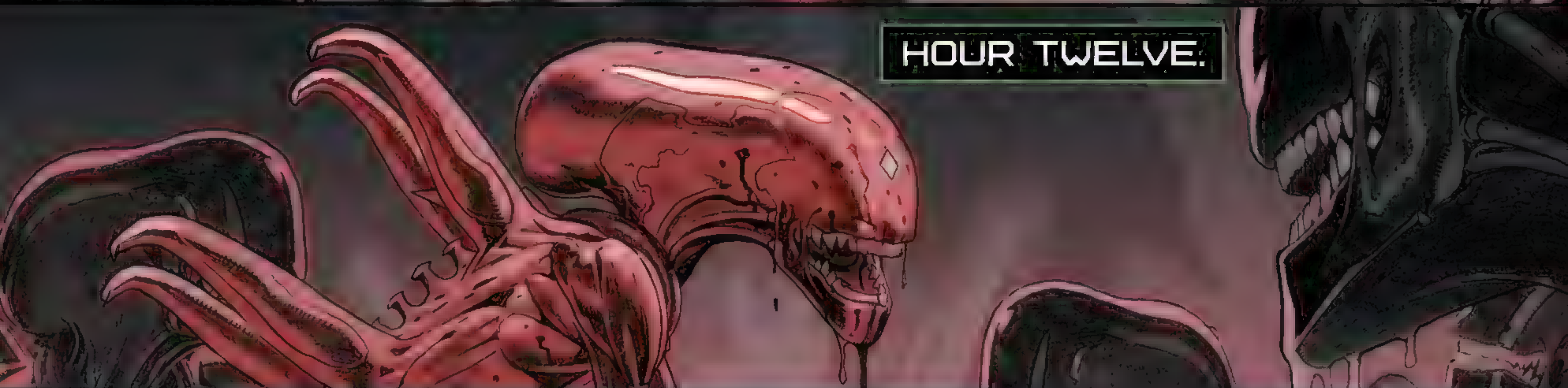
HOUR ONE.



HOUR FOUR.



HOUR TWELVE.



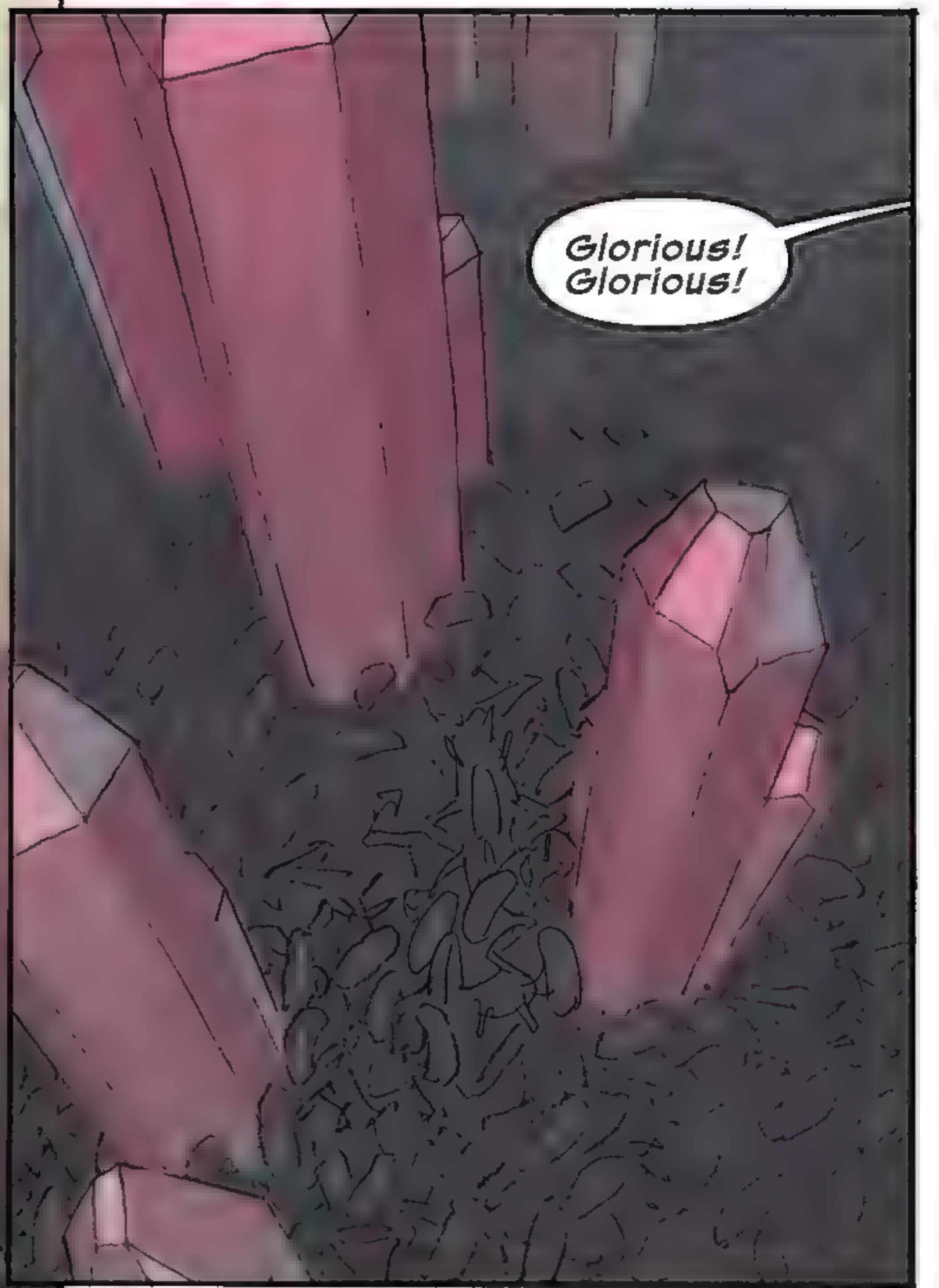
THE NEXT DAY.



"...and who knows
what tomorrow
brings?"



Yes.
Yes!



Glorious!
Glorious!



That's
it.

Prepare
her!



Our queen
must have a
brilliant crown--
shine that carapace
up nice --see
yourself in it...



...the
occasion calls
for it.

For this is a
coronation.



And soon--
soon enough--
we will need a
larger throne...

As we too
have the same
thing growing
in us.



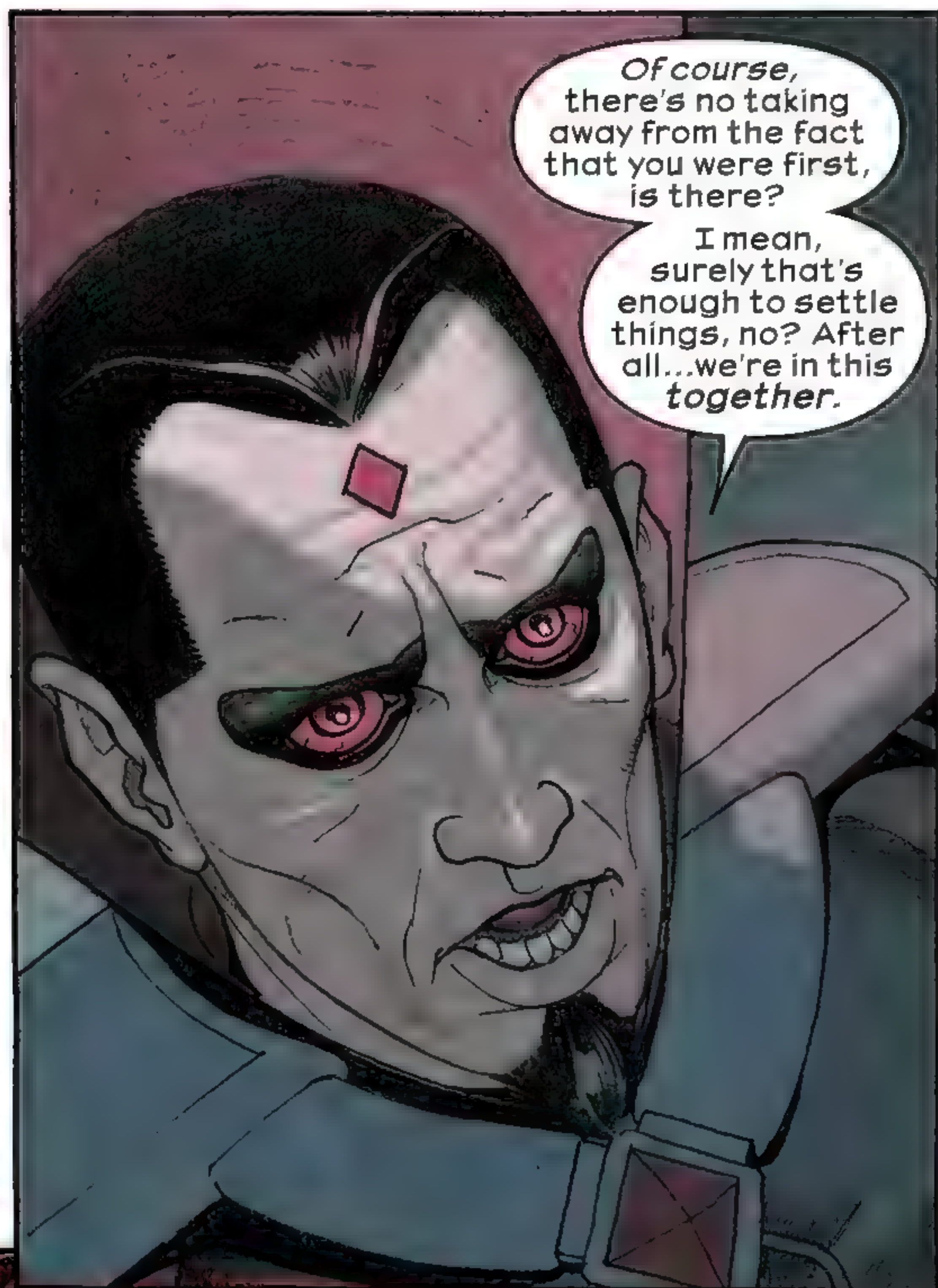
Frankly, I
can't wait much
longer for it to
happen. I mean, I
like a Sinister as
much as the next
Sinister, but all this
groveling makes
me itch.

Me too,
Brother. But
be patient. Soon,
this special
singularity won't
be so special
at all.



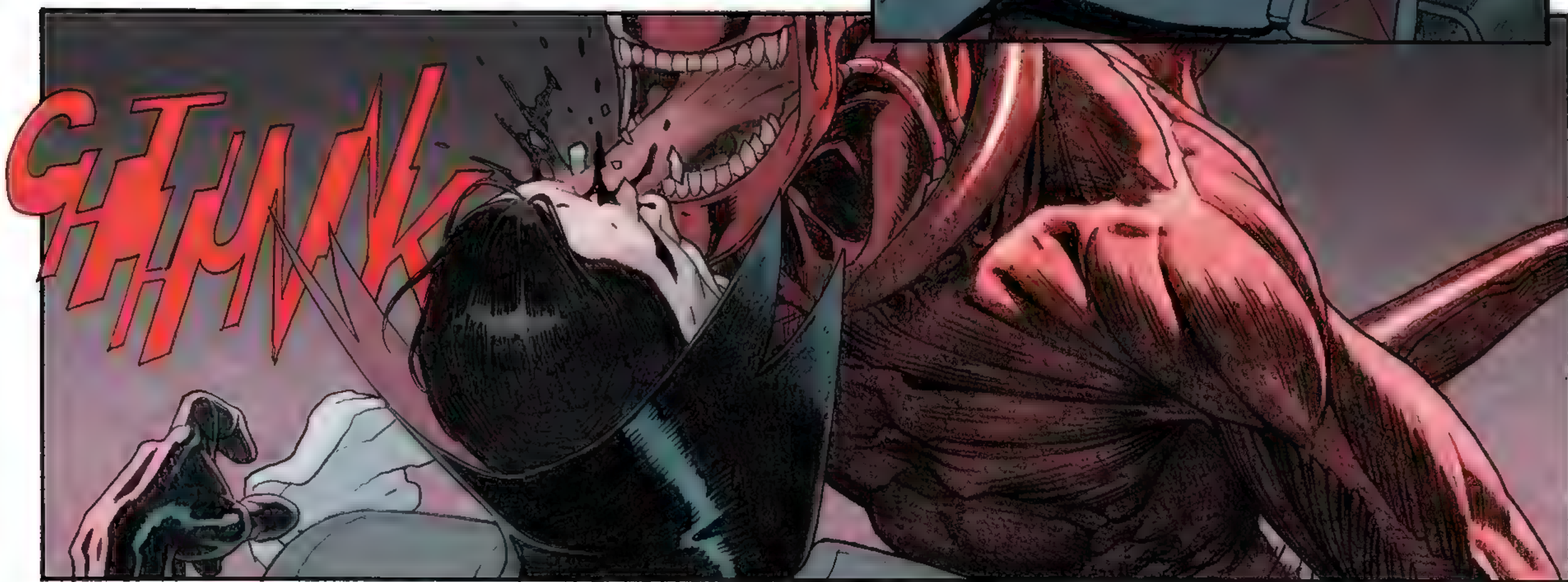
Yes! There
will be many
of us.

SSSSSSSS



Of course,
there's no taking
away from the fact
that you were first,
is there?

I mean,
surely that's
enough to settle
things, no? After
all...we're in this
together.



CHUNK



It seemed as if the universe favored Wakanda.



The sons and daughters of that secret Terran country became the first starfaring humans--the product of a space program that no one knew existed until it appeared. Fully realized and ascendant.



Surprise was always the Wakandan way.





No one expected them to settle
in a fertile, unclaimed arm of a
spiral galaxy that kissed the
edge of a dying nebula...



No one imagined that
their atemporal
generation ships would
spawn a sprawling
galactic empire...



...and yet
it did.

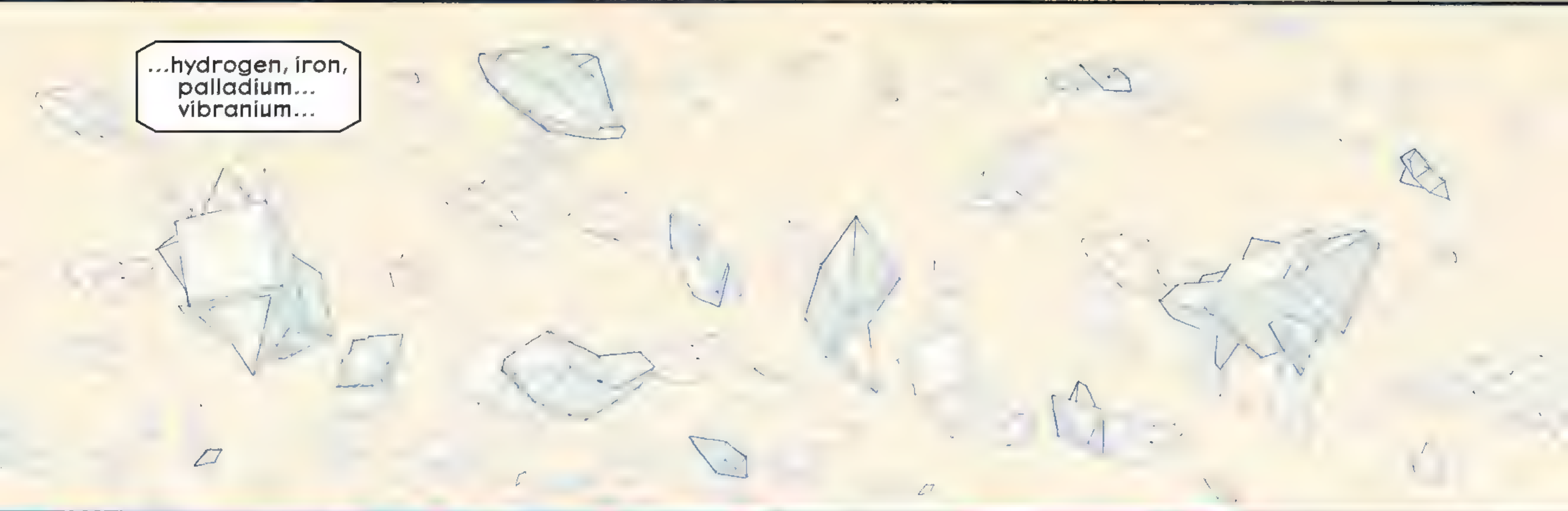
T'Chaka's Reach boasted a manufacturing ringworld that was the beating heart of Wakandan expansion.



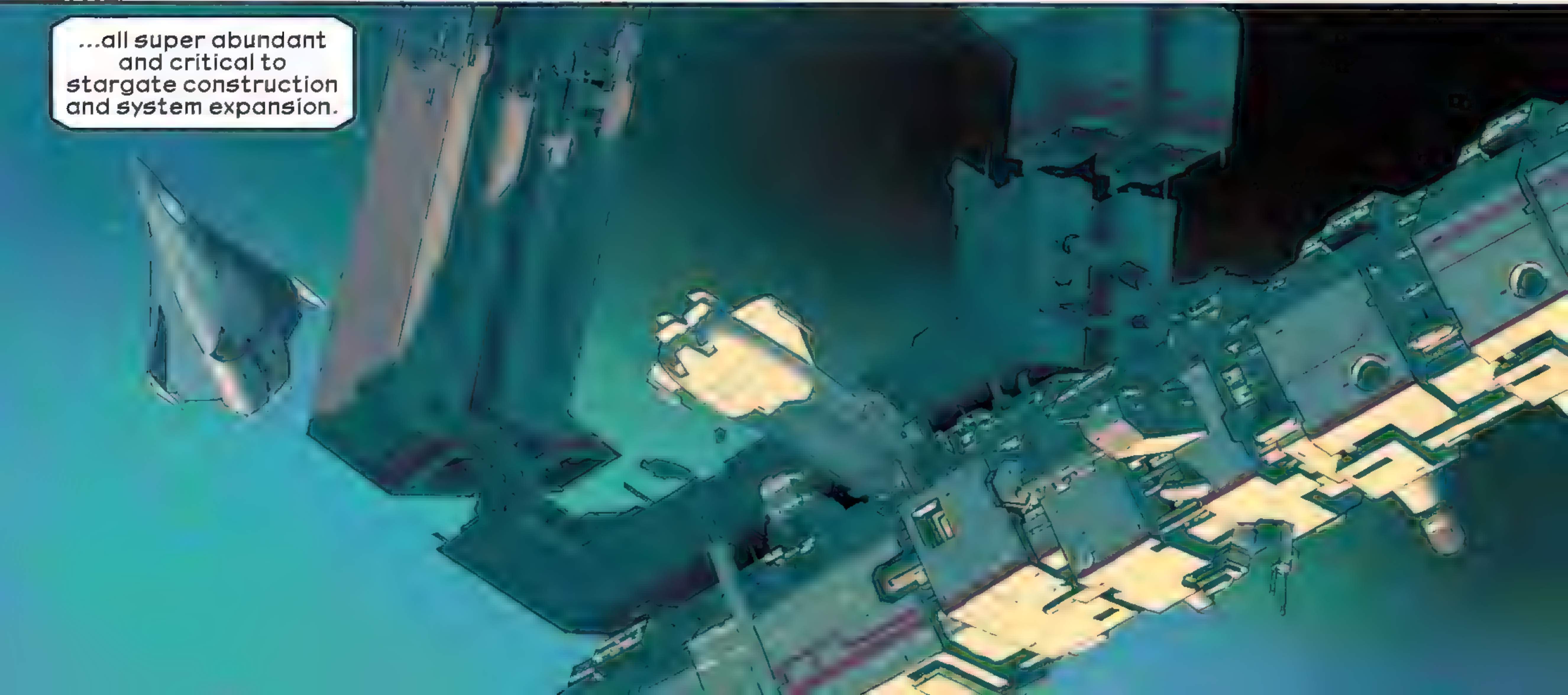
Celestial farms spawned supernovas that produced all the necessary elements for imperial growth...



...hydrogen, iron, palladium...
vibranium...



...all super abundant and critical to stargate construction and system expansion.





They were corridors between worlds that eliminated the need for interstellar travel. Providing the optimal conditions for Wakandan society to thrive across solar systems.



Stargates were the linchpin of Wakandan life...



...and they were key to Wakanda's death.

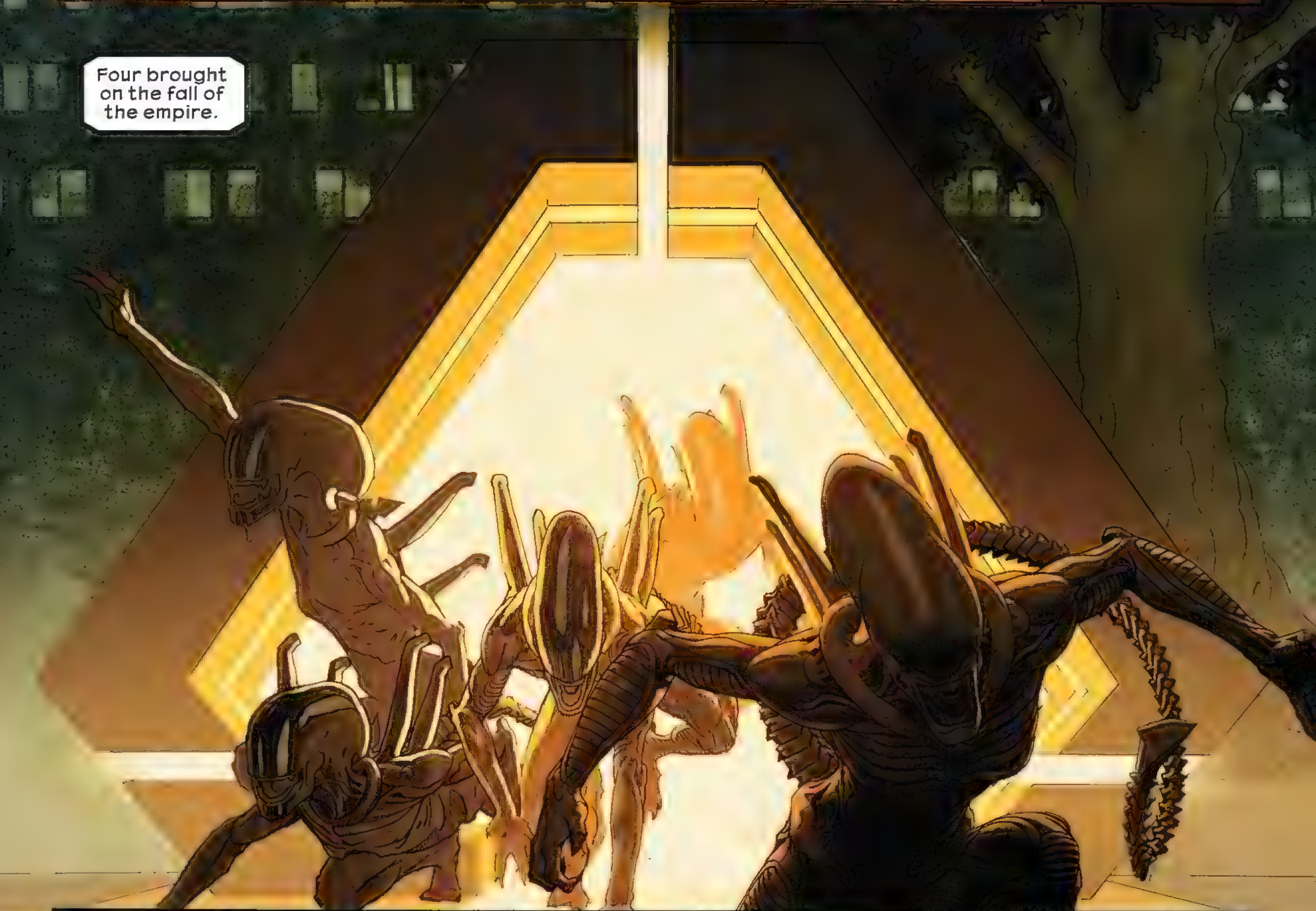


The empire's interconnectedness meant that a single seed world could easily infect and spread the Xenomorph plague across the entirety of Wakandan space.

One world became two.
Two became four...



Four brought
on the fall of
the empire.



At its height, there were
fifty-seven worlds and
countless outposts in the
Wakandan Space Empire.



But by the time Emperor
T'Challa returned to his
kingdom, only two worlds
had not completely fallen
to the infection...

...and on both of those,
a dying war raged
against the alien spawn.

The emperor
had made his
return...

Blades
were drawn...

The good fight
engaged...



And an
unwinnable war
began and ended...



But not in a
wave of Weyland
parasites...



...instead, the end
of Wakanda was
engineered.



They had been busy
in this new universe.
Cleansing it.



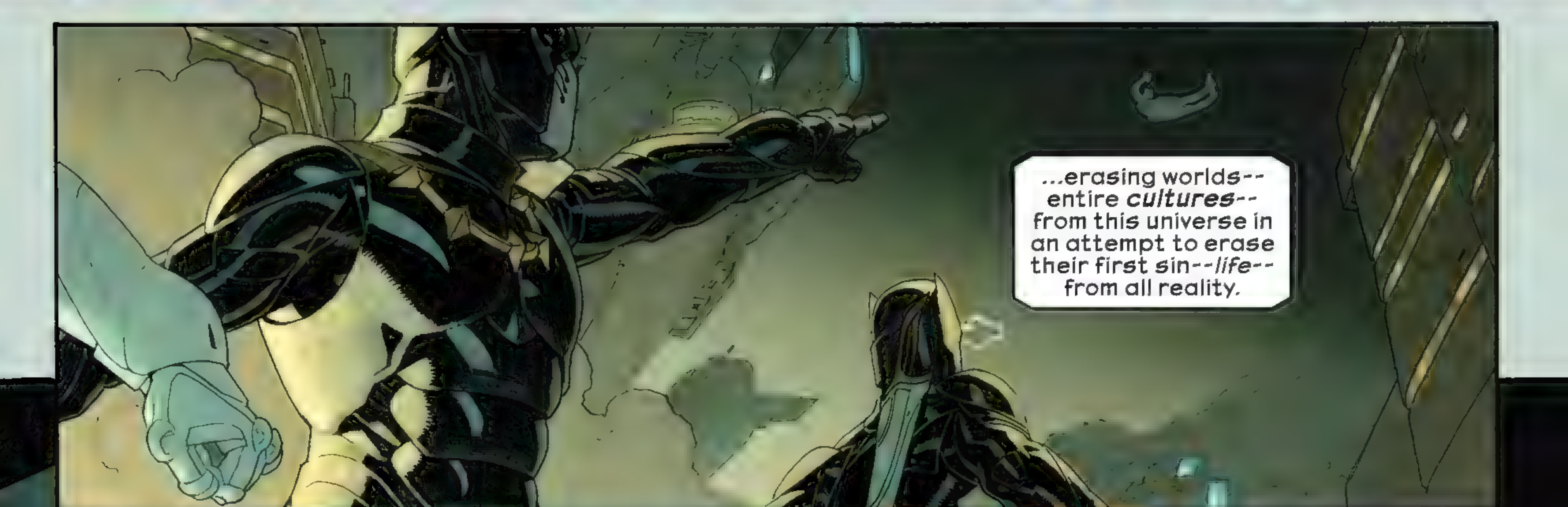
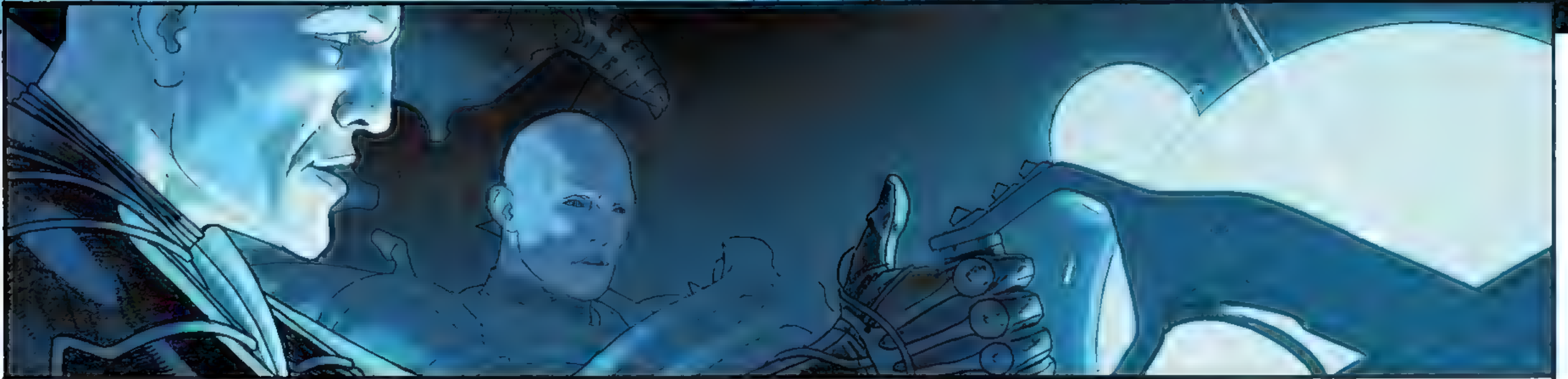
Microscopic black
holes that lasted for
only picoseconds.



Just long enough
to erase an infected
world from existence.



The godlike race
of Engineers had
done godlike things...



...erasing worlds--
entire *cultures*--
from this universe in
an attempt to erase
their first sin--*life*--
from all reality.



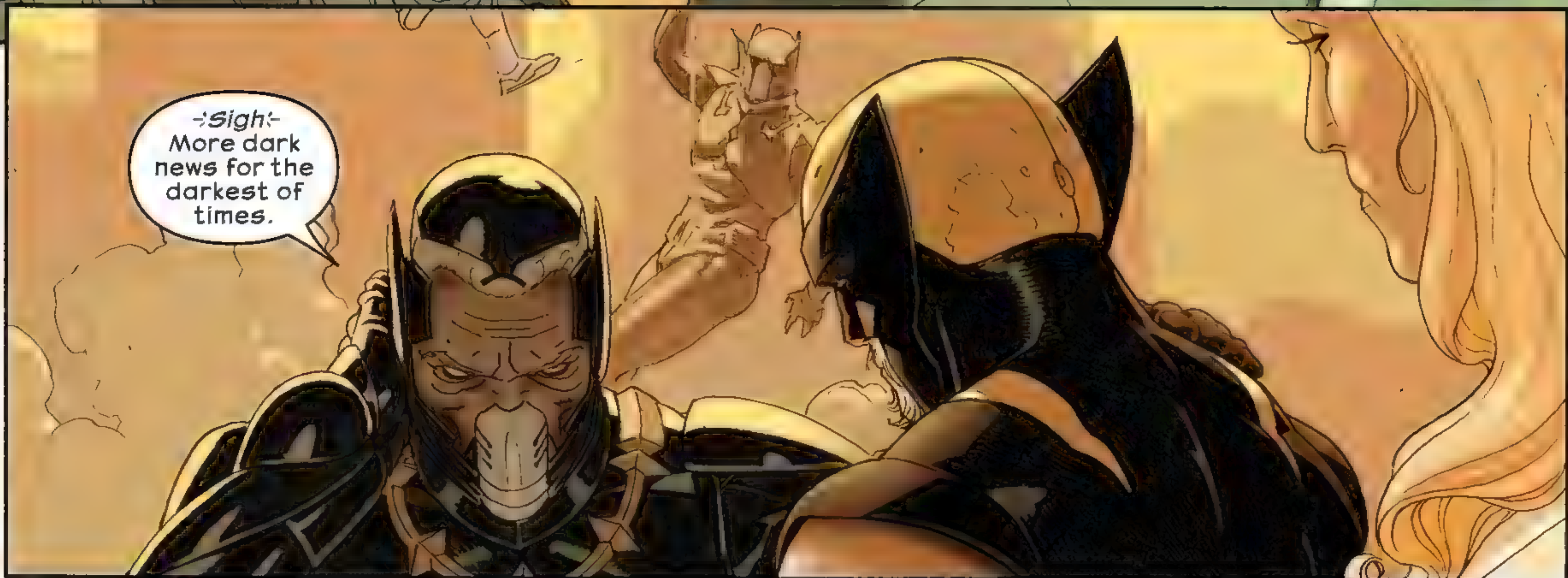
T'Challa learned
their truth at the
end of his sword.

He learned
their lesson...





NOW.



Sigh
More dark
news for the
darkest of
times.



Ah,
Anthony...



...may you
finally find
peace.



And the
Empire?



Fallen. The
same fate as
every other
victim of this
insanity...

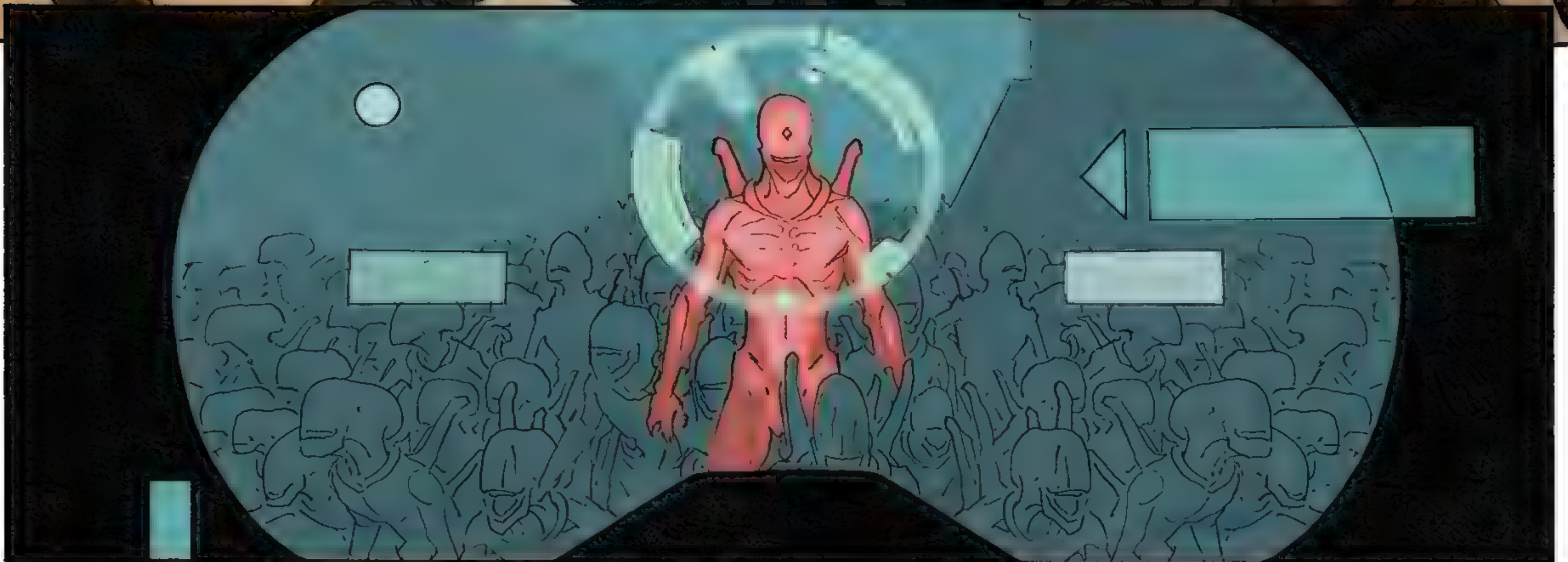
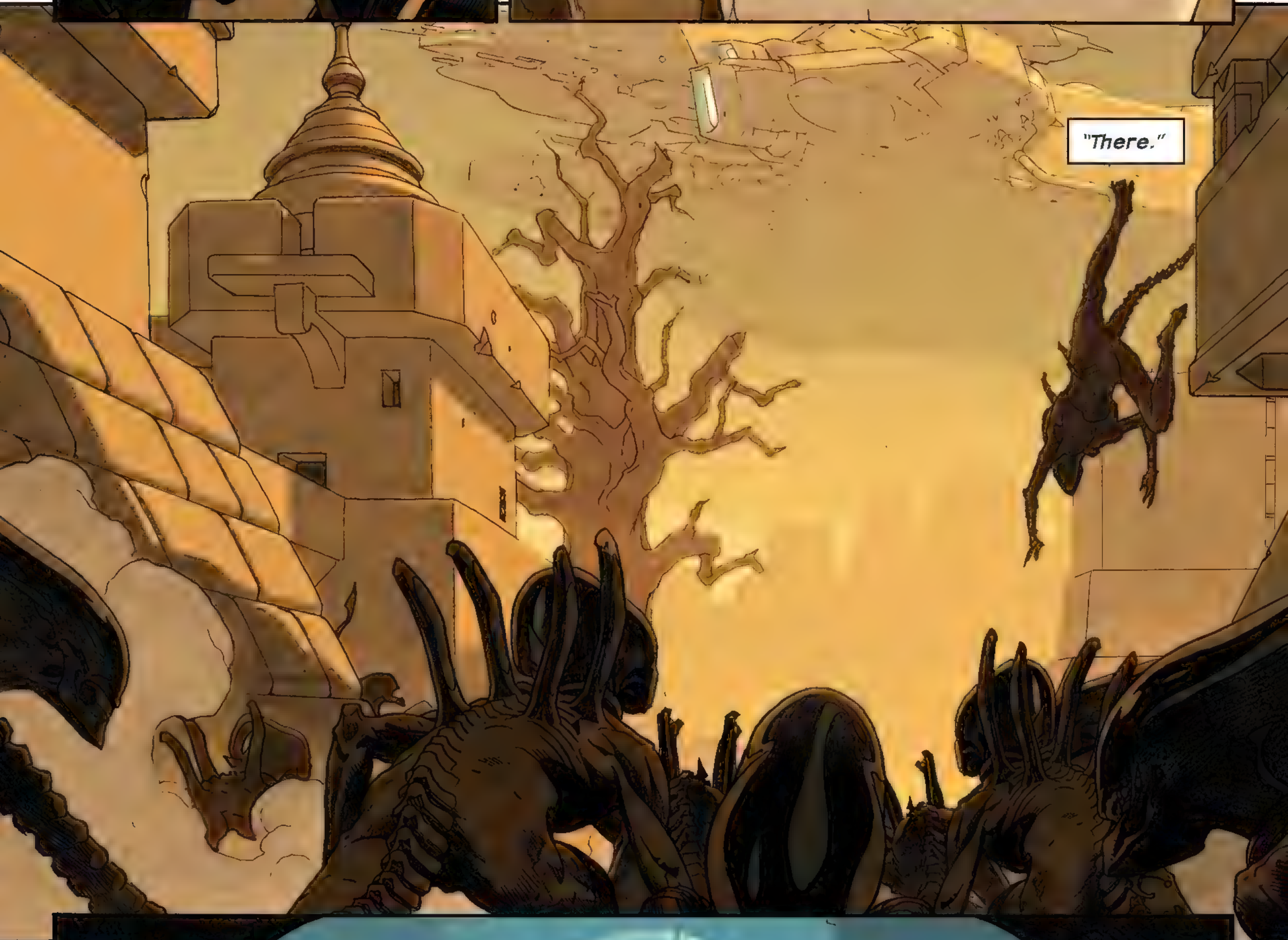


Creator
and creation...
driven to destroy
each other...

Trapped in
a mad dance that
extends beyond one
universe and--as it has
no clear winner--could
extend to all that
there is.



You
got any idea
how to deal
with something
like that?





We're out in the open and there's a *sea* of them. We should move to the ship...

Nuke the entire site from orbit.

Nah. These *bones* may be gettin' old, but my *eyes* work just fine...



You see the big red one?

I do.

Hard not to notice the symbol on its head.

Sinister?



Indeed it is.

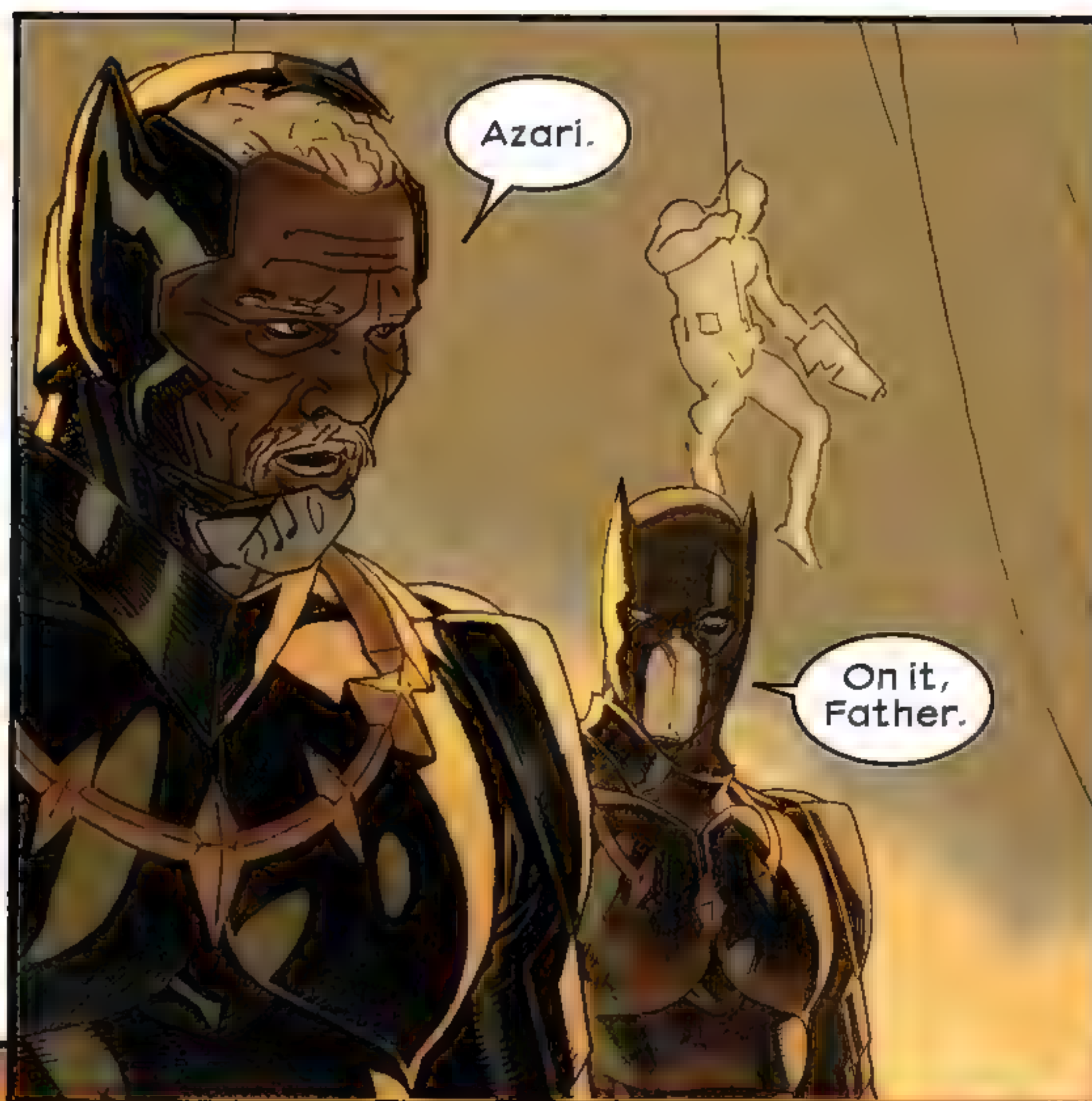
And, honestly, I just couldn't live with myself if I ran from that.



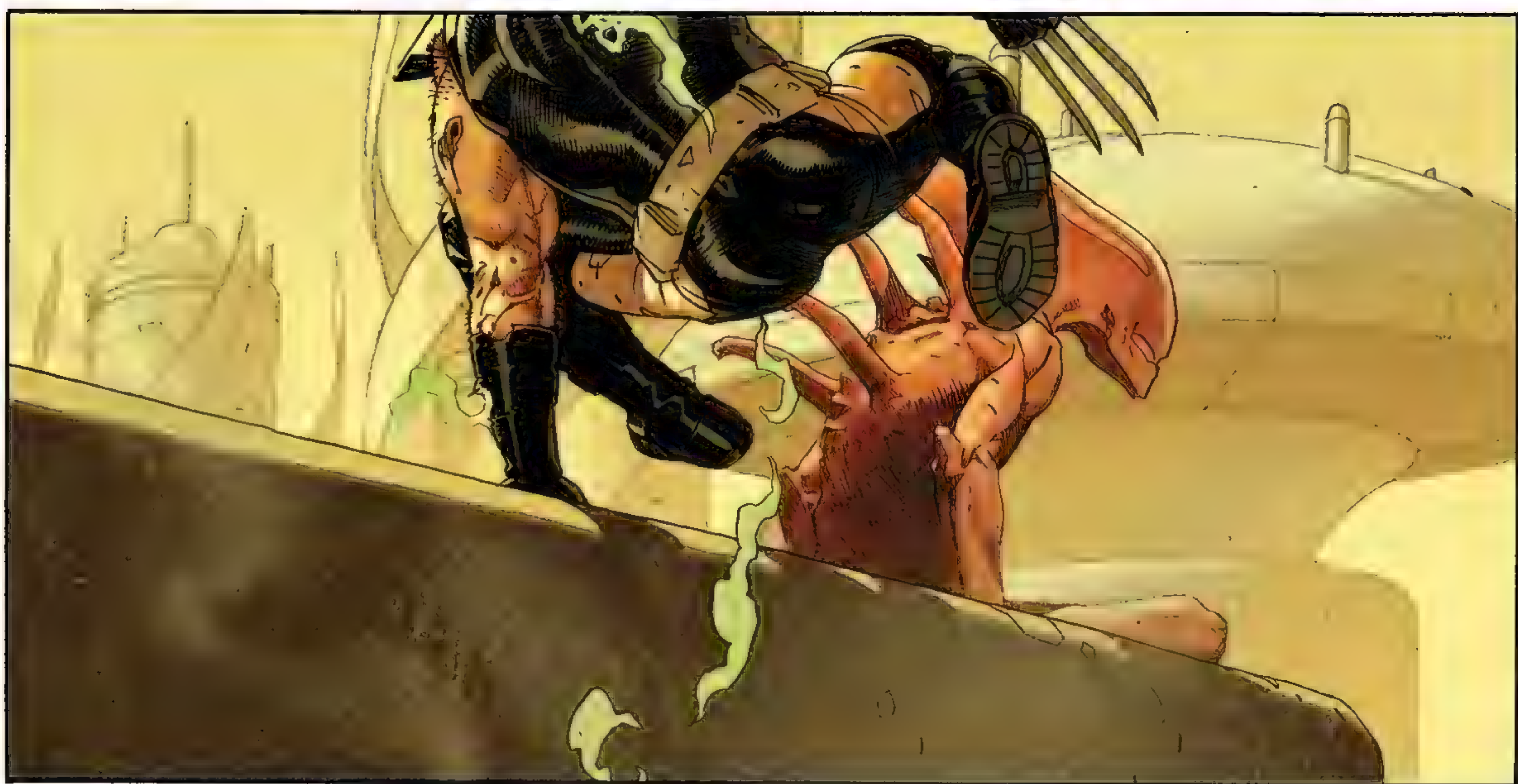
Can you cover us? We're gonna take out the queen.

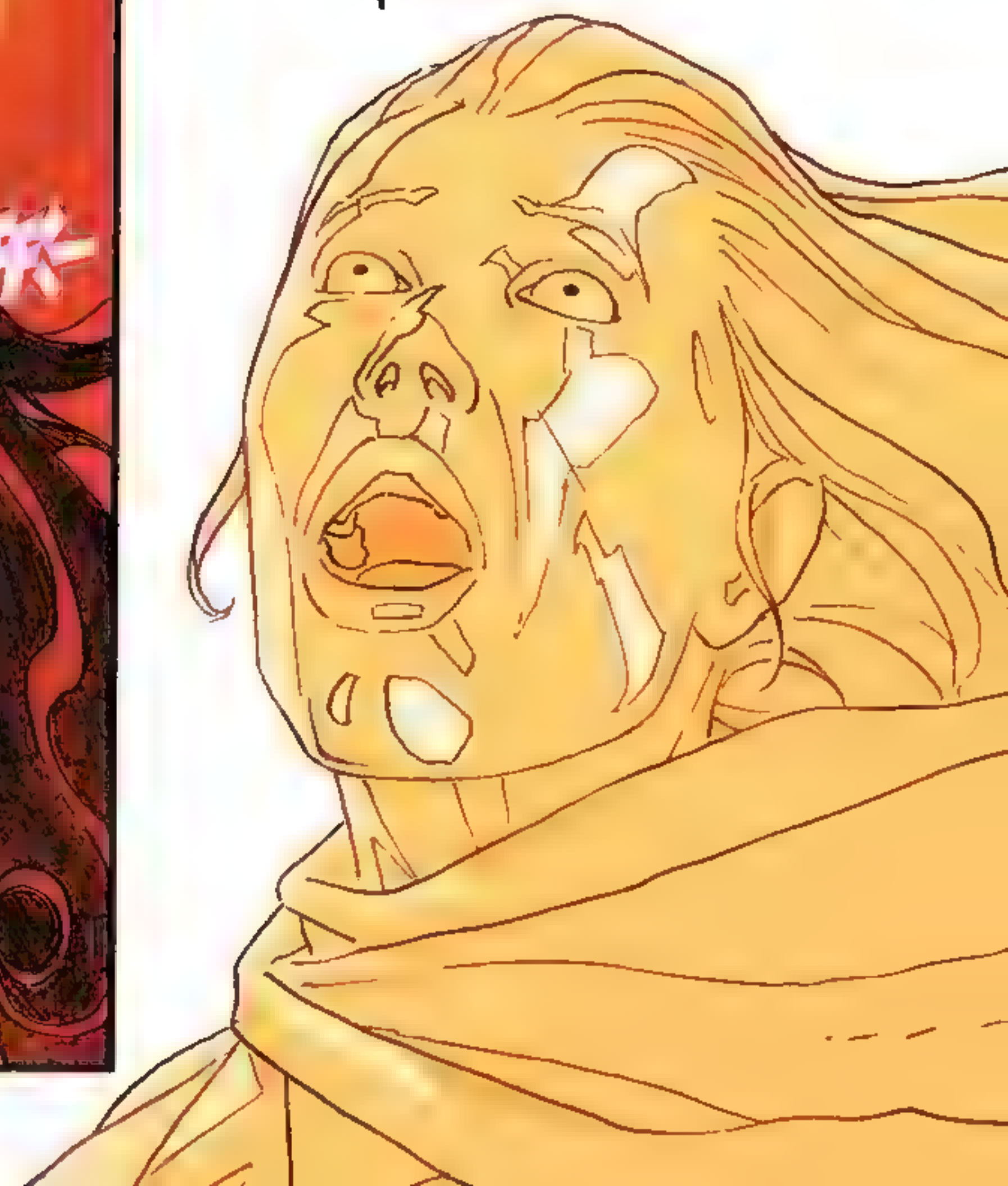
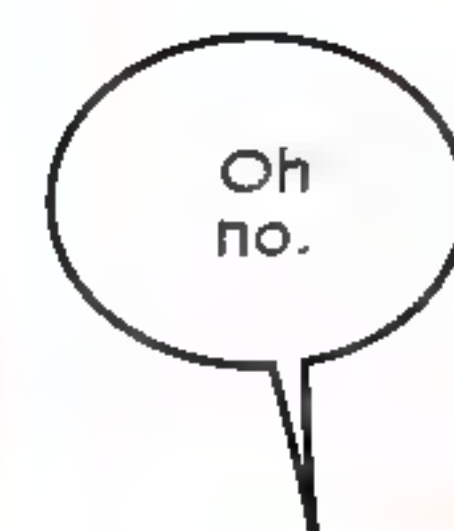
Emma's diamond form is impervious to harm, and nothing can pierce Armor's shields.

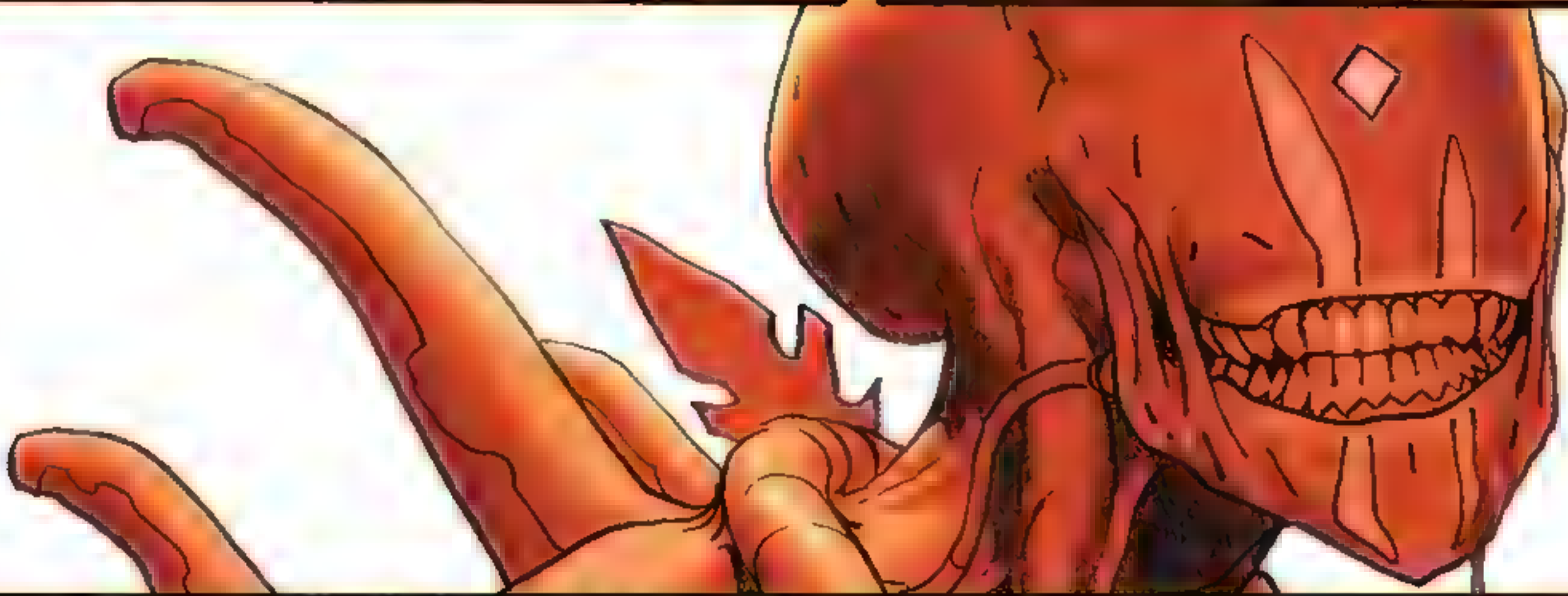
And you?













They failed.

And we won't hold here for long. My son was right...we have to go, Carol.

No.



No. I shouldn't have run the first time. And I'm not running anymore.



Do what you can here... for your people and for whoever else makes it.

And cover your eyes.

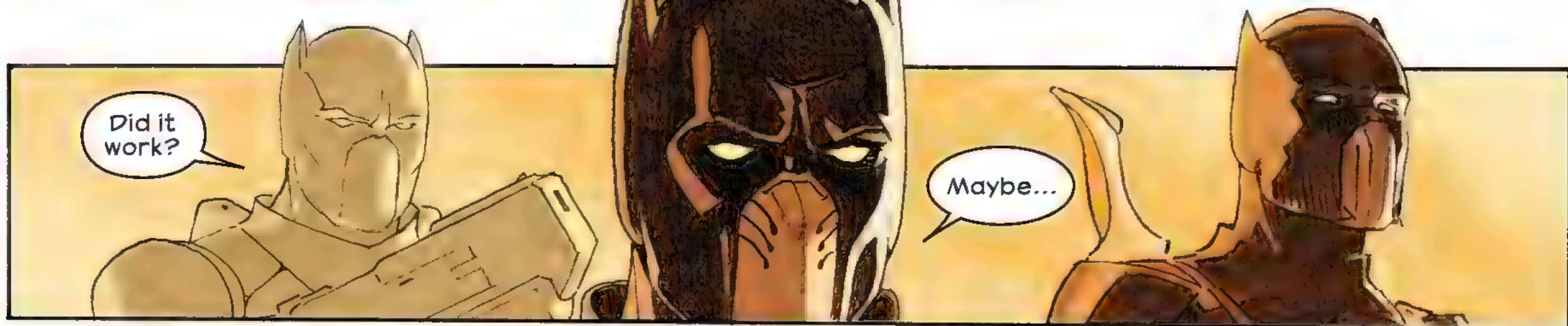
Be careful.



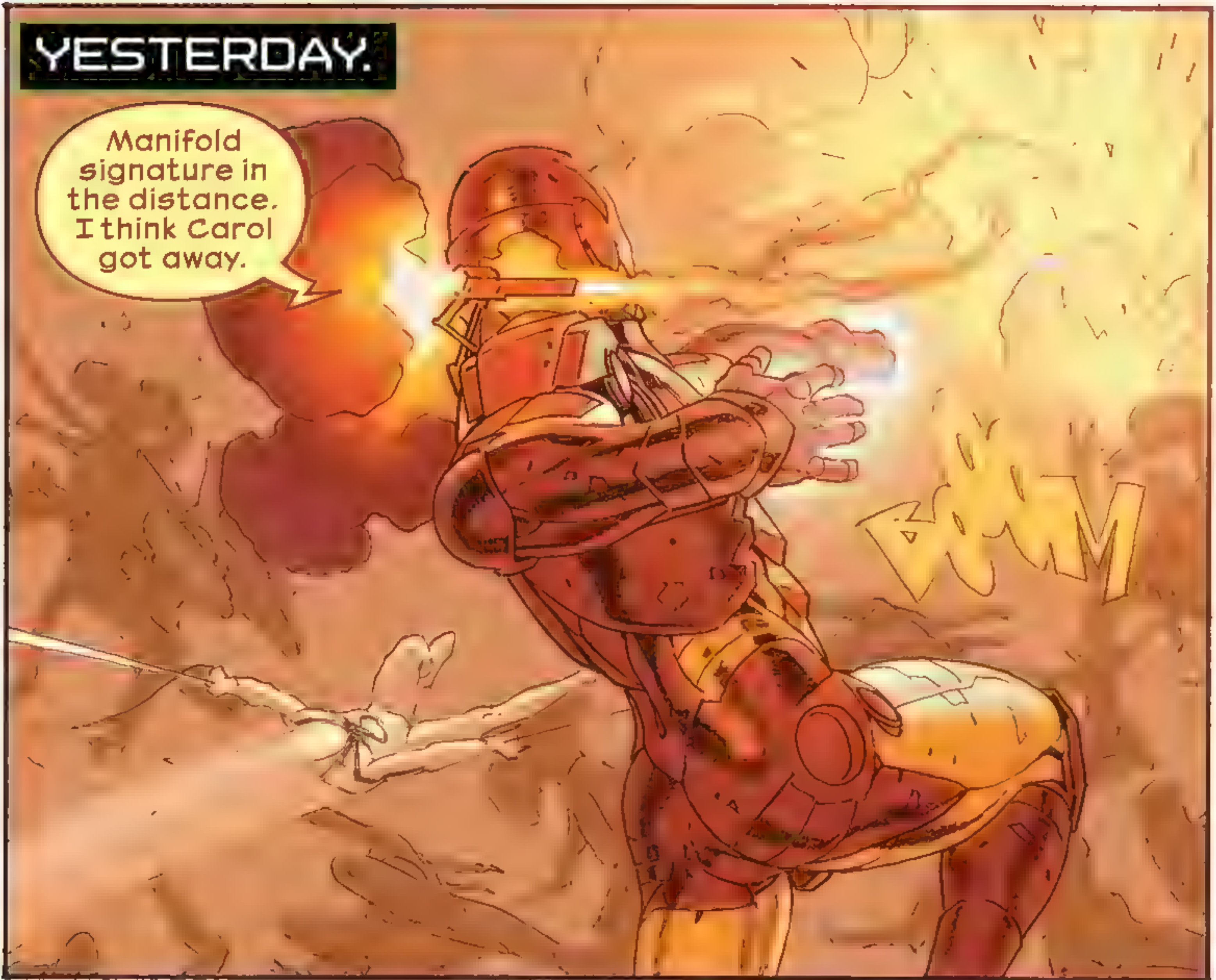


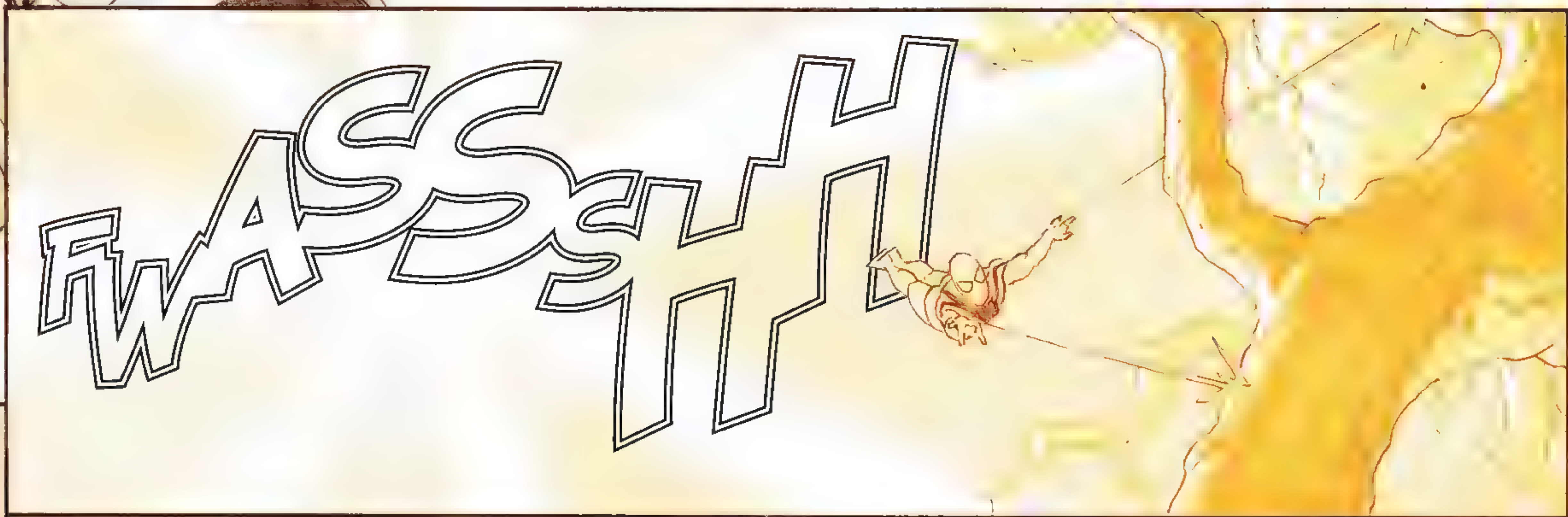
zzzzzz
nnnnrrrr













Oh
god...
It's...
it's...



I've got
onboard
diagnostics.
You don't need
to tell me...

I know
how bad
it is.



I'm not
going to
make it.

Do you
know what
you need
to do?

What
do you
mean?



I wasn't
talking to
you.

Do you
know?

Yes.



Then
do it!



SHUKK

NOW!

We saw
there was a
ruckus goin' on.
Looks like we
were almost
too late.

Yes.

Us.



No. You
are too late.
They're on
us.

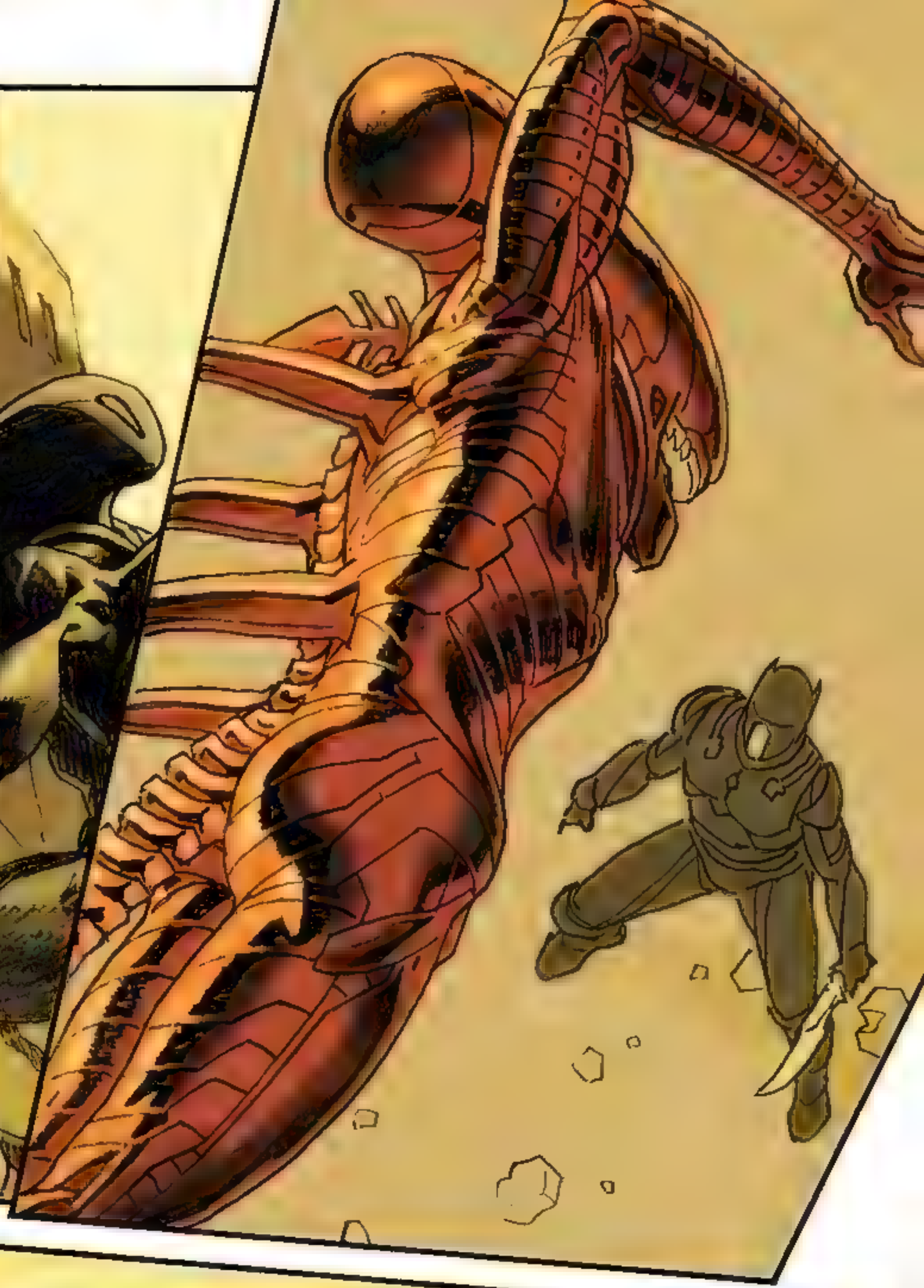


It's the big
one that's the problem.
Nothing we've done could
stop it. It's carrying mutant
genes and cutting right
through us.

The red
one?

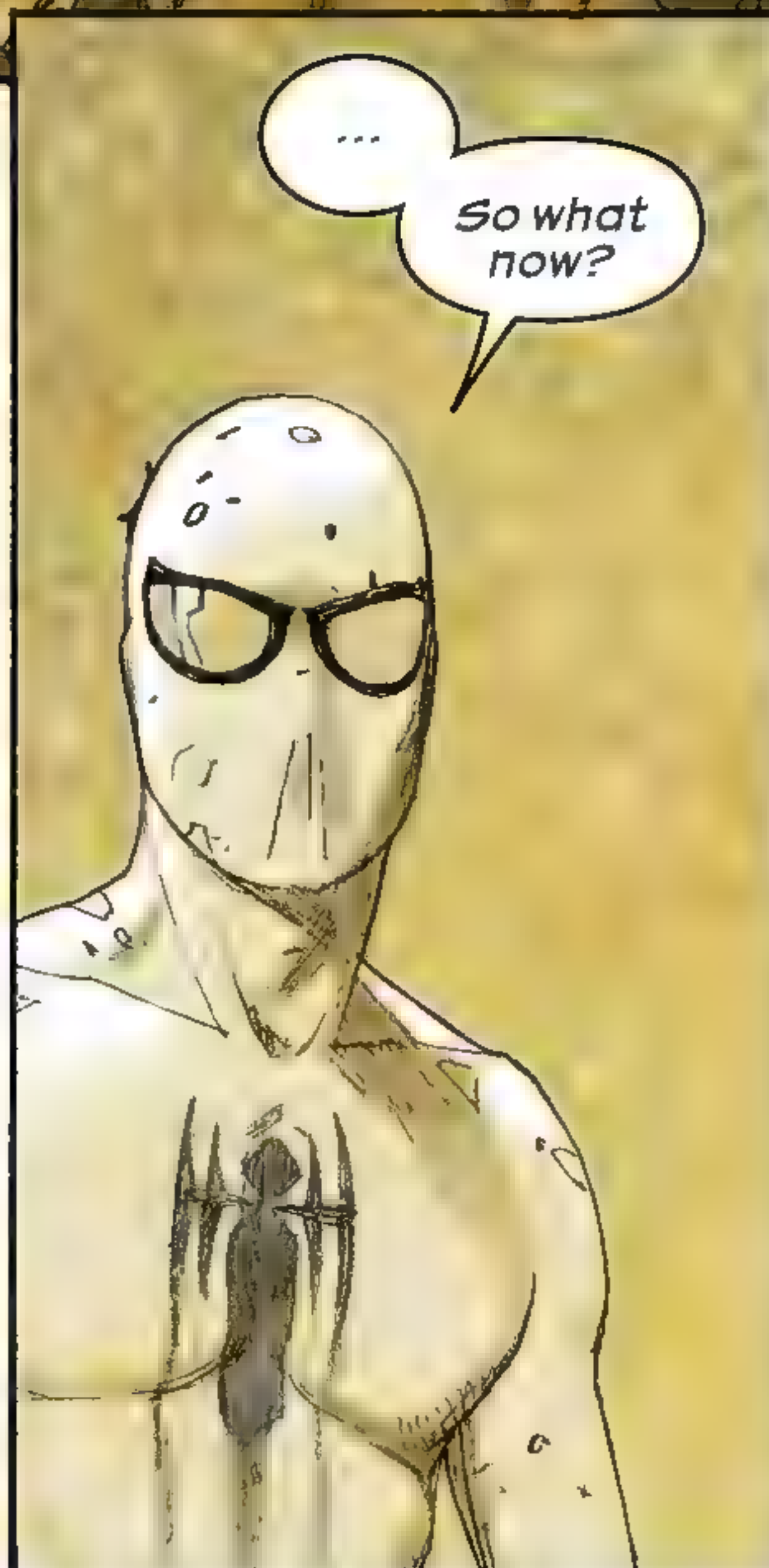
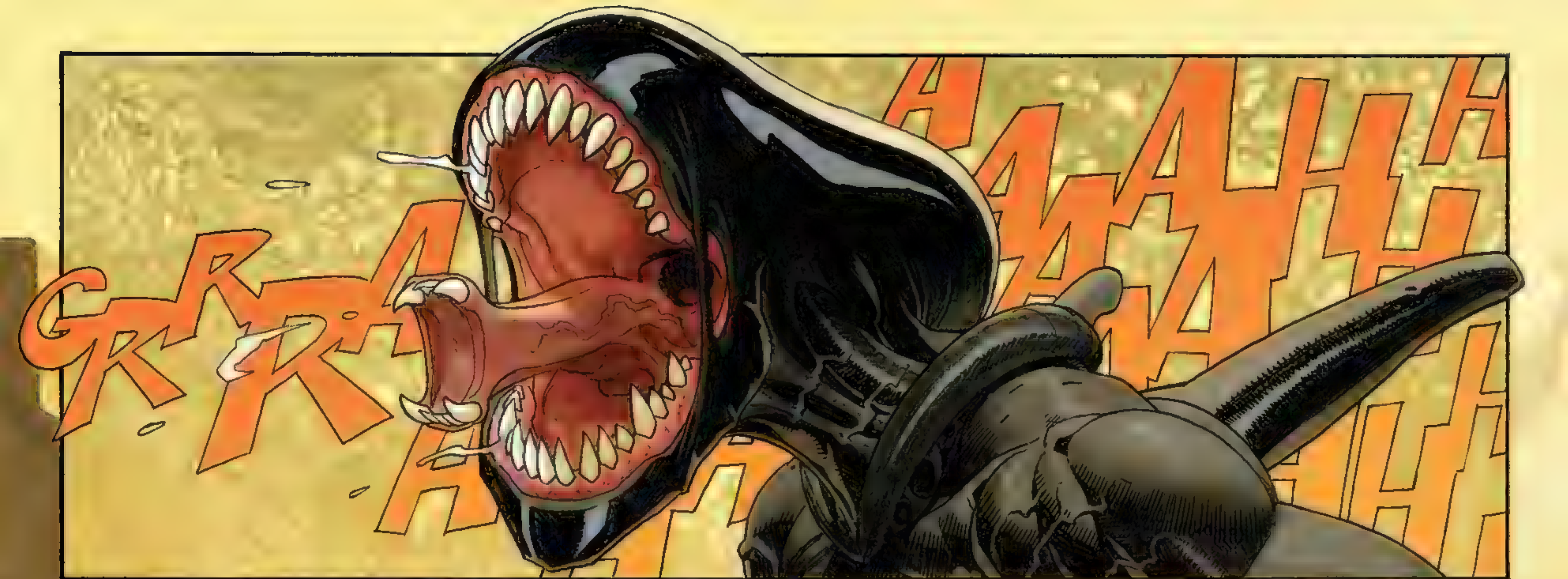
Yeah.

Let us
try.

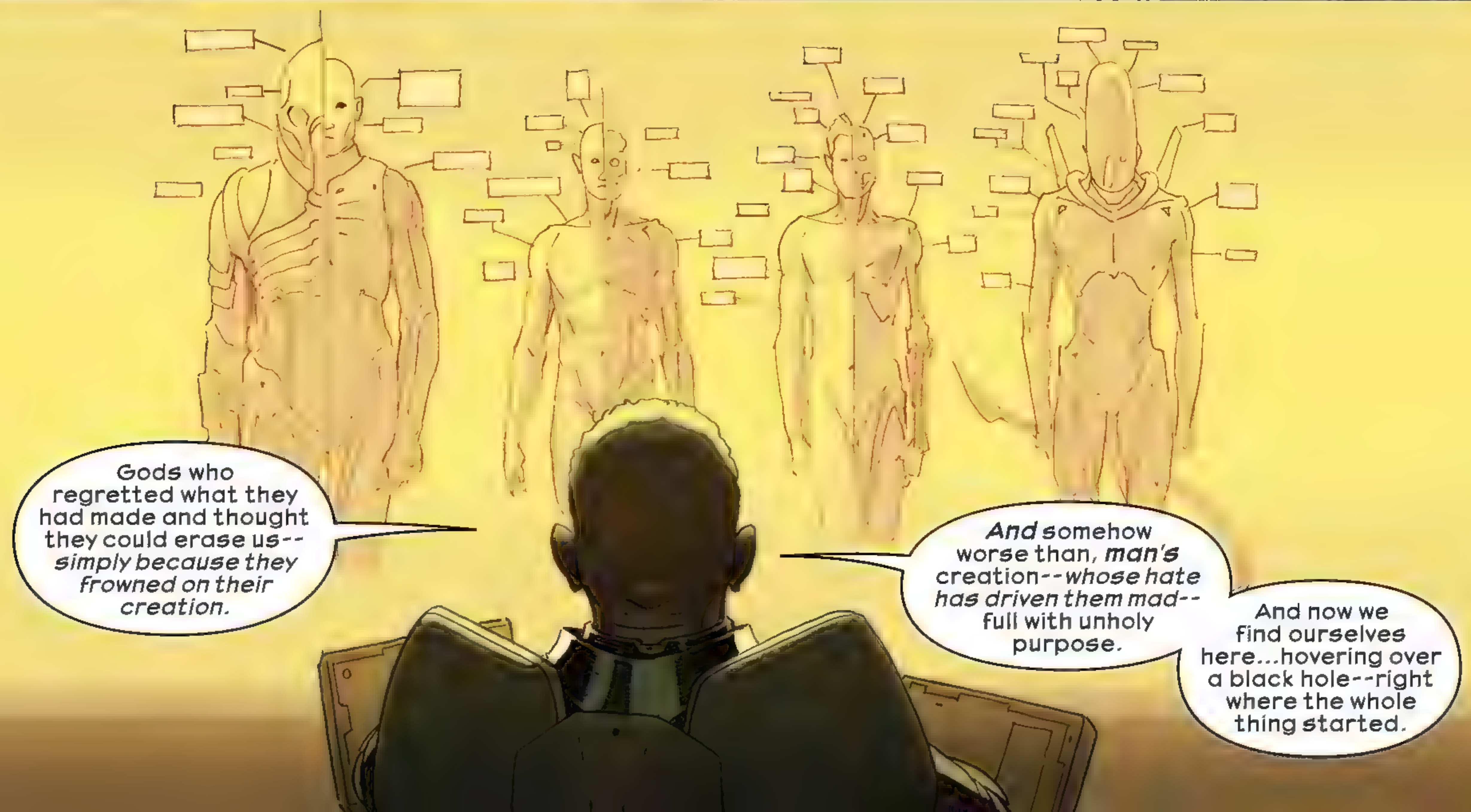


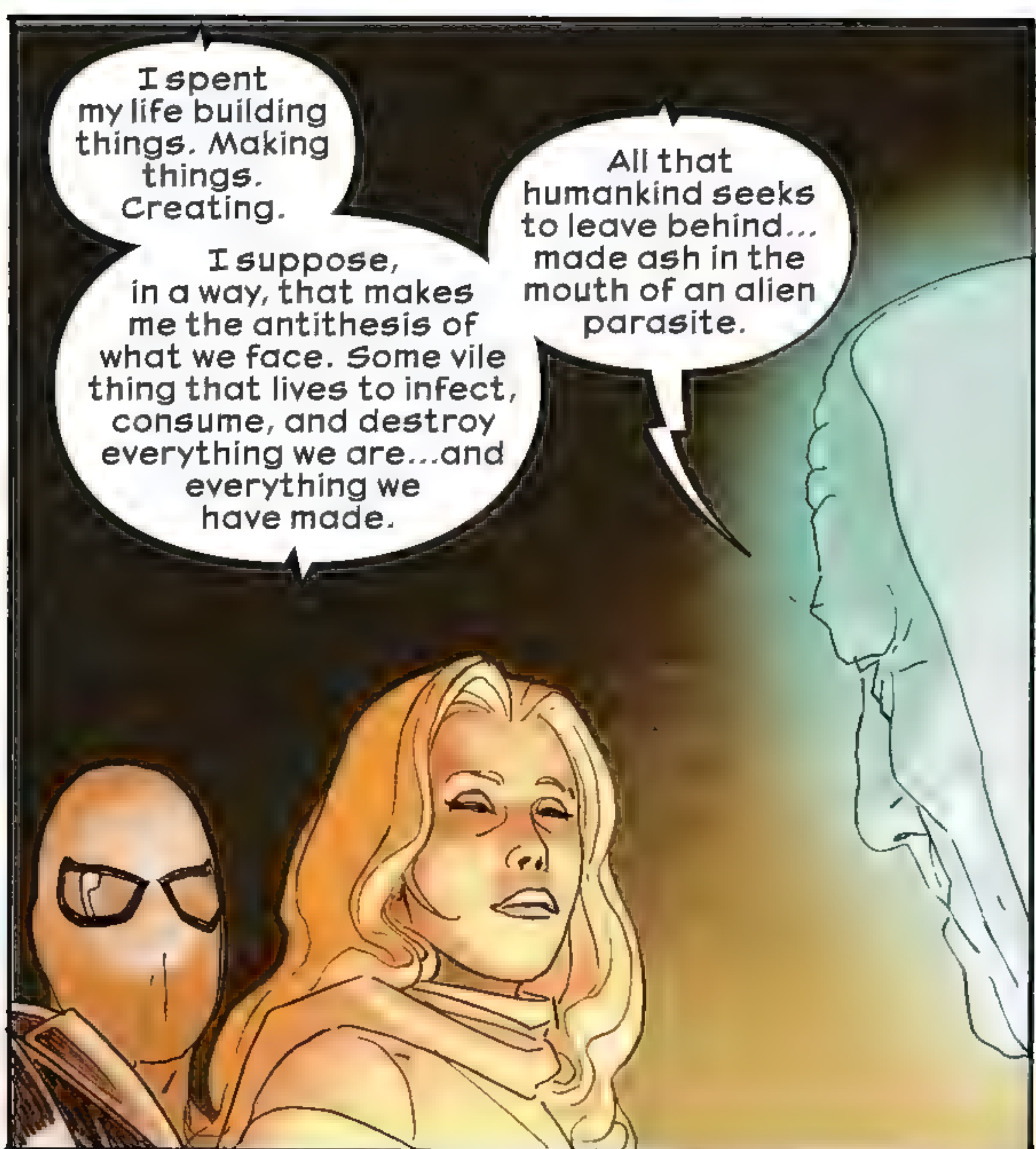
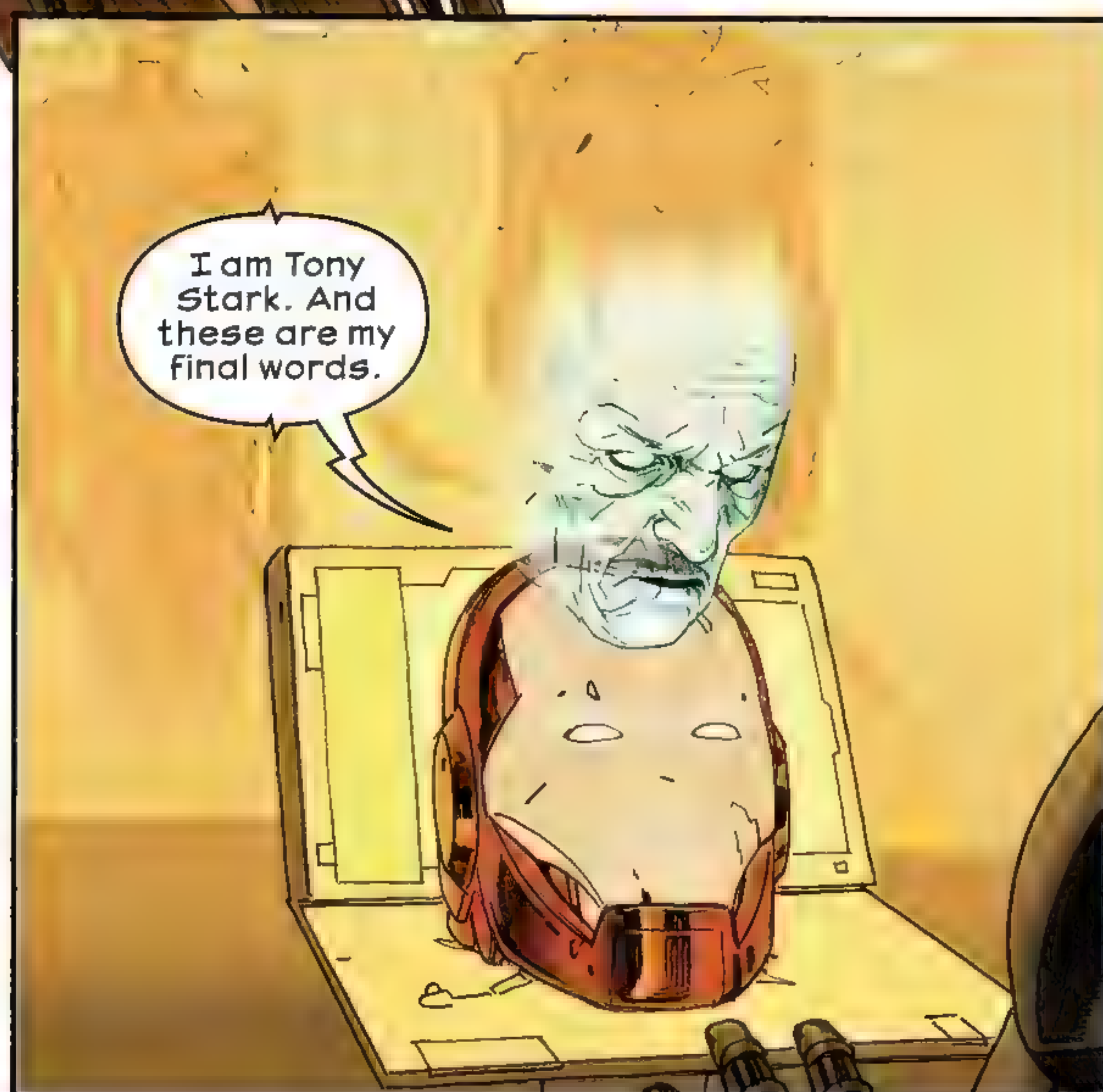


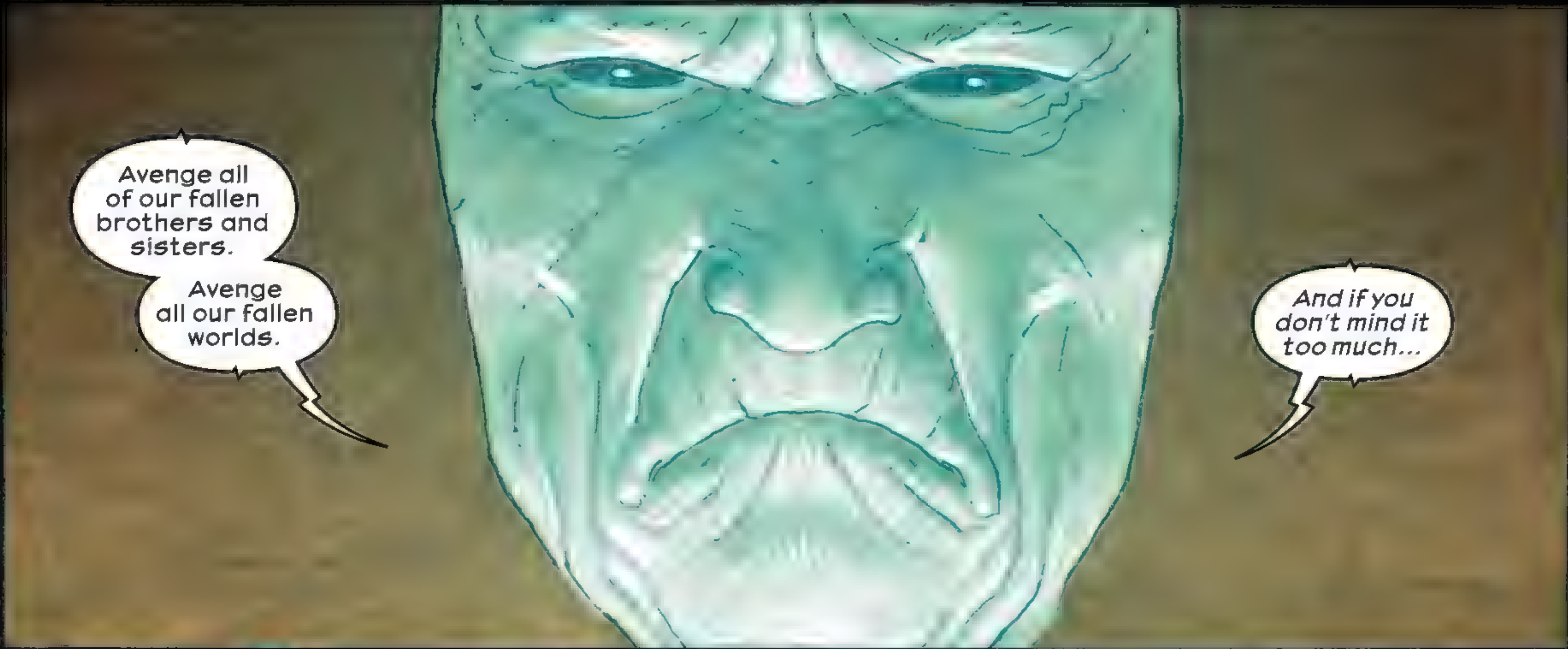




ONE MONTH LATER.







Avenge all
of our fallen
brothers and
sisters.
Avenge
all our fallen
worlds.

And if you
don't mind it
too much...



...avenge
me.

THE END.



#1 Variant by Mark Brooks



#1 Variant by Skottie Young



#1 Variant by Tony Daniel & Marcelo Maiolo



#1 Variant by Zu Orzu



#2 Variant by Andrea Sorrentino & Dave Stewart



#2 Variant by Mateus Manhanini



#2 Variant by Paco Medina & David Curiel



#3 Variant by Elena Casagrande & Romulo Fajardo Jr.



#3 Variant by Paolo Rivera



#3 Variant by Pete Woods



#4 Variant by E.M. Gist



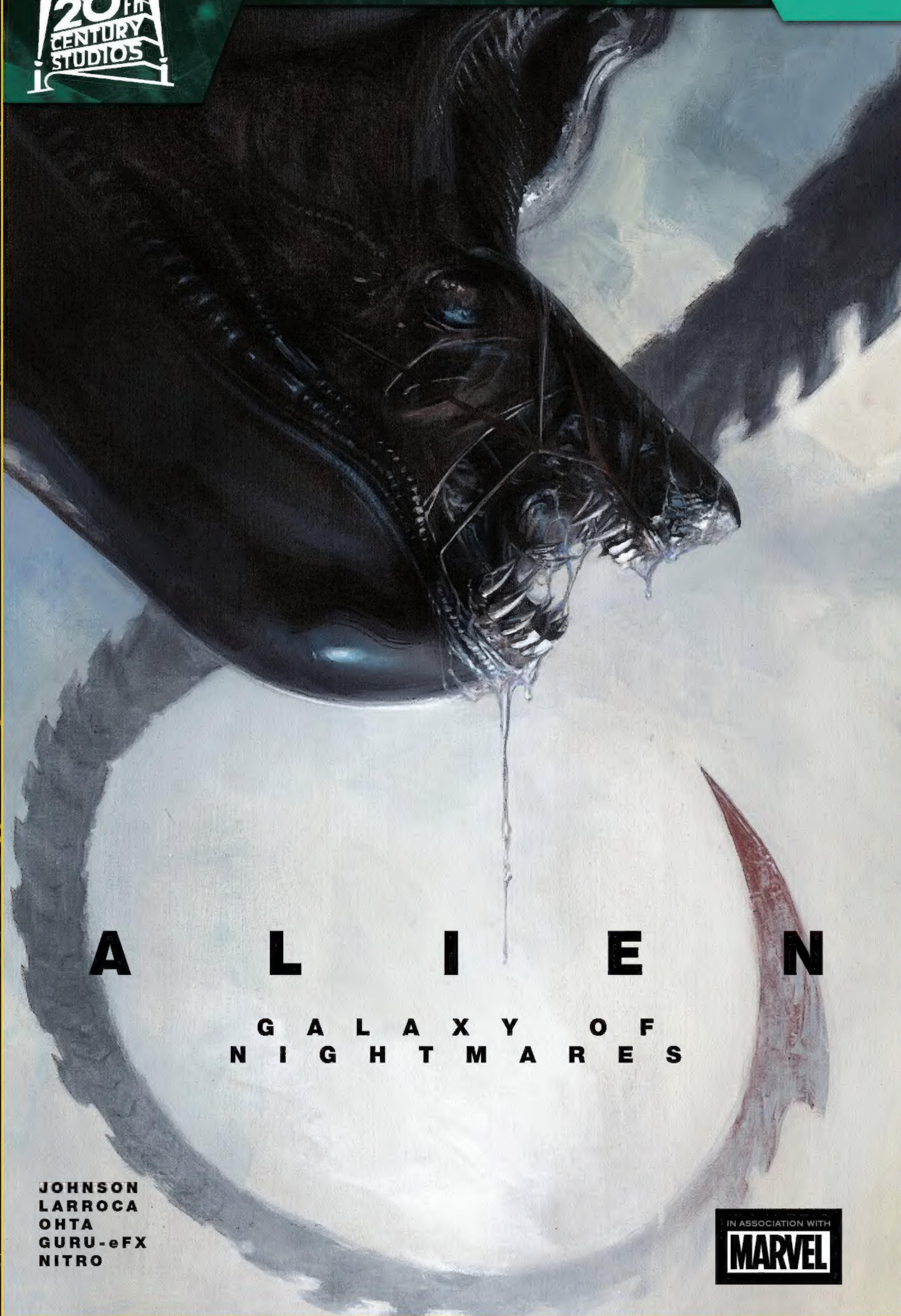
#4 Variant by Jessica Fong



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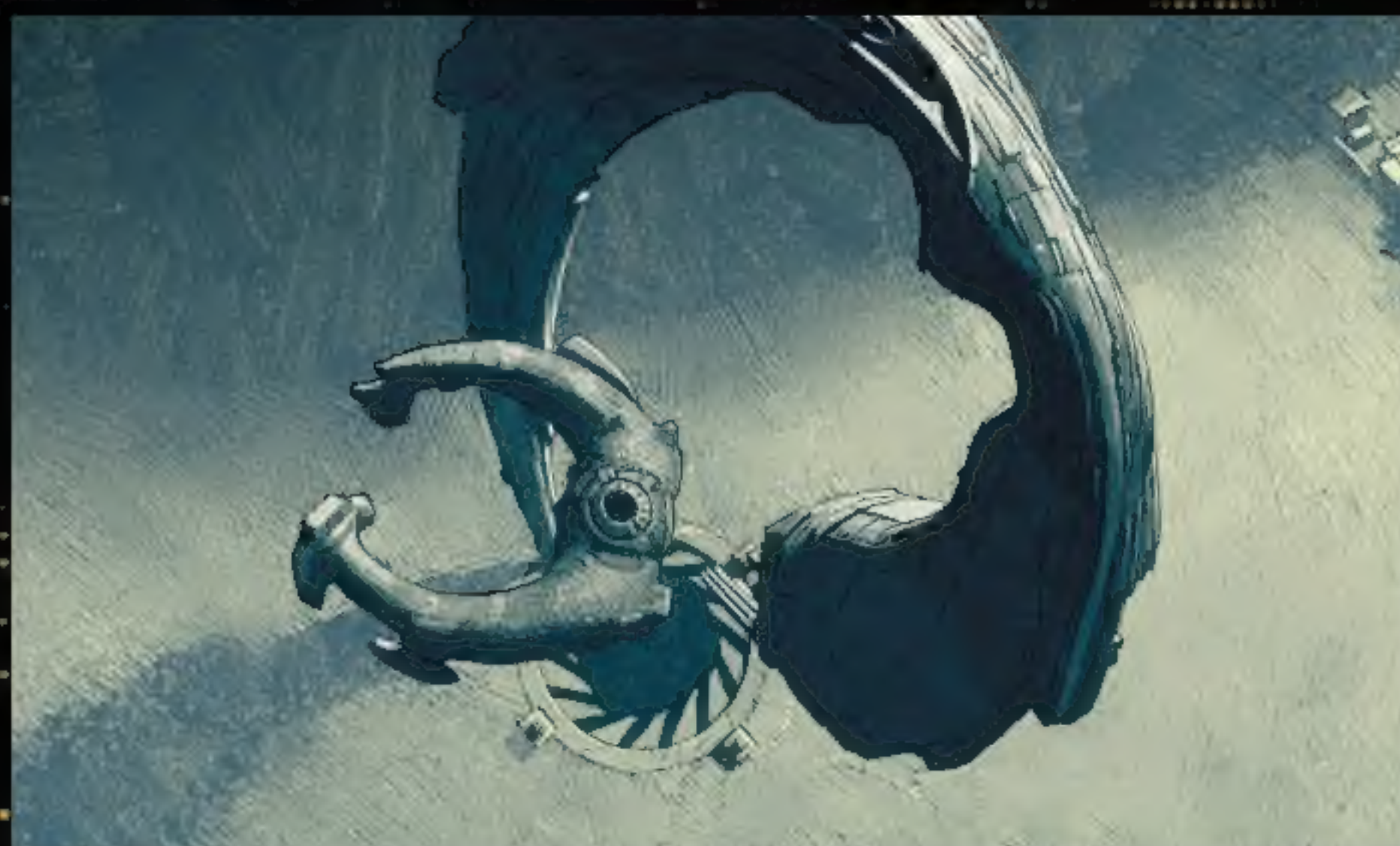


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